

The noble and amorous alicyent hysto-
ry of Troilus and Cresyde in the tyme of
the siege of Troye. Coppled by Geffraye
Chaucer. *george R. 1479*



The fyrste boke of Troilus.



He double sorow of Troilus to tell
That was y kyng / Pyramus son of
In louyng / how his auentures fel / tro
fro wo to wele / & after out of Joye
My purpos is / oz y I parte fro the
Thesephone helpe me to endyte
This woful vs / y wepyng as I write

To the clepe I / thou goddess of tournement
Thou cruell whyght / that sorowest euer in payne
Helpe me that am / the sorowfull instrument
That helpes louers / as I can to playne
For well syth it / the sothe for to sayne
Unto a wofull wyght / a dery fere
And vnto a sorowfull tale / a soyr chere

Alas I / that god of loue seruauntes serue
He dare not to loue / for myne vnykelynesse
Speke for to spede / though I holde stette
So ferre am I / from his helpe in derkenesse
But neuer the lesse / myght I do yet gladnesse
To ony lover / oz elles my boke auayle
Haue he the thanke / and myne be the trauayle

But ye louers / that be now in gladnesse
Yf ony droppe / of pyte in you be
Remembre you / in olde heuynesse
For goddess loue / and on aduersyte
That other suffren / And thynke sometyne how ye
Haue founde / how loue durste you dysplease
Oz elles ye wonne hym / with to grete ease

And praye you for them / that now ben in this case
Of Troilus / as ye maye after here

Troilus.



A.ii.

The fyrste boke

That loue them bynge/in heuen to solace
And praye for me/to god that is so dere
He gyue me myght/to shewe in some manere
Some payne or wo/suche as his folke endure
In Troylus vnsely auenture

Now praye you all/for them that ben despayred
In loue that neuer/well recouered be
And also for them/that falsly ben apayred
Through wycked tongues/be it he or she
And praye you to god/of his benygnyte
He let them soone/cut of this worlde to passe
That ben dyspayred/ferre from loues grace

Also for them praye/that ben at ease
In loue/god graunt them perseueraunce
And lende them grace/theyr loues so to please
That it to them/be worshyp and pleasaunce
For thus I hope/my soule best auauunce
To praye for them/that loues seruauntes be
And wyte theyr wo/and lyue in charyte

And for to haue/on them compassyon
And thoughe we were/theyr owne byetherne dere
Now herken eche wyght/with good dyscrecyon
For now I wyll streyght/to my matere
In whiche ye shall/the double sorowe here
Of Troylus/in lounge of Cresyde
And how that she forsoke hym or hat he deyde



Nowen well it is/how þ the grekes stränge
With armes/in a thousande shypes went
Cowarde Troye/and they the cyte longe
Beseged nyghe/seuen yere or they wente

of Troilus.

In many dyuers wyse/and one intent
The rauyschyng to wreke/of Clayne
Full besely they dyden/all they payne

Than sell it so/that in the towne there was
Flozde dwellynge/of grete auctoryte
A grete deuynne/that clypped was Calcas
That in scyence so experte was/that he
Knewe well/that Troie sholde destroyed be
By nasshere of his god/that hyght thus
Dampne/Phabus/or Appollus delphicus

So whan this Calcas/knewe by calculynge
And by the answeres/of his god Appollo
That grekes sholde with them/a people bynge
Throughe whiche/that Troie must be vndo
He cast anone/out of the towne to go
For well myst he/by sootyng that Troie sholde
Destroyed be/wolde who so nolde

Wherfore to departe/all softly
Toke purpos fully/he knowynge the gyle
And to the grekes ryght ofte/he stalle full pryncely
And whan he came/they in curtyse wyse
Dyde hym bothe worschyp/and seruyse
Hopynge in hym/their cunnynge to rede
In euery percell/the whiche was them to brede

Grete noyse began/whan it was fyrst espyed
Throughe all the towne/and generally was spoken
That Calcas traytour/fledde was and alyed
With theyr foos/and mylled to be wroken
And sworne he/and all his kynne at ones
Well worthy were/be bynened sell and bones

Troilus.

A.iii.

The fyrste boke

Now hath the Calcas leste in his meschaunce
Unknowynge of his fals and wycked dede
His doughter that lyued in grete penaunce
For her lyfe/ she was therfore in drede
For bothe a wydowe/ was she and alone
Of ony frende/ to whome she durste her more

Cresyda/ was this ladyes name all ryght
As to my dome/ in all Troyes cyte
So fayre was none/ ouer euery wyght
So aügell lyke/ was her natyfe bewte
As dothe a parfyte/ heuently creature
That do done were sent/ in scoone of nature

This lady whiche herde/ all daye at cete
Her faders shame/ his fallenes and his treason
Well nyghe out of/ her wytte for pure scere
In wydowes abyte/ large of samyt browne
Before Hector/ on knees she fell downe
With clere voyce/ full pyteous and wepyng
His mercy bade/ her return excusynge

Now was this Hector/ ppytous of nature
And sawe how she/ was sorowfull begone
And that she was/ so fayre a creature
Of his goodnesse/ he gladed her anonie
And sayde let soone/ fader treason gone
To sozpy hadde/ and gyue you to Joye
And dwell with vs/ whyle you lyst in Troys

And all honour/ that men may do you haue
As ferforthe as/ your fader dwelled here
Ye shall haue/ and your body men shall saue
As ferforthe as/ I maye enquire of here

of Troilus.

And she hyu thanked / with humble chere
And ofter wolde / yf hadde ben his wyll
And toke her leue / and home / and helde her styl

And in her house / abode with suche menye
As to her honour / was newe to holde
And whyle she was / dwellpuge in that cytee
Thus good in all / and eke with yonge and olde
Full well beloued / and folke eke of her tolde
Bothe whether she / chyldren hadde oz none
I rede not / and therfore I let it gone

The thynges fellen / as they done of were
Byt wyte them of Troye / and grekes ofte
For some daye / boughten they to dere
The folke of Troye / and thus fortune alofte
And vnder este / gan them whylom bothe
After theyr cours / aye whyle they were wrothe

But how this towne / come to destruccyon
He sayleth not / me to purpos tell
For why it were / a longe dyscrecyon
For my matre / and pou to longe to well
But the Troiane gesses / as they fell
In Omerus / oz Dares / oz in Wyte
Who so that can / may rede them as they wyte

But how so grekes / them of Troye shenten
And theyr cytee / besyged all abowte
Theyr olde vse / nolde nought them for to letten
As to honour / theyr goddes and to lowte
But older in honour / out of dowte
They hadde a rolyque / hyght Palladyone
That was theyr truste / aboue euerychone

The fyfste boke

And so befell/whan come was the tyme
Of Apryll/whan clothed is the mede
With newe grene/of Iolye were the pryms
And swete smellen floures/bothe whyte and reed
In many wyfes/therwed as I rede
The folke of Trope/theyr obseruaunce olde
Palladyones seest/for to holde

And to the temple/in theyr best wyse
In generall went/eueryche maner wyght
That chrysty was/to heren the scrupce
And that so many/throwout lusty knyght
So many a freshe mayde/and lady byght
Full well beeen/the most and eke the lest
Bothe for the season/and eke the fest

Amonge the whiche/was than Cysyda
In wydowes abyte blacke/but neuerthelesse
Byght as oure fyfste lettre is now an A
In beaute fyfste/so stode she makelesse
Her goodly lokynge/gladded all the presse
Was neuer thynge sene/to be pryased derre
Ne vnder cloude blacke/so byght a sterre

As she was/they sayde euerychone
That her byhelden/in her blacke mede
And syth she stode/full lowe and styll alone
Byhynde other folke/in lytell byede
And nyghe the doore/vnder shames dyede
Symple of atyre/and debonayre of chere
With full assured/lokynge and manere

Dampne Troplus/as he was wonte to guyde
His pange knyghtes/ladde hym vp and downe

of Troilus

In that temple/large on euery syde
Beholdynge aye/the ladyes of the toune
Now here now there/for no deuocyon
Hadde he to none/to reuen hym his rest
And gan to prayse/and laude whome hym lyst

And in this walke/full faste he gan wayte
If knyght or squyer/of his compaignye
Can for to syke/or let his eyen bayte
Or ony woman/that he coude aspye
He wolde smyle/and holde it folye
And saye hym thus/a lord he slepeth softe
For loue of the/whan thou turnest full ofte

I haue herde tolde/parte of your lyuynge
ye louers/and your lewde obseruaunce
And whiche a labour/haue folke in wynnynge
Of loue/and in the keppynge whiche doutaunce
And whan your praye/is lost wo and penaunce
O veray fooles/maye ye nothyng se
Can none of you/ware by other be

And with that worde/he gan caste by his browe
A sklaunce/le is this not wysely spoken
But trowe ye not/that loue loketh rowe
For that despyte/and shope how to be wroken
This certayne loues bowe/was not yet to broken
For be my hode/he hytte hym at the full
And yet als proude/a pycocke gan he pull

O blynde worlde/o blynde entencyon
How ofte fallen/the effectes contrayze
Of surquydye/and nyle oppynyon
For caught is proude/and caught is debonaire

The fyrste boke

Dampne Troilus is clomben on the steyre
And lytell weneth he/that he muste descende
But all daye sayleth/thynges that fooles wende

As proude bayarde/gymneth for to skyppe
Out of his waye/so pryckes hym his corne
Tyll he haue/a lasse of the longe whyppe
That thynkes/he prau. ueth all by some
Fyrste in the trays/full fayre/and newe thorne
yet am I/but an horse and horses lawe
I muste endure/and as my ferys drawe

So ferde it be/that freshe and proude knyghte
Though he/a worthy kynges sone were
And wende/that nothynge hadde suche amyghte
Agaynst his wyl/that sholde his herte stere
yet with a loke/his herte wexed asere
That he that was now/moost in pryde aboue
Wexed was sodaynly/moste subiecte to loue

For thy ensample/take of this man
The wyse/proude/and worthy folkes all
Thus to scorne loue/that so soone canne
The fredome of your herte to hym call
For euer it was/and euer shall befall
That loue is he/that maye all thyng bynde
For maye no man/for done that lawe by kynde

That it be sothe/that he proueth and dothe it
For this trowe I/ye knowen all and some
Men redeth nought/that folke haue greter wytte
Than they/that haue with loue/moste benome
And strongest folke/ben ther with ouercome
The worthiest/and the grettest in degre

of Troylus

This was/and is/and yet men maye it se

And treuly/it sytteth well to be so

And alder wyfelyst/ther with haue ben pleased

And they that haue ben/aldermost in wo

With loue haue ben/moste comforted and easyd

And ofte it hathe/the cruell full apesyd

And worthy folke/made me worthyer of name

And causeth mooste/to drede byce and shame

Now syth it maye not/goodly be withstande

And is ponge/so vertuouus in kynde

He grutcheth not/to loue to be in bande

Syth as hym selfe lyst/he maye you bynde

Better is the bande/that bowe wyll and wynde

Than that that bysteth/therfore I you rede

Now foloweth hym/that maye you so well lede

But for to tell forth/and in specyall

As of this kynges sonc of/whome I tolde

And leue other thynges colatall

Of hym thynke I/my tale forth to holde

Bothe of his Joyes/and of his cares colde

And his werke/as touchynge this matere

For I it gan/I wyll here to refere

With in the temple/he went hym forth the pleyng

This Troylus/of euery wyght aboute

On this lady/and now on that lokynge

Where that she were/within the towne or oute

And ypon case/befell through a route

His eye perced/and so depe it went

Tyll on Crysida it smote/and there it stent

And sodaynly for wonder/he was astonycd

The fyfste boke

And gan her better beholde/in chryfsty wyfe
O beraye god quod he/were as thou wonned
That arte so fayre/and goodly to deuyfe
Therwith gan his herte/to fprede and ryfe
And fofter he fygghed/left men myght hym here
And caught agayne/his fyfste iappynge chere

She was not/with the lef of stature
But all her lymmes/fo well anfwerynge
Wer en vnto womanheed/that creature
Was neuer leffe manfhypp/in femyng
And eke pure wyfe/of her meanyng
Shewed well/that men myght in theyr gelle
Honour/efate/and woman noblefle

To Troylus/ryght wonder well with all
Gan for to lyke/her meanyng and her chere
Whiche fomdele deygnyous was/for she lete fall
Her loke lytell afyde/in fuch manere
Asklaunce/what may I not ftonden here
And after that/her lokynge gan she lyght
That neuer thought hym/haue fe fo good a fyght

And of her loke/there gan in hym to quykken
So grete defyre/and fuche affectyon
That in his herte/bothe gan to fteken
Of her his fyre/and depe impressyon
And thoughe he hadde erf/poozed bp and dourne
He was than gladde/his hoines in to fhyrke
Unneth wyfte he/how to loke or wyfke

No he that let/hymfelfe fo cunnynge
And fcometh them/that loues paynes dyen

of Troylus.

Within the subtyll/stremes of her epen
That sodaynly hym thought/he felte dyen
Byght with her loke/the spyzed in his herte
Blessyd be loue/that can thus folke conuerte

She thus in blacke/lykynge to Troylus
ouer all thyng/he stode for to heholde
Ne his desyre/ne wherfore he stode thus
He neyther chere made/ne worde tolde
But after his maner/to beholde
On other thynges/somtyme his loke he caste
And este on her/the whyle that scrupce laste

And after this/not fully all awaked
Out of the temple/all easely he went
Repentyng hym/that euer he hadde Japed
Of loues folke/lest fully the descent
Of scozne/fell on hymselfe/but what he ment
Aft it were wyft/on ony maner syde
His wo he can/dyssymulen and hyde

Whan he was thus/fro the temple departed
He went streyght on/ & to the palays tourneth
Byght w her loke/through shotte & through darterd
All men they knewe not/wherfore he soroweth
His chere and speche/he kepte full well closed
And aye at loues seruauntes/euery other whyle
Hymselfe dyde wyre/and at them he can smile

And sayd/o lorde so ye lyue all in lest
Ye louers/for the cunnynge of you
That seruen/most ententyfly and best
Hym tydeth therof harme/as ofte as proue
Your hyre is quyte/agayne god knoweth how

The fyrste boke

Not well for well / but scozne for good seruyce
In saythe your ordre / is ruled in good wyse

In vncertayne / ben all your obseruaunce
But yet a sely / fewe poyntes be
Ne nothyng asketh / so grete attendaunce
As dothe your laye / and that knoweth all ye
But that is nought / the berst so mot I the
But tolde I whiche / the worst I leue
All sayde I sothe / ye wolden as me greue

But take this / that ye louers ofte eschewe
For good or done / of good entencion
Full ofte thy lady / wyll it mysse constrawe
And deme to harme / in her oppnyon
And yet yf she / for other encheson
Bewyre it shall / you haue a grone anone
Lorde well is hym / that maye be of you one

But yet for all this / whan he sawe his tyme
He helde his pease / none other bote hym geyned
For loue began / his feders so to lyme
That well vnneth / to his folke he feyned
That other besynes / hym destreyned
For wo was hym / that what to done he wiste
But badde his folke / to go where that they lyst

And whan that he / was in chambze alone
He downe on his beddes sete hym sette
And fyrste he began / to spgh and este to growne
And thought aye on her / withouten lette
That as he late and woke / his spyryte mette
He sawe her este / and teniple / and all the wyse
Byght of her loke / and can it newe auyse

of Troylus.

Thus can he make/a myrour of his mynde
In whiche he sawe/all holy her fygure
And that couthe well in his herte fynde
It was to hym/a ryght good auenture
To loue suche one/and yf he dyde his cure
To serue her well/it myght fall in grace
Or elles/for one of her seruantes pace

Ymagynynge/that trauaple ne grame
He myght/for so good loue be lozue
As she ne hym/for her desyre ne shame
As where it wylste/but bp prys and bp bozne
Of all louers wele/moze than I befozne
Thus argued he/in his begynnynge
Full vnaupsed/of his wo comynge

Thus toke he ptirpose/loues crafte to shewe
And thoughte/he wolde wyke pryuely
And fyfte to byde/his desyre in mwee
From euery wyght/ybozne all vterly
Yf he myght ought/recovered be therby
Remembrynge hym/that loue to wyde yblowe
Yelde bytter fruyte/though he swete sedes be sowe

And ouer this/moche moze he thought
What for to speke/and what for to holde in
And what towarde hym/her to loue he sought
And on a songe/anone ryght to begynne
For with good hope/he can fully assent
Crysyde for to loue/and nought to repene

And of his songe/not onely his sentence
And wyte myne auctour called Lellyus
But eke saue that/our speche dyfference

The fyfte boke

I dare well saye/in all that Troylus
Sayd in his songe/be euery worde as thus
As I shall saye/and who so lyst to here
Lo nexte this verse/ye may it fynde ryght clere



If no loue is/a god what sele I so
And yf loue is/what thyng & whiche is he
yf he be good/fro whense comes my wo
And yf he be/what a wondre thyng I me
Whan euery torment/and aduersyte
That cometh of hym/maye me so goodly thynke
For aye thurst I/the more that I drynke

And yf I that at myne owne luste I brenne
Frome whens comes my waylyng/and my playnt
yf harme angreine/I were to playne thenne
I not why/bywery that I saynt
O quicke dethe/o swete harme/so quaynt
How maye of the/in me suche quantyte
But yf that I/consente that it be

And that I consent/I wrongefully
Complayne ywys/thus tolled to and fro
And sterelg/within a bote I am I
Amydde the see/byt wyre wyndes two
That in contrary/stonden euer moo
Was what is/this wonderfull maladye
For hete of colde/for colde of hete I dye

And to the god of loue/thus sayde he
With pyteous voyce/o lord now yours is
My spyryte/whiche ought aye yours to be
You thanke I lord/that haue brought me to this

of Troylus.

But whether / a goddesse or a woman pwyg
She be / I not whiche ye do me serue
But as her man / I wyll aye lyue and sterue

ye stonden in her / hys full myghtly
As in a place / to your vertue dygne
Wherfore lord / of my seruyce or I
May lyken you so bothe / to me benygne
For my estate ryall / here I resygne
In to her hande / and with full humble chere
I become her man / as to my lady dere

In hym was not spared / the goodly blode ryall
The fyre of loue / fro the whiche god me blesse
Ne hym forbare / in none degre for all
His vertue / or excellent prowesse
But helde hym as his / thrall lowe in dystresse
And brenned hym so / in sondrye wyse aye newe
That sixty tymes a daye / he losse his hewe

So moche daye fro daye / that his owne thought
For luste to her / gan quyen and encrease
That euery other charge / he set at nought
For thy / full ofte his hote fyre to cease
To se her bodyly loke / he gan to please
Therby to be eased / ryght well he wende
And aye the nere he was / the more he brende

For aye the nener the fyre / the hotter it is
This trowe I knoweth all this companye
But were he ferre / or nere / I dare saye this
Benyghte or by daye / for wysdome or folye
His herte whiche that is / his brestes eye
Was aye in her / that fayre was to sene

Troylus.

B.i.

The fyrste boke

Than euer was Cleu/other Polixione
Neuer of the daye/ther passed none houre
That to hymselfe/a thousande tymes he sayde
God goodly/to whome serue I and labour
As I best can/norw good Cresyde
Ye wolden on me rewe/or that I dyed
My dere herte alas/my helle and my hewe
And lyues lust/but yf ye wyll on me rewe

All other dredes/weren frome fledde
Bothe of the assage/and of his sanacyon
Ne hym desyre/other fownes bredde
But argumentes/to this conclusyon
That she on hym/wolde haue compassyon
And he to be her man/whyle he maye dure
Lo here is lyfe/and frome the dethe cure

The sharpe shoures/fellof armes proene
That Hector/or his brother dyden
Ne made hym onely/therfore ones moene
And yet was he/where some men wenten or ryden
Founde one of the best/and longest tyme abyden
There perell was/and dyde eke suche trauayle
In armes/that to thynke it was meruayle

But for no hate/he to the Grekes hadde
Ne also for the rescowe/of the towne
Ne made hym thus/in armes to be madde
But onely so/for this conclusyon
To lyke her the better/for his renonne
Fro daye to daye/in armes so he spedde
That all the grekes/as dethe they hym dredde
And fro this forth/they reued hym his slepe

of Troylus.

His foos made his mete / and eke his sorowe
Can waxe so grete / that who so toke kepe
It shewed by his hewe / in euen and in morowe
Therefore a lytell / he gan to hym borowe
Of other harme / lest that men of hym wende
That the hote fyre of loue / hym ryght soore brende

And sayde he hadd a feuer / and ferde amys
But how it was certayne / I can not saye
yf I his lady / vnderstode not this
O: feyned her she must one of the tweye
Absent her loue / fer out of his waye
He semed it / as that she of hym rought
O: of his payne / o: what so euer he thought

But than felde this Troylus / the stroke of deede
That he was as wede / for aye his drede
Was this / that some wyght hadde Cresseyde woerd
He thought she wolde neuer / on hym take hede
What than for sorowe / he felte his herte blede
He worde of his wo / he durste not begynne
He to tell her therof / this worlde for to wynde

But whan he hadde / a space frome his care
Thus to hymselfe / he gan to complayne
He sayde o foole / now arte thou in the snare
That shortly played / at loues payne
Now arte thou hente / now chewe on the cheyne
You were aye wonte / eche louer rep:hende
Of thyng the whiche / thou can not the defende

What wyll euery loue / now saye of the
yf this he wyste / but euer in thy absence
Laughe the to scoone / and saye there gothe he

Troylus.

B.ii.

The fyfste boke

That is the man/of so grete sappyence
That helde vs louers/leste in reuerence
Now thanked be god/he maye go on the daunce
Of them that louelyste/febyll for to auaunce

But o thou wofull troylus/god wolde
Sythe thou must loue/it is thy destenye
That you bysette were/in suche one that sholde
Knownen all thy wo/all lacked her pyte
But as colde in /loue towardeg the
Thy lady is/as froste in wynter moone
And fordone/as snowe in fyre is soone

God wolde I were/arryued in the porte
Of dethe/to whiche my sorowe wyll me lede
A lorde to me/it were a grete comforte
Then were I quyte/of languysshynge in drede
For be myn heed/sorowe I blowe o brede
I shall be Iaped/a thousande tyme
More than ony of was/foly men in ryme

But now helpe god/and ye swete for whome
I pleyne caught/you neuer with so faste
O mercy dere herte/and helpe me frome
The dethe/for I/whyle that my lyfe laste
More than my selfe/wyll loue you to my laste
And with some frendly loke/glade me my swete
Though e nothyng more/ye do me herte

These wordes/a full many other mo
He spake and called/cuer in his complaynte
Her name for to tell/than was he wo
Tyll nyght that he/In salte tetes dreynte
All was for nought/he herde not his playnte

of Troylus.

And whan that he thought / on that solp
A thousande folde / his woo gan multyply
By waylynge / in his chambze thus alone
A frende of his / that called is Pandare
Came ones in / and herde hym growne
And sawe his frende / in suche dystrese and care
Alas quod he / what causeth all this fare
O mercy god / what maye this unhappe meane
Haue now this soone / grekes made you lene

O: haste thou some remors / of conseyence
And arte now fallen / in some deuocyon
And waylest for thy synne / and for thyne offence
And haste for fere / caught contricyon
God saue them / that by syged haue this town
That so can laye / our Jolyte on presse
And bynge our lusty / folke to holynesse

These wordes sayd he / for the nones all
That with suche thyng / he myght hym angre make
And with his angre / do his sorowe fall
As for the tyme / and his courage awake
And well wylte he / as ferre as tonges spake
There was no man / of greter hardynesse
Than he / ne no more desyred worthynesse

What case quod Troylus tho / or what auenture
Hathe guyded the / to seme languysshynge
That am refuse / of euery creature
But for the loue of god / at my praynge
Go hens awaye / for certes my dyenge
Wyll the dysleafe / and I must nedes dye
Therfore go hens / there is no more to seye

Troylus.

B.iii.

The fyrste boke

But yf thou wene / I be this scke for drede
It is not so / and therfore scorne me nought
There is an other thyng I take of hede
Well more than the grekes / whiche haue it wrought
Whiche cause is of my dethe / sorowe and thought
But thoughe I the tell / the moost and the lest
Be thou not wrothe / I hyde it for the beste

This Pandare so sorow / for wo and for rowthe
Full ofte sayde alas / what maye this be
Now frende quod he / yf euer loue and trowthe
Hathe ben oꝛ is / byt wene the and me
Ne do thou neuer / suche a cruelte
To hyde frome me / thy frende suche a care
Knowest thou not well / that I am Pandare

I wyll parte with the / all the payne
yf it be so / I do the no conforte
As it is frendes ryght / the sothe for to sayne
To enterparte wo / as glabde dysport
I haue and shall / for treue oꝛ false reporte
In wronge and ryght / I loued the all my lyue
Hyde not thy wo frome me / but tell it blyue

Than gan this sorowfull / Troilus to to syke
And sayde hym thus / god leue it be my beste
To tell it the / for syth it maye the lyke
Yet wyll I tell it / thoughc myne herte breste
And well wote I / thou mayst do no reste
But lest thou deme / I trust not to the
Now herke frende / for thus it standeth with me
Loue agaynste whiche / who so defendeth
Hym selfe moost / it with the lest auayleth

of Troylus.

With dyspeyre/so sorowefull me offendeth
That streyght vnto the dethe/my herte it sayleth
Therto desyre/so brennyngely me assayleth
That to be slayne/it were a greter Joye
To me than bekyng/ of Grece and of Troye

Suffyleth this/my full frende Pandare
That I haue sayde/for now you knowe my wo
And for the loue of god/my colde care
Hyde it well/I tolde it neuer to mo
For harmes myght than solowe/mo than two
yf it were wyse/ but be thou in gladnesse
And let me sterue/vnknowe of my dystresse

How hast thou thus/vnkyndely and longe
Hed this fro me/thou foole quod Pandarus
Perauenture thou mayste/after suche one longe
That myn aduys/it maye vs helpe thus
It were a grete wondre/quod Troylus
Thou cowdest neuer in loue/thy selfe to wyse
How deuyll mayste thou than/me byng to blysse

ye Troylus herken now/quod Pandare
Thoughe I be wyse/it happeth often so
Yet that excelle dothe/full euyl dothe he fare
Euer by good counseyle/kepe the therfro
I haue sene my selfe/a blyne man well go
There as he fell/that coude loke awyde
A foole maye eke/a wyseman often guyde

A whetstone/is no keruyng. instrument
But yet it maketh sharpe keruyng. tooles
And there thou knowest/I haue mysuent
Eschewe thou that/for suche thyng to scole is

The fyrste boke

Thus ofte wyse men/ben ware by fooles
yf thou do so/thy wytte is well bewaryd
By his contrary/is euerie thyng declarid

For how myght euer/sweteness be knowe
To hym that neuer/tasted bytternesse
Ne no man maye/be Inly glade I trowe
That neuer was in sorow/or some dystresse
Eke whyte by blacke/by shame eke worthynesse
Eche set by other/more for other semeth
As men maye se/and so the wyse it denieth

Syth thus of two contraries/is one bore
I that haue so ofte/in loue assayde
Gruaunces ought/tonne well the more
Counsaile the/of that thou arte dysmayde
And eke the not ought/be euill apayde
Thoughe I desyre/with the for to bere
Thyne heuy charge/it shall the lesse dere

I wote well/it fareth thus by me
As to thy brother Darys/and a pryncesse
Whiche that yclipped was Menone
Wrote in a complaynt/of her heuy nesse
Thou sawe the letter/that she wrote I gesse
Haueneuer yet ywys/quod Troylus
Now quod Pandare/herken it was thus

Phebus that fyrste founde/arte of medycyne
Quod he that coude/in euerie wyghtes care
Remedy and rede/by herbes he knewe fyne
Yet to hymselfe/his cunnynge was full bare
For loue hadde hym/bounde in a snare
All for the daughter/of the kynge Amete

of Troylus

That all his crafte/ne coude his sorowes bete

Ryght so fare I/vnhapply for me

I loue one beste/and that me smerteth sore

And yet parauenture/I maye well rede more

And not my selfe/repzeue me no more

I haue no cause/I wote well for to sore

As dothe and ha weke/that lysteth for to playe

But to thy helpe/somwhat can I saye

And of one thyng/ryght syker mayst thou be

That certayne yf I holde/dye in the peyne

That shall I neuer more/to dyscouer the

Ne by my truthe/I kepe not restreyn

The fro thy loue/though it were Heleyn

That is thy brothers wyfe/yf I it wylt

Be what she be/and loue her as you lyst

Therfore as frendfully/in me assure

And teil me plat now/what is the encheason

And synall cause/of wo that ye endure

For doute you nothyng/my Intencion

Is to you/of repzehensyon

To speke as nowe/for wyghte maye byrue

A man to loue/tyll that hym lyst to leue

And wete well/that bothe two ben byces

Bystrust all/or elles all to leue

But well I wote/the meane of it no byce is

For to trust some wyght/it is a pzeue

Of trouthe and for thy/wolde I sayne remeue

Thy wronge concepte/and do the somwhat tryste

Thy wo to tell/and tell me yf the lyst

The wylse seeth/who hym that is alone

Troilus.

C.i.

The fyrste boke

For yf he fall he hath no helpe to ryse
And syth thou hast a felowe/tell thy mone
For is not certayne/the nexte wyse
For to wyne loue/as teacheth vs the wyse
To wayle and wepe/as Dyobe the quene
Whose teeres in marble/pet to this daye ben sene

Let be thy weppynge/and thy dretynesse
And let vs thy wo/make lesse with our speche
So maye thy wofull tyme/moche seme the lesse
Delyte not in wo/thy wo for to seche
As done these fooles/that theyr sorowes eche
With sorowe/whan they haue mysauenture
They haue neuer lyste/to seke ony cure

When seen/to wretches is consolacyon
To haue an other felowe/in his payne
That ought well to be/our oppynyon
For bothe thou and I/for loue we pleyne
So full of sorowe am I/the sothe for to seyne
That certaynly/no more harde grace
Maye sytte on me/for why there is no space

Yf god wyll/thou arte not agast of me
Lest I wolde/of thy lady the begyle
Thou knowest thyselfe/whome I loue parde
As I best can/gone syth longe whyle
And syth thou knowest/I do it for no wyle
Thou sayst I am he/thou trustest moost
Tell me somwhat/syth all my mynde thou knowest

pet Troylus for all this/no worde sayde
But longe he laye styll/as he deed were
And after this/with syghynge he abrayde

of Troylus

And to Pandarus boyce/he layde his eere
And vp his eyen caste he/than in fere
Was Pandarus/lest that in frenesye
He shoulde fall/or elles soone dye

And cryed awake/full wonderly and sharpe
What slombrest thou/as in a lytarge
Or art thou lyke an Ass/vnto the harpe
That hereth sowne/whan men on strynges pleye
But in his mynde/of that no melodye
Maye synke within hym/to glade for that he
So dull he is/of his bestyalyte

And with that Pandarus/of his wordes stente
And Troylus yet hym/no thyng answered
For why to tell/it was not his entente
Neuer to no man/for whome he so ferde
For it is sayde/men make ofte a yerde
With whiche the maker/is hymselfe ybeten
In sondry maner/as these wyse men trefen

And namcly/in his counseyle tellynge
That toucheth loue/that ought to be secrete
For hymselfe/it wyll yncough out sprynge
But yf that it/the better guyded be
Somtyme it is crafte/a man harme to fle
For thyng whiche hurteth/men seken faste
All this gan Troylus/in his herte caste

But neuertheles/whan he hadde herde hym crye
Awake he gan/and syghed wondre sore
And sayde frende/though that I styll lye
I am not deef/nor peys and crye nomore
I haue herde thy wordes/and thy loze

Troylus.

C.ii.

The fyrste boke

But suffre me / my myschefe for to wayle
For thy prouerbes / maye me nothyng e auayle

None other cure / canste thou for me
Eke I wyll not be cured / I wyll deye
What knowe I / of the quene Nyobe
Late be thyne olde ensamples / I the pryue
No quod Pandare / therfore I saye
Suche is delyte / of fooles to bywepe
They wo / but seke boote they ne kepe

Now knowe I that reason / in the sayleth
But tell me yf I wylt what she were
For whome that the / all this mysauenture ayleth
Durst thou that I / tolde it in her eere
Thy woo syth thou darst not / thyselfe for fere
And her besought / on the to haue some rowthe
Why nay quod he / by god and by my trowthe

What not as byslyly / quod Pandarus
As though he myn owne lyfe / laye in this nede
No certes brother / quod Troylus
And why / for that thou sholdest neuer spede
Was thou not well / that was out of drede
Quod Troylus / for all that euer ye come
She nyll to no suche wretche / as I to be wonne

Quod Pandarus alas / what maye this be
That thou dyspayred art / thus causeles
What lyueth not thy lady / benedicite
How wotest thou so / that thou arte graceles
Suche euyl is not / alwayes booteles
Why put not impossyble / thus thy cure
Syth thyng to come is / oft hath auenture

of Troylus.

What sholde he therfore / fall in dyspayre
Or be recreant / for his owne teene
Or see hymselfe / all be his lady sayre
Nay nay but euer / in one be freshe and grene
To serue and loue / his dere hertes queene
And thynke it is a guerdon / for to serue
A thousande folde moze / than he can deserue

And of that worde / toke hede Troylus
And thought anone / what folpe he was in
And how that sothe hym sayde Pandarus
That for to see hymselfe / myght he not wyne
But bothe do vnmankhode / and also synne
And of his dethe / his lady not to wyte
For of his wo / god wote she knewe but lyte

And with that thought / he gan full sore syke
And sayde alas / what is me best to do
To whome Pandarus / answerde yf the lyke
The beste is / that thou tell me of thy wo
And haue my trouth / but thou fynde it so
I be thy boote / or that it be full longe
And elles to peces / do me drawe and honge

ye so says thou / quod Troylus tho alas
But god wote / it is not the rather so
Full harde were it / to helpe me in this caas
For well fynde I / that fortune is my my fo
Not all the men lyuynge / whiche ryde or go
Maye of her cruell whele / the harme withstonde
For as she lyste / she playeth with fre and bonde

I graunt well / that thou endurest wo
As sharpe as dothe / Tytyus in hell

Troylus.

C.iii.

The fyfste boke

Whose stomake / fowles tyren euer mo
That byght Vultures / as bokes tell
But I maye not endure / that thou dwell
In so an vnskyfull oppynyon
That of thy wo / is no curacyon

Thou wyl not ones / for thy cowerde herte
And for thyne Ire / and fooly she wylfulnes
For myltruste / tell of thy woundes smerte
He to thyne owne helpe / do besynesse
As moche as speke / a reason moze or lesse
But lyggest as he / that lyst of nothynge retche
What woman coude than / loue suche a wretche

What maye she deme / other of thy dethe
Yf thou thus dye / and not why it is
But that for drede / is yelden vp thy brette
For Grekes haue byscyged / vs y wys
Lorde suche a thanke / shall thou haue of this
Thus wyl she saye / and all the towne at ones
The wretche is deed / the deuyll haue his bones

Thou mayst alone / here knele / wepe / and crye
But loue a woman / that she wote it nought
And she shall quyte it / thou shalte it not espye
Unknowe vnkyste / and lost that is vnsought
What many a man / hath he loue dere ybought
Thenty wynter / that his ladyne wylste
That neuer yet his lady / the mouthe he kyste

Quod Pandarus / thou blamest fortune
For thou art wrothe / now ryght well I se
This knowes thou well / that fortune is comune
To eueri maner wyght / in some degre

of Troylus.

And yet thou hast / this comforte lo parde
So as her Joyes / muste ouergone
So must her sorowes / passe then euerychone

For yf her whele stynt / ony thyng to tourne
Than seareth she anone / fortune to be
Now syth her whele / by no waye maye soiourne
What knowes thou / of her mutabylte
Byght as thy selfe lyste / she wyll do by the
Or yf she be not seen / at thy helppynge
Perauventure thou hast / a cause for to synge

And therfore knowes thou / what I the besecche
Let be thy wo / and tournynge to the grounde
For who so lyste / haue helppynge of his leche
To hym behoueth fyrste / vncouer his wounde
To Cerberus in hell / aye be I bounde
Were it for my suster / all thy sorowe
By my wyll / she sholde be thyne to morowe

Loke vp I saye / and tell me what she is
Anone that I maye / go aboute thy neede
Knowe I her not / for my loue tell me this
Than wolde I hope / rather for to speede
Tho gan the veynes / of Troylus to blede
For he was hyt / and was all reed for shame
A ha quod Pandare / here begynueth the game

And with that worde / he gan hym to shake
And sayde these / thou shalte her name tell
But tho gan selfe / Troylus to quake
As though men sholde / haue ledde hym to helli
And sayde alas / of all my wo the well
That is she my swete / called Cresyde
Troylus.

The fyrste boke

And with that worde / for sere nygh he deyde

And whan Pandare herde hym / her name neuene
Lorde he was gladde / and sayde frende so dere
Now fare aryght / for Ihesus name in heuene
Loue hath besette the well / be of good chere
For of good name / wysdome and manere
She hath ynoughe / and eke of gentylnesse
If she be fayre / thou knowest thy selfe I gesse

Neuer sawe I none / more bounteous
Of her estate / ne gladder of speche
A frendlyer / ne more gracypous
For to do well / ne lasse hadde nede to seehe
What is for to done / and all this let to eche
In honour / to as fer as she maye stretche
A kynges herte / semeth by herres a wretche

And also thynke / and therewith gladde the
That syth thy lady / vertuous is all
So foloweth it / that there is some pyte
Amonge all these other / in generall
And for thy sake / that in especyall
Requyre not that is / agaynste her name
For vertue stretcheth not / hym selfe to shame

Now betethy brest / and saye to god of loue
Thy grace lorde / for now I me repent
yf I mys spake afoze / now my selfe I loue
Thus saye with all thy herte / with good entent
Quod Troylus / a lorde I me consente
And praye to the / my Iapes to foryeue
And I shall neuer more / whyle I lyue

Thou say's well quod Pandare / now I hope

of Troilus.

That thou the goddes wrath/hast appeased
And syth thou hast/wepte many a drop
And sayde suche thynges/wherwith thy god is pleased
Now wolde neuer god/but thou were eased
And thynke well she/of whome ryse all thy wo
Here afoze/thy confort may be also

For that grounde/that bereth the wedes quicke
Bereth also/the holsome herbes full ofte
Nerte the foule nettle/rough and thicke
The rose wexith swete/smothe and softe
And nerte the valey/is the hyll alofte
And nerte the derke nyght/is the gladde morowe
And also Joye/is nerte the ende of sorowe

Now loke that attempze/be thy byddell
And for the best/ave suffre to the tyde
Or elles all our labour/is all ydell
He hasteth well/that wysely can abyde
Be dylygent and true/and alwaye hyde
Be lusty fre/perseuer in thy seruyse
And all is well/yf thou werke in this wyse

The tyme thou mayst blesse/that euer þ were bozne
And the goddes thanke/that in so good a place
Haue the bystowed in loue/I durst haue sworne
That thou sholde neuer haue hadde/so fayre a grace
And why/for thou'were euer wonte to chace
At loue in scozne/and for dyspyte hym call
Delyuer the worlde/lorde of this fooles all

Full ofte haste thou made/thy nyce Japes
And sayde/that loues seruauntes euerychone
For nycte/ben veraye goddes apes

The fyfste boke

And some wolde mowche/they mete alone
Lyggynge a bedde/and make them for to groue
And some thou saydest/hadde a blaunce feure
Thou prayed god/they myght neuer cure

And some of them/toke on them for the colde
More than ynoughe/so saydest thou full ofte
And some haue feyned/often tyme and tolde
Hom that they waken/whan they slepen softe
And thus they wolde/haue brought themselfe alofte
And lowest were vnder/than at the laste
Thus saydest thou/and Japed full faite

Yet saydest thou/that for the more parte
These louers wolde/speke in generall
And thoughten/it was a sykcr art
For faylynge/for to assaye ouer all
And many a Jape of the/ys that I shall
But nethelcs/though he that I holde deue
That thou art none of tho/I durste seye

But he that parted is/in euery place
Is not grounded/as wyten clerkes wyse
What wondre is/though he suche one haue no grace
Eke well thou knowes/it fareth of some scruyce
As plant a tree/or herbe in sondry wyse
And on the morowe/pull it vp as blyue
No wondre though he/it maye neuer thryue

And syth that god of loue/hathe the bystowed
In place dygne/vnto thy worthynesse
Stonde faste/for to good porte hast thou rowed
And of thy selfe/for our heuynesse

of Troylus.

Hope alwaye well/for but yf dierynesse
O: ouer haste/oure labours bothe yshende
I hope of this/ to make a good ende

And knowes thou why/ I am the lesse asered
Of this mater/with my nce to treate
For this haue I herde saye/ oft oflered
Was neuer man/ ne woman yet bygete
That was vnapte/ to sofre loues hete
Celestyall/ or elles loue of kynde
For thy some grace/ in her I hope to fynde

And for to speke/ of her in specyall
Her beaute bethynke/ and than her fauer
It semeth her not to be celestyall
All tho she thynke/ she haue no make by fer
But treuly it semeth/ neuer no louer
A worthy knyght/ to loue and cheryce
And but he do/ I holde it for a vyce

Wherfore I am/ and wyl be all redy
To peyne me/ to do you this seruyce
For bothe you to please/ thus hope I
Here afterwarde/ ye be bothe wyse
And can it counseyll kepe/ in suche a wyse
That no man shall the wyser therof be
And so we maye/ be gladde all thye

And by my trowthe/ I haue ryght now of the
A good conceyte/ in my wyt as I gesse
And what it is/ I wyl now that thou se
I thynke syth that loue/ of his goodnesse
Hathe the conuerted/ out of wyckednesse
That thou shalt be/ the best post I leue

The fyrste boke

Of all his laye/and most his foos greue
Ensample nowe se/these grete clerkes
That are althermost/agaynste the lawe
And ben conuerted/frome theyr wycked werkes
Throughe grace of god/that lyst them drawe
Than ben they folke/that haue god moste in awe
And strongest ben in faythe/as I vnderstonde
And can an errour/alderbest withstonde

Whan Troylus hadde herde/Pandare assented
To be his helpe/in louynge of Cresyde
Ware of his wo/as who saythe vntourmented
But hotter was his loue/and than he sayde
With sobre chere/as though he his herte hadde playde
Now blyscull venue/helpeoz that I sterue
Of the Pandare/I may some thanke deserue

But dere frende/how shall my wo be lesse
Tyll this be doone/and good eke tell me this
How wylt thou saye/of me and my dystresse
Lest she be wrothe/this drede I moost ywys
Or wyl not here/or trowen how it is
All this drede I/and eke for the manere
Of the her Cme/she wyl no suche thyng here

Quod Pandarus/thou hast full grete care
Lest that the choyle/fall out of the moone
Why lord I hate of the/thy nyce fare
What entremete of that/thou hast to doone
For goddes loue/I byde the a boone
So let me alone/and it shall be thy beste
What frende quod he/nowe do as the lesse

But herke Pandare/a worde for I nolde

of Troilus.

That thou in me/wendest so grete tolye
That to my lady/I desyre holde
That toucheth harme/or ony bylonye
For dredeles/me were leuer dye
Than she of me/ought elles vnderstode
But that/that myght sowne in to good

Tho lowgh this Pandare/and anone anderde
And I thy borowe/for no myght dothe but so
Irought not/though she stode and herde
How that thou says/but fare well I will go
A dieu be gladde/god spede vs bothe two
Yeue me this labour/and this besynesse
And of my spede/be thyne all the swetenesse

Tho Troilus gan downe/on his knees fall
And Pandare in his armes/bent faste
And sayde now fyre/on the grekes all
Yet parde/god shall helpe vs at the laste
And dredeles/ys that my lyfe maye laste
And god to forne/yet some of them shall smerte
And yet me athynketh/this auant me asterte

Now Pandarus/I can nomore seye
But thou wylle/þ wylste/thou mayste/thou arte all
My lyfe my dethe/hole in thynne hande I laye
Helpe now quod he/yes by my trowthe I shall
God yelde the frende/and this in speccyall
Quod Troilus/that thou me recommaunde
To her that maye me/to the dethe comaunde

This Pandarus/who desyrous to serue
His full frende/who sayde in this manere
Fare well and thynke I wyl thy thanke deserue

The fyrste boke

Haue here my truthe/ & that thou shalt well here
And wente his waye/ thyngyng on this matere
And how he myght best/ byseche her of grace
And fynde a tyme/ therto and a place

For euery wyght/ that hath an hous to founde
He remembreth not/ the werke for to begynne
With rakyll hande/ but he wyll byde a stounde
And sende his hertes lyne/ out from within
Altherfyrste/ his purpose for to wyne
All this Pandare/ in his herte thought
And caste his werke/ full mysely or he wrought

But Troilus tho/ laye no lenger downe
But vp anone/ vpon his stede bave
And in the felde/ he played the lyowne
Who was the Greke/ that mette with hym that daye
And in the towne/ his maner he holdeth aye
So goodly he was/ and gate hym so in grace
That eche hym loued/ that loked in his face


For he became/ the frendlyest knyght
The gentyllest/ and eke the moost fre
The thyrstyeft/ and also the beste wyght
That in his tyme/ was or myght be
Deed were his iapes/ and his cruelte
His hye porte/ and his maner straunge
And eche of tho/ gan for a vertue chaunge

Now let vs stynte/ of Troilus a stounde
That fareth lyke a man/ that hurte is soze
And is somdele akyng/ of his wounde
Dressed well/ but heled no dele more
And as an easy pacient/ the loze

of Troylus.

Abydeth of hym/that goth aboute his cure
And thus/he dyueth forthe his aduenture

Here foloweth the prologe of the seconde boke.

 Ut of the blacke waves/for to sayle
O wynde the weper/begynneth to clere
For in this se/þ bote hath suche trauayle
Of my cunnynge/that bnneth I it stere
This see clepe I/the tempestous matere
Of dyspayre/that Troylus was in
For now of hope/the kalendes begynne

O lady myne/that called art Cleo
Thou be my speche/fro this forthe and my muse
To ryme well this boke/tyll that I haue do
He nedeth here/none other arte to vse
For why to euer louet/I me excuse
That of no sentement/I this endyte
But out of latyn/in to my tongue I wypte

Wherfore I wyll haue/neyther thanke ne blame
Of all this werke/but praye you mekely
Dysblame you me/þfony worde be lame
For as myn auctour sayth/so saye I
Eke thoughe I speke/of loue vnsclyngely
No wondre is/for it of thyng newe is
A blynde man can not/well Iuge who he wis

I knowe eke/that in forme of speche is chaunge
Within a thousande yere/of wordes tho
That hadden pryce/ben now newe and straunge
As thynketh them/and yet we speke them so
And speche as well in loue/as men now do

The fyrste boke

Eke for to wyinne loue/in sondry ages
In sondrye londes/sondrye ben blages
And for thy yf it hap/in ony wyse
That there be ony loue in this place
That herkeneth/as the story can deuylse
How Troylus came/to his ladyes grace
And thynketh so nolde I/loue purchase
Or wondzeth on his speche/or doynge
I not but vnto me/it was no wondrynge
For euery wyght/whiche that to Rome went
Helde not one path/ne all one manere
Eke in some londe/were all the game yshent
Yf they ferde in loue/as men done here
As thus in open doynge/and in chere
In bysytynge in forme/or sayde our lawes
For why men seen/ethe countre hathe his lawes
Eke scarcely be there/in this place thze
That haue in loue sayde lyke/and done all
For to thy purpos/this maye lyke the
And the ryght nought/yet all is sayde and shall
Eke some men graue/in the stone wall
As it betydeth/but syth I haue begonne
My auctour shall I folowe/yf that I conne

Here endeth the prologe.

And here begynueth the seconde boke.



Consequenly foloweth the secūde boke
of Troylus / and it sheweth how that Pan
dare / vncke to Creseyde / dyde the message
of Troylus vnto Creseyde / as foloweth.



The secunde boke

V Maye that moder is / of monethes glade
That freshe floures / blew whyte / and rede
Ben quykened agayne / y wynter deed made
And full of baunne / is fletyng euey mede
Whā Phēb⁹ doth / his bryght beames sprede
Byght in the whyte bull / it is betyde
As I shall syng / on Mayes daye the thyde

That Pandarus / for all his wyse speche
Felte eke his parte / of loues hottes kene
That coude he neuer / so well of louyng preche
It made his hewe / full ofte a daye grene
And sodaynly brought / Pandare in to tene
In loue for the whiche / within hym so wrought
Longe or the daye rowe / he toke many a thought

The swalowe proyneth / with a sorowfull laye
For whan morowe came / she made waymentyng
Why she forshape was / and all astyll laye
Pandare a bedde / halfe in a slombryng
Tyll she so nyghe hym / made her chyteryng
How Tereus gan forthe / her systre take
That with the noyse / of her he gan awake

And gan to call / and dresse hym to ryse
Remembryng hym / his erande was to done
From Troilus / and eke his grete enterpyse
And caste & knewe / in good plyte was the mone
To do byage / and toke his waye full scone
Unto his necys palays / there besyde
Now Janus god of entre / thou be my guyde

Whan he was come / vnto his necys place
Where is my lady / to her folke quod he

of Troylus.

And they hym tolde/and he forth in gan pace
And founde two other ladyes/syt and she
Within a pauerd parlour/and they thre
Herde them a mayden/redyng a gest
Of the syege of Thebes/whyle them lest

Quod Pandarus/madame god you se
With your booke/and all the companye
Ee vncle now/welcome ywys quod she
And vp she rose/and by the hande in hye
She toke hym faste/and sayde thus nyght thre
To good maye it tourne/of you I mette
And with that worde/she on the benche hym sette

Yence/ye shall fare well the bet
Yf god wyll/all this yere quod Pandarus
But I am soz/that I haue you let
To herken on your boke/ye prayse thus
For goddes loue what saythe it/tell it vs
Is it of loue/or some good thyng ye me lere
Vncle quod she/your maystres is not here

With that they gan laughe/and tho she sayde
This romaunce is of Thebes/that we rede
And we haue herde/how that kynge Layus deyde
Throughe Edyppus his sone/and all that dede
And here we stynt/at these lettres rede
How the bysshop/as the boke gan tell
Amphyorax fell/throughe the grounde to hell

Quod pandarus/all this knowe I my selue
And all the syeges of Thebes/and the care
For heresof ben there/bokes made twelue
But let be this/and tell me how ye fare

Troylus.

D.ii.

The secunde boke

Do waye your wyniple/and shewe youre face bare
Do waye your boke/ryse vp and let vs daunce
And let vs do to Maye/some obseruaunce

A god forbide quod she/be ye madde
As this a wydowes lyfe/so god you saue
Be god you make me now/ryght soe a dradde
Ye be so wylde/it semeth as yeraue
It semeth me better/to be in a caue
To byde and rede/on holy sayntes lyues
Let maydens go daunce/and these yonge wyues

As euer thyrue I/quod this Pandarus
Yet couthe I tell a thyng/to do your herte playe
Now vncle dere quod she/tell it vs
For goddes loue/is than the syege awaye
I am of the Grekes/so ferde that I deye
Nay nay quod he/as euer mote I thyrue
It is a thyng/moche better than suche syue

Ye holy god quod she/what thyng is that
Better than suche syue/nay p wys
For all this worlde/ne can I rede what
It shall be some Iape/I trowe it is
And but your selfe vs tell/what it is
My wyte to arde it/is all to lene
As helpe me god/I not what you meane

And I your borowe/ne neuer shall quod he
This thyng betolde to you/so mote I thyrue
And why so vncle myne/why so quod she
By god quod he/that wyll I tell as blyue
For prowder woman/is there none on lyue
And ye it wyste/in all the towne of Troye

of Troilus.

I lye not/so euer houe I Ioye

Tho gan she wondre/moze than byforne
A thousande folde/and downe her eyen caste
For neuer syth the tyme/she was bozne
To knowe a thyng/desyr'd she so faste
And with a sygh/she sayde hym at the laste
Now vncle myne/I wyll you not dysplease
Ne axe thyng/that maye do you dyssease

So after this/with many wordes gladde
And frendly tales/and with mery chere
Of this and that/they gonne to playe and wade
In many bucouth gladde/and depe matere
As frendes done/whan they ben mette in fere
Tyll she gan aske hym/how that Hector ferde
Thas was the wall of Troye/and Grekes yerde

Full well I thanke god/quod Pandarus
Saue in his arme/he hath a lytell wounde
And eke his freshe brother/Troilus
The wyse worthy/Hector the secunde
In whome thas euery vertu lyste habounde
As all trowthe/and all gentylnesse
Wysdome/honour/fredome/and worthynesse

In good saythe Eme she sayde/that lyketh me
They faren well/god saue them bothe two
For treuly I holde it/grete deynte
A kynges sone/in armes well to do
And he of good condycyons/therto
For grete power/and moꝛall vertu here
As selden sene/in one persone I fere

In good saythe/that is sothe quod Pandarus
Troilus.

The secunde boke

But by my trowthe/the kyng hath sonys tweye
That is to saye/Hector and Troilus
That certaynly/though that I sholde deye
They ben as boyde/of byces dare I saye
As ony men/that lyuen vnder the sonne
Theyr myght is wyde knownen/and what they conne

Of Hector nedeth/nothyng for to tell
In all this worlde/there nys a better knyght
Than he that is/of worthynesse well
And he well more vertue hath/than myght
This knoweth many a wyse/and worthy knyght
The same pryce/of Troilus I sey
God helpe me so/I knowe not suche tway

By god quod she/of Hector that is sothe
Of Troilus the same thyng I
For dredeles men/telleth that he dothe
In armes daye by daye/and that so worthylly
And bereth hym here/at home so gentyllly
To euery wyght/that ouer all pryce hath he
Of them that were/me leuest praysed be

Ye saye ryght sothe pryncys/quod Pandarus
For yester daye/who hath with hym ben
Myght haue wondred/vpon Troilus
For neuer yet/so thicke a swarme of been
As than the grekes/frome hym gan flee
And throughe the felde/in euery wyghtes ere
There was no crye/but Troilus was there

Now here now there/he hunted them to faste
There was but Grekes bloode/and Troilus
Now them he hurte/and now them downe caste

of Troylus.

Aye where he wente/it was arayed thus
He was theyr dethe/and shelde and lyfe for vs
That as that daye/there durste none withstonde
Whyle he helde/his bloody swerde in honde
Therto he is/the frendelpest man
Of grete estate/that euer I sawe in my lyue
And where hym lyst/best felawshyp can
To suche as hym thynketh/able for to thryue
And with that worde/that Pandarus as blyue
Toke of them leue/and sayde he wolde go henne
Nay blame haue I/quod she vncle thenne
What cyleth you/to be this wery soone
And namely of women/wyll ye so
Nay sytte you downe/by god I haue to doone
With you to speke/of wysdome or ye go
And euery wyght/that was aboute them two
That herde that/gan fer awaye to stonde
Whyle they two hadde/all that them lest on honde
Whan that her tale/brought was to an ende
Of her estate/and her gouernaunce
Quod Pandarus/nor is tyme I wende
But now I saye aryse/and let vs daunce
And caste your wydowes habyte/to myschaunce
What lystte you thus/your selfe to dysfygure
Syth you is betyd/so gladde an auenture
I well bythought/for loue of god quod she
Shall I not wyte/what ye meane of this
No this thynge/asketh lesse quod he
And eke me wolde/moche greue ywys
Yf I it tolde/and ye toke it amys
Yet were it better/my tongue for to styll

The secunde boke

Than saye a thyng/that were agaynste youre wyll

For nece/by the goddesse Mynerue

And Jubyter that maketh/the thundre to ryng

And by the blyssfull Venus/that I serue

Ye be the woman/in this worldely ryng

Without peramoures/to my wytyng

That I best loue/and lothest am to greue

And that you knowen well/yourselfe I leue

Prays myne vncl/ quod she graimercy

Your frenshyp haue I founde euer yet

I am to no man/holden treuly

So moche as you/and haue so lytell quyt

And with grace of god/with my full wyt

As in my gylte/I shall you neuer offende

And yf I haue or this/I wyll amende

Be not you agaste/ne quake not wherto

For chaunge you not for fere/so your hewe

For hardely the worst/of this is do

And though my tale be now/as to you newe

Yet trust alwaye/ye sholde fynde me trewe

And were it thyng/me thought vnsyttynge

To you wolde I/no suche tales bryng

Now my good Cme/for goddes loue I praye

Quod she come of/and tell me what it is

For bothe I am agaste/what ye wyll saye

And cke me longeth/to wete prays

For whether it be well/or be amys

Save and let me not/in this fere to dwell

So shall I do/nor herken I shall tell

Now nece myne/the kynges dere sone

of Troylus.

The good wyse worthy/freshe and fre
Whiche alwaye for to do well/is his wone
The noble Troylus/so loueth the
But that you helpe/it wyl his dethe be
Lo here is all/what holde I more seye
Do what you lyst/make hym lyue or deye

And yf you let hym dye/than wyl I sterue
Haue here my trowthe/for I wyl not lye
All shoulde I with this knyfe/my throte to kerue
With that the teres/braste out of his eye
And sayd yf that/ye do vs bothe deye
What meane you/though we bothe apayre
Thus gyltes/than haue ye fylshed sayre

Alas he/whiche is my lord so dere
That trewe man/that noble knyght
That nought desyret/but youre frendly chere
I se hym dye/there he gothe vpryght
And hasteth hym/with all his full myght
For to beslayne/yf his fortune assent
Alas that god/suche a beaute you sent

Yf it be so/ye so cruell be
That of his dethe/ye lyst not to retche
That is so trewe/and worthy as we se
No more than of a flaper/or of a wretche
Yf ye be suche/your beaute may not stretch
To make amendes/of so cruell a dede
Anyement is good/byfore the nede

No worthe/the fayre Gemme vertules
No worth that herbe/that dothe no bote
No worthe that beaute/that is roteles

Troylus.

E.i.

The secunde boke

And all suche/as trede men vnder fote
And ye that be of beaute/croppe and rote
Yf that withall/in you be no rowth
Than is it harme/yeluen by my trowth

And also thynke well/that this is no game
For me were leuer/bothe you I and he
Were hanged/than I sholde be his barde
As hye as ony man/myght ou vs se
I am thynne Came/the shame were to me
As well as thynne/yf that I sholde assente
Through my counsayll/that he thynne honour shente

Now vnderstonde/for I not requere
To bynde you to hym/by no byhest
But onely/that ye make hym better chere
Than ye haue done/or this/and make hym more fest
So that his lyfe be saued/at the leste
This is all and some/and playnly our entent
God helpe me so/I neuer other ment

Lo this request/is not but skyll ywys
No doubte of treason/parde is there none
I sette the worste/that ye haue bredde this
When wolde woundre/to se hym come and gone
There agaynste/answere I thus anone
That euery wyght/but he be soole of kynde
Wyll deme it loue/and frenshyp in his mynde

What who wyll deme/though he se a man
To temple go/that he the ymage erecth
Thynke eke how well/and wysely that he can
Gouerne hymselfe/that he no thyng forgeth
That where he cometh/the pryce & thanke he geteth

of Troilus.

And eke therto/he shall come here so selde
What force were it/ys all the towne behelde

Suche loue of frendes/reyneth in all this towne
And wyse you in that mantell/euer mo
And god so wysly/be my saluacyon
As I haue sayde you/best is to do so
But good nere alwaye/to stynte his wo
So let your daunger/sugred be alyte
That of his dethe/ye be not to wyte

Cresyde whiche that herde hym/in this wyse
Thoughe I shall fele/what ye meane y wys
Now Dame quod she/what wyll ye deuysle
What is your reed/I holde do of this
That is well sayde quod he/certayne best is
That ye hym loue agayne/for his louynge
As loue for loue/is skylfull gwerdonnyng

Thynke you also/there wasteth euery houre
In eche of you/a party of beaute
And therfore/or ayege you deuoure
So loue for olde/there wyll no wyght of the
Lette this prouerbe/a loze vnto you be
To late I ware/quod beaute whan it is paste
And ayege daunteth/daunger at the laste

The kynges foole/is wonte to crye lowde
Whan that hym thynketh/a woman bereth her hye
So longe mote ye lyue/and all proude
Cyll crows feete/ben wexe vnder your eye
And sende you than/a myrrour in to pye
In whiche that you maye/se your face a morowe
Abyde than and wyslye you to no more sorowe

Troilus.

C.ii.

The secunde boke

With this he stynt/and cast downe the heed
And she began to brest to wepe anone
And sayde alas/ I wolde I were deed
For of this worlde the faythe is all gone
Alas what shoulde a straunger to me done
Whan that he who my beste frende I wende
Wyll make me loue/and shoulde me defende

Alas I wolde/haue trusted doubtles
That yf that I throughe my dysauenture
Hadde loued hym/other Achylles
Hector/or any other creature
Ye wolde haue hadde no mercy ne mesure
On me but alwaye hadde me in repreue
This false worlde alas howe maye it leue

What is this all the Joye and the feest
Is this youre rede/is this your blyssfull caas
Is this the beraye mede/of your byhest
Is all this peynted proces/come to this alas
Byght for this fyne o lady myne Pallas
Thou in this dredefull cas/for me purueye
For so astonyed am I that I deye

With that she gan sorowfully to speke
And maye it be no better/quod Pandarus
By god I shall no moze/come here this weke
And god to forne/that am mystrusted thus
I se ryght well/ye sette lytell of vs
O of our dethe/alas I wofull wretche
Myght he yet lyue/of me it were no retche

O cruell god/o dyspytous smarte
O furies thre of hell/on you I crye

of Troilus.

So let me neuer/out of this house departe
yf that I ment harme/or bylonye
But sythe I se/my lord must nedes dye
And I with hym/here I me shryue and seye
That wyckedly/ye do vs bothe deye

But syth it lyketh you/that I be deed
By seyntunus/that god is on the see
fro this furthe/shall I neuer ere brede
Tyll I myne owne/herte blode maye se
for certayne I wyll dye/as soone as he
And by he sterre/and on his waye he raught
Tyll she agayne hym/by the lappe caught

Cresyde with that/soze agaste for fere
So as she was/the ferdestullest wyght
That myght be/and herde eke with her ere
And sawe the sorowfull earnest/of the knyght
And in his prayer/eke sawe none bryght
And for the harme/that myght eke fall more
She gan to rewe/and brede her woundre soze

And thought thus/bnhappes fallen thycke
All daye for loue/in suche maner caas
As men ben cruell/in themselves and wyke
And yf this man/she hymselfe alas
In my presence/it wyll be no solas
What men wyll it denie/I can not saye
It nedeth me/full wysely to playe

And with a sorowfull syke/she sayde thye
A lord that me is tyde/a sorow chaunce
For myn estate/lyeth in Jeopardy
And eke my Cames lyfe/lyeth in balaunce

Troilus.

C.iii.

The secunde boke

Neuerthelesse/with goddes gouernaunce
I shall so do/myne honour shall I kepe
And eke his lyfe/and stynt for to wepe

Of harmes two/the lasse is for to chese
Yet hadde I leuer/make hym good chere
In honour than/myne owne Comes lyfe to lese
Ye saye ye nothyng/elles requere
That is well sayde/my nowe nece dere
Now well quod she/and I wyll do my payne
I shall my herte/agaynste my luste constrayne

But that I wyll not/to holde hym in honde
Ne loue a man/ne can I not ne maye
Agaynste his wyll/but elles wyll I sonde
Myne honour saue/please hym frome daye to daye
Therto nolde I not ones haue sayde naye
But that I drede/as in his fantasye
But cease of the cause/ceaseth the maladye

But here I make/a protestacyon
That in this proces/or ye forther go
That certaynly/for no saluacyon
Of you/thoughe ye sterue bothe two
And all the worlde on a daye/be my fo
Ne shall I neuer of hym/haue or her rowthe
I graunt well quod Pandare/by my trowth

But may I trust well/to you quod he
That of this thyng/that ye haue me here
Ye wyll holden trewly/bnto me
Ye doubte it not/quod she my vncle dere
Ne that I shall haue/cause in this matere
Quod he to playne/or after you to prech

of Troilus.

Why no parde/what nedeth moze speche

Tho fell they/in other tales glade

Tyll at the laste/o good Came quod she tho

for his loue/whiche vs bothe made

Tell me how fyrste/ye wpyten of his wo

Wote none of it but ye/he sayde no

Can he well speke of loue/quod she I you praye

Tell me for I the bet/shall me puruaye

Tho Pandarus/a lytell gan to smile

And sayde by my trouthe/I shall you tell

This other daye/not go full longe whyle

Within the gardeyn palays/by a well

Can he and I/halfe a daye to dwell

Ryght for to speke/of an ordynaunce

How we the Grekes/myght dyslauaunce

Soone after that/we gan to lepe

And caste with our dartes/to and fro

Tyll at the laste/he sayde he wolde slepe

And on the gras/adowne he layde hym tho

And I after/gan come to and fro

Tyll that I herde/as I walked alone

How he began/wofully to growne

Tho gan I stalke hym/softely behynde

And lykely/the sothe for to sayne

As I can clyppe agayne/to my mynde

Ryght thus to loue/gan hym for to playne

He sayde lorde haue rowthe/vpon my payne

All haue I be rebell/in myne entente

How(mea culpa)lorde I me repent

O god/that thy dysposycyon

Troilus.

C.iiii.

The secunde boke

Ledeth the syne/by Iuste puruepaunce
Of euery wyght/by lowe confessyon
Accepte in gre/and sende me suche penaunce
As lyketh the/but frome desperaunce
Let not thy ghost/departe awaye fro the
Thou be my shelde/for thy benygnyte

For certes lord/so soze hath he she me wounded
That stode in blacke/with lokynge of her eye
That to my hertes bottum/it is sounded
Throughe whiche I wote/that I must nedes deye
This is the worst/ I dare not bewraye
And well the hotter/ben the gledes reed
That men them wraye/with asbynge pale and deed

With that he smote/his heed downe anone
And gan to thynke/I not what trewly
And I with that/gan styll awaye to gone
And lete therof/as nothyng wyfte hadde I
And came agayne anone/and stode hym by
And sayde awake/ye slepen all to longe
It semeth not/that loue dothe you longe

That slepeth so/that no man maye you wake
Who sawe euer of this/so dull a man
Ye frende quod he/do ye your hertes ake
For loue and lette me/lyue nowe as I can
But thoughe that he for wo/was pale and wan
Yet made he tho/as freshe a countenaunce
As thoughe he shold/hauelade the daunce

This passed forth/tyll now this other daye
It fell that he came/rompyng all alone

of Troilus.

Into his chambze/and founde how that he laye
Upon his bedde/but man so soze growne
Ne herde I neuer/ne what was his mone
Ne wylste I not/for as I was comynge
All sodaynly/he left his complaynyng

Of whiche I tooke somwhat suspeccon
And nere I came/and founde hym wepyng soze
And god so wys/be my saluacyon
Neuer yet of thyng/hadde I rowthe moze
For nother with engyne/ne with loze
Unmethes myght I/come the dethe hym kepe
That yet fele I for hym/myn herte wepe

And god wote/neuer syth I was borne
Was I so besy/no man to preche
Ne neuer was to wyght/so depeysworne
O he me tolde/who myght be his leche
But now to reherse/all this his speche
O: all his wofull wordes/for to sorwe
Ne bydde me not/but ye wyll se me sorwe

But for to saue his lyfe/and elles nought
And to none harme of you/thus am I dyue
As for the loue of god/that vs hath wrought
Suche chere hym dothe/as he and I maye lyue
Now haue I plate to you/myn herte shryue
And sythe ye wote/that myne herte is clene
Take hede therof/for I none euyl meane

And ryght good thryfte/I praye to god haue ye
That haue suche one/taught withouten net
And be ye wylle/as ye be fayre to se
Well in the ryng/than is the Ruby set

The secunde boke

There were neuer two/so well ymet
Whan ye be his all hole/as he is youre
All myghty god graunte vs/to se that houre

Maye therof spake I not/a ha quod she
As helpe me god/ye shenden euery dele
A mercy dere nere/anone quod he
That so I spake/I ment but wele
By Mars the god/that helmed is with stele
Now be not wrothe/my blode my nece dere
Now well quod she/for gyuen be it here

With this he toke his leue/and whome he wente
A lorde so he was gladde/and well bygone
Cresyde arose/no lenger she ne stent
But streyght in to the closet/she wente anone
And sette her downe/as styll as ony stone
And euery worde/gan vp and downe to wynde
As he hadde sayde/as it came to her mynde

And was sonewhat astroyed/in her thought
Ryght for the newe caas/but whan that she
Was full auysed/than founde she ryght nought
Of peryll/whiche she ought aferde to be
For men maye loue/of possyblyte
A woman maye so/his herte to breste
And she not loue agayne/but her leste

But as she satte alone/and thought thus
A crye arose at scarmysse/all without
And men cryed in the strete/se Troylus
Hath nowe put his flyght/the Grekes route
With that gan her meyne/for to shoute
I go we se/caste by the gates wyde

of Troilus.

For throughe this strete/he muste to palays ryde

For other waye/is fro the gate none

Of Dardanius/there open is the chayne
With that came he/and all his folke anone

An easy pas rydyng/in rowtes twayne

Ryght as his happy daye/was sothe to sayne

For whiche men seen/maye not dystourbed be

That shall betyde/muste be of necessitye

This Troilus satte/on his baye stede

All armed saue his heed/full richely

And wounded was his horse/and gan to blede

In whiche he rode/a pale full softly

But suche a knyghtly/syght truely

As was on hym/was not withouten fayle

To loke on Mars/that is god of batayle

So lyke a man of armes/and a knyght

He was to se/fulfylled of hys prowesse

For he bothe hathe a body/and a myght

To do a thyng/as well as hardynesse

And to se hym/in his gere hym dresse

So fresche/so yonge/and worthy seemed he

It was an heuen/vpon hym to se

His helme to heuen was/in twenty places

That by a tassell/hynge his backe behynde

His shelde to dasthed/with swerdes and maces

In whiche men myght/many an arowe fynde

That thrylled hadde/horne/nerfe/and rynde

And aye the people cryed/here cometh our Joye

Nexte his brother/holder vp of Troye

For whiche he waxed/all reed for shame

The secunde boke

And whan he herde / the people on hym crye
That to beholde / it was a noble game
How soberly than / he caste downe his eye
And Cressyde / gan all his chere espye
And lete it so softe / in her herte synke
That to herselfe she sayde / who gaue me drynke

For of her owne thought / she wared all reed
Remembryng her ryght thus / lo this is he
Whiche that myne vncle swereth / he must be deed
But I on hym / haue mercy and pyte
And with that thought / ashamed was she
She can her heed in pull / and that as faste
Whyle he and the people / forthe by her paste

And gan to caste / and roule vp and downe
Within her thought / his excellent prowesse
And his hye estate / and all his renoune
His wytte / his shappe / and eke his gentylnes
But most her fauour was / for his dystresse
Was all for her / and thought it was a rowthe
To see suche one / yf that he ment trowthe

Now myght some enuyous / I angle thus
This was a sodayne loue / how myght it be
That she so hastely / loued Troylus
Byghe for the fyrst syght / ye parde
Now who so sayth / that he neuer the
For euery thyng / begynnynge hathe it nede
Or all be wrought / without ony drede

For I saye not that she / so sodaynly
Gaue hym her loue / but that she dyde enclyne
To lyke hym fyrste / and I haue tolde you tohy

of Troylus.

And after that/his manhode and his pyne
Madeloue/in her herte for to myne
for whiche by processe/and by good scrupse
He gate her loue/and not in sodayne wyse

And also blyssfull Venus/well arayed
Sat in her seuenth house/of heuen tho
Dysposed well/and with aspectes payed
Than to helpe/sely Troylus of his wo
And so he to sayne/she was not all his fo.
To Troylus/in his natpuyte
God wote that well/the soner spedde he

Now let vs stynte/of Troylus a throwe
That rydeth forth/and let vs tourne faste
Unto Creseyde/that hynged her heed full lowe.
There as she sate olone/and gan to caste
Where that she wolde apoynte her/at the laste
Yf it so were/her Enie nold ceace
for Troylus vpon her/moze for to preace

And lord so she gan/in her thought argue
In this matere/of whiche I haue you tolde
And what to do best were/and what to eschewe
That plyted she full ofte/in many a folde
Now was her herte warme/nor was it colde
And what she thought/somwhat shall I wyte
As that myne auctor lysteth to endyte

She thought well/that Troylus persone
She knewe by syght/and eke his gentylnesse
And thus she sayde/all were it not to done
To graunt hym loue/yet for his worthynesse
It were honour/with playe and with gladnesse

The secunde boke

In honeste/with suche a lorde to dele
For myne estate/and for his hele

Eke well wote I/a kynges sone is he
And sythe he hath to se me suche delyte
yf I wolde bitterly/his syght fle
Perauenture he myght/haue me in dyspyte
wherthroughe I myght stande in wors plyte
Now were I wyse/my hate to purchase
Withouten nede/there I maye stonde in grace

In euery thyng/I wote there lyeth mesure
For though he a man/forbede dronkenesse
He not forbedeth/that euery creature
Be drynketes/for alwaye as I gesse
Eke syth I wote/for me in his dystresse
I ne ought not/for that thyng hym dyspyse
Syth it so is/he meaneth in good wyse

And eke I knowe/of longe tyme agone
His maners good/and that he is not nyce
He a vauntour certayne/men saye he is none
To wyse he is/to do suche a vyce
And eke I wyll not/so hym cheryce
That he maye make a vaunte/by suche cause
He shall me neuer bynde/in suche a clause

Now sette a caas/the hardest is pwyse
When myght demr/hat he loueth me
What dyshonour/here to me this
May I let hym of that/why nay parde
I knowe also/and all daye here and se
When louen women/all besyde theyr leue
And whan them not lyst/then let them leue

of Troilus.

I thynke how he/able is to haue
Of all this noble towne/the chypstest
To be his loue/so she her honour saue
For in and out/he is the worthiest
Saue onely Hector/whiche is the best
And yet his lyfe/lyeth all in my cure
Lo suche is loue/and eke myne auenture

He me to loue/a wondre it is nought
For well wote I my selfe/so god me spede
All wolde I that no man wylte/of this thought
I am one the fayrest/withouten drede
And goodlyest/who so taketh hede
And so men sayne/in all the towne of Troye
What wondre is/though he of me haue Joye

I am myne owne woman/wele at ease
I thanke it god/as for myne estate
Byght yonge and stonde butyed/in lusty lease
Without Falowsy/or suche debate
Shall no husbände/saye to me chekemate
For other they ben/full of Foulousye
O; maysterfull/o; louen noueltye

What shall I do/to what fyne lyue I thus
Shall I not loue in caas/yf that me leste
What pardy I am/nou no relygyous
And though he that I/myne herte sette in rest
Upon this knyght/that is the worthiest
And kepe alwaye/myne honour and myne name
By all ryght/it maye do me no shame

But ryght as whan/the sonne shyneth byght
In marche that chaungeth/oft tyme his face

The secunde boke

And that a clowde / put with wynde to flyght
Whiche ouerspradde / the sonne as for a space
A clowdy thought / gan throughe her herte pace
That ouerspradde / her bryght thoughtes all
So that for fere / almost she gan to fall

That thought was this / alas syth I am fre
Shoulde I loue / and put in Jeopardye
My sykekernesse / and thralen lyberte
Alas how durste I / thynke that folye
Waye I not well / in other folke espye
They? dredefull Joye / they? constreynt & they? payne
There loueth none / y she ne hathe waye to playne

For loue is yet / the moste stormy lyfe
Ryght of hymselfe / that euer was bygonne
For euer some mystruste / or nyce stryfte
There is in loue / some clowde ouer the sonne
Wherto we wretched women / nothyng conne
Whan vs is wo / but sytte / wepe / and thynke
Oure wretche / this / oure owne wo to drynke

Also these wycked tongues / ben so prest
To speke vs harme / eke men ben so vntrewe
That ryght anone / as ceasyd is they? leste
Deceasyth they? loue / and furth to loue a newe
But harme ydo is do / who so it rewe
For thoughe these men / for loue themselves rende
Full sharpe begynnynge / breketh ofte at ende

How often tymes / hathe it knowen ben
The treason / that to women hathe be done
To what fyne is suche loue / I can not seen
Or where becometh it / whā it is gone

of Troilus.

There is no wyght/that knoweth ryght soone
Wher it bycometh/ no wyght therat spoyneth
That erst was nothyng/in to nought tourneth

Now bysye yf I loue/muste I be
To please them/that I angle of loue & dremen
And please them/that they saye no harme of me
For thoughe there be no cause/yet them semen
All be for harme/that folke her frendes wenen
O: who maye stoppe/euery wycked tunge
O: sowne of belles whan they ben runge

And after that thought/gan to clere
She sayde that he/no thyng vndertaketh
Nothyng acheueth/be hym lothe o: dere
And with an other thought/her herte quaketh
Than slepeth hope/and after drede awaketh
Now hote now colde/but thus byt wyre twaye
She ryste her vp/and wente her for to playe

Adowne the steppe/anone ryght sowne she wente
And to the gardyn/with her neces thre
And vp and downe/they made many a went
Flexyble/and she/Carbe/and Antygone
To playe that it was/grete Joye to se
And other of her women/a grete route
Her folowed in the gardeyne all aboute

This yerde was large/and rayled all the alayes
And shadowed well/with goodly bowes grene
Ybenched newe/and landed all the wayes
In whiche she walked/arne in arme byt wene
Tyll at the laste/Antygone the sheene
Gan on a Troian songe/syngen clere

Troilus.

f.i.

The secunde boke

That it an heuen was for to here

She sayde/o loue to whome I haue and shall
Ben humble subiecte/trew in myne entent
As I best can/to you lord geue I all
For euermore myne hertes iust/the rent
For neuer yet thy grace no myght sent
So blyssfull cause as me my lyfe to lede
In all Joye and suerte/out of dyde

The blyssfull god/hathe me so well be set
In loue p wys that all that bereth lyfe
Imagyne ne cowde/how to be bet
For lord without/followe or stryfe
I loue one/whiche is most ententyf
To seruen well/vnwey and vnfeyned
That euer was/and leste with harme dystayned

As he that is/the well of worthynesse
Of trowthe grounde/myrour of goodlyheed
Of wytte Appollo/stone of secretencelle
Of vertue roote/of lust hynder and heed
Throughe whiche is all my sorowe/from me deed
P wys I loue hym beste/so dothe he me
Now good thyspe haue he/wherso euer he be

Whome shoulde I thanke/but you god of loue
Of all this blys/in whiche I bathe now in
All thanked be the lord/for that I loue
This is the ryght lyfe/that I am in
To escheue/all maner vyce and synne
This dothe me/so to vertue entende
That daye by daye/I in my wyll antende
And who that sayth/that for to loue is vyce

of Troylus:

O: thraldome/though he fele in it dystresse
He other is enuyous/o: ryght nyce
O: is vnmighty/for his wyredennesse
To loue for suche maner folke/as I gesse
Defamyn loue/as nothyng of it knowe
They speke/but bende they neuer his bowe
What is the sonne/the woz of kynde ryght
Though he that a man/for feblenes of his eyen
May not endure on it/to loke for byght
O: loue the woz/though he wretches on,it cryen
Howe is he worthe/that maye no sorowe byen
And for thy wo that hath/an heed of verre
Fro cast of stones/beware hym in the werre
But I with all myne herte/and my myght
As I haue sayde/wyll loue vnto my laste
My dere herte/and all myne owne knyght
In whiche myne herte/grauien is so faste
And his in myne/that it shall euer laste
All drede I fynde/loue hym to begynne
Now wote I well/there is no perrell Anne
And of her songe/ryght at that worde stynt
And therewithall/nou nece quod Cresyde
Who made this songe/with so good entent
Antygone answered/anone and sayde
Madame ywys/the goodlyest mayde
Of grete estate/in all the towne of Troye
And ledde her lyfe/in most honour and Joye
Forsothe so it semeth/by her songe
Quod tho Cresyde/and gan therewith to syke
And sayde lorde/is there suche blys amonge
Troylus.

The secunde boke

These louers/as they saye endyte
Yes forsothe/quod scellhe Anrygone the whyte
For all the folke/that haue oꝛ ben on lyue
He coude not well/the blys of loue dyscryue

But wene ye/that euery wretche wote
The parfyte blysse of loue/naye ywys
They wene all loue/yf one behote
Do waye do waye/they knowe no thyng of this
Men must aske of sayntes/yf it is
Ought saye in heuen/for they can and tell
And aske sendes/yf it be soule in hell

Cresyde vnto that purpose/nought answered
But sayde ywys/it wyll be nyght as faste
But euery worde/whiche that she of herde
She gan to prynte it/in her herte faste
And aye gan loue/it lessed moze to agaste
Than it dyde erste/and synke in to her herte
That she waxe somwhat/able to conuerte

The dayes honour/the heuynes in cye
The nyghtes so/all this clyppe I the sonne
Can westren faste/and downe warde for to wyre
As he that hadde his dayes course yronne
And whyte thynages/waxen dynme and donne
For lacke of lyght/and sterres to appere
That she and all her folke/home wente in fere

So whan it lyketh her/to go to reste
And boyded were tho/that boyden ought
She sayde that to slepe/well her leste
Her women soone/in to her bedde her brought
Whan all was done/tho laye she styll and thought

of Troylus.

Of all these thynges/ the maner and the guyse
To reherce it nedeth not/ for ye ben wyse

Anyghtyngale/ vpon a Cedre grene
Under the cambre wall/ there as she laye
Full lowde songe/ agayne the mone shene
Parauenture in her byddes/ wyse alaye
Of loue that made/ her herte freshe and gaye
That herkeneth she/ so longe in good entente
That at the laste/ the deed slepe her hente

And as she slepte/ anone ryght her mette
How that an Egle/ fethered as whyte as bone
Under her breste/ his longe clees sette
And out her herte rente/ and that anone
And dyde his herte/ in to her breste gone
Of whiche she nought moued/ ne no thyng smerte
Than forthe dyde he flye/ with herte leste for herte

Now let her slepe/ and we our tales holde
Of Troylus that is/ to Palays ryden
For the scarmyshe/ of whiche I tolde
And in his chambere sytte/ and hathe abyden
Tyll two or thre/ of his messangers yeden
For Pandarus/ and sought hym so faste
Tyll they hym founde/ and brought hym at the laste

This Pandarus/ came leppynge in at ones
And sayde thus/ who hathe ben well ybete
To daye with swerdes/ synge/ and stones
But Troylus that hathe caughte hym an hete
And gan to Jape/ and sayde lord ye swete
But ryse and let vs soupe/ and go to reste
None he answerde/ go we where the leste

Troylus.

f.iii.

The secunde boke

With all the haste goodly / that they myght
They spedde them frome / the souper and to bedde
And euery wyght / out at the doze hym dyght
And where hym lyst / vpon his waye hym spedde
But Troylus / thoughte his herte bledde
For woo / tyll he herde some tydyng
Hesayd frende / shall I now wepe or synge

Quod Pandarus / be styll and let me slepe
And do on thyn hode / thy nedes spedde be
And cheyse yt thou wylte / synge / daunce / or lepe
At shorte wordes / thou shalte truste in me
And my nece / wyl do well by the
And loue the best / by god and by my trowthe
But lacke of pouersute / make in yt thy slowthe

For this ferforth he haue I / thy werke begonne
Frome daye to daye / to this daye by the morowe
Her loue and frenshyp / haue I to the wonne
And therto hath she layde / her saythe to borowe
Algate one fote / is lessed of thy sorowe
What shall I lenger / sermon of it holde
As ye haue herde byfore / he all hym tolde

But ryght as floures / throughe the colde of myght
Yclosed itoupen / on her stalkes lowe
Redressen agayne / the sonne byght
And spreden out theyr colours / kyndely by rowe
Byght so gan he tho / his eyen vp throwe
This Troylus / and sayde o Venus dere
Thy myght thy grace / pherped be it here

And to Pandare / helde vp bothe his handes
And sayde lo / all thynne be it that I haue

of Troilus.

for I am hole/all brosten be my bondes
A thousande Tropes/who so that me gaue
Eche after other/god me wyse and saue
He myght me so glade/o lo my herte
It spredeth so for Joye/it woide out sterte

But lord how shall I do/how shall I lyuen
Whan shall I nexte/my dere herte se
How shall this longe tyme/awaye be dryuen
Tyll thou be agayne/at her frome me
Thou mayst answer/abyde abyde but he
That hangeth by the necke/sothe to sayne
In grete dysease/abydeth fro the payne

All easly now/for loue and charyte
Quod Pandarus/for all thyng hath tyme
Solonge abyde/tyll that the nyght departed be
For syker/as thou lyst here by me
And god to forne/I wyll be there at pryue
And for thy werke/somewhat shall I saye
Or on some other wyght/this charge laye

For god it wote/that I haue euer yet
Betedy to serue/in to this nyght
Haue I not feyned/but enforced my myght
Do now as I shall saye/and fare a ryght
For I haue do thy lust/with all my myght
And yf thou nylte/wyte thy selfe thy care
On me is not alonge/thyne euyl fare

I wote well that thou/wyser art than I
A thousande folde/but and I were as thou
God helpe me so/I wolde vterly
Ryght of myne owne hande/wyte to her now

The secunde boke

His hertes lyfe/his luste/his sorowes leche
His blys/and eke these other termes all
That in suche caas/ye louers all seche
And in full humble wyse/as in his speche
He gan hym recomaunde/ vnto her grace
To tell all how/it asacth moche space

And after this/full lowly he her prayde
To be not wrothe/though he of his solp
So harde was/her to wyte or sayde
But loue it made/or elles must he dye
And pytouly/gan mercy for to crye
And after he sayde/and iycd lowde
Hymselfe was lytell worthe/and lesse good coude

And prayed her/haue excused his vncunnyng
That lytell was/and eke hymselfe also
Was well nye deed/in his wytyng
And after that/than gan he tell his woo
But that was endeles/withouten hoo
And sayde he wolde/in trowthe all waye hym holde
And radde it ouer/and gan the lettre solde

And with his salte teres/gan he bathe
The Ruby in his sygnet/and it he set
Vpon the waye/deuerelely and rathe
Therwith a thousand tynies/or he let
He kyssed the lettre/and after that it shet
He sayde letter/a blyssful destryn
The shapen is/my lady shall the see

This Pandare toke the lettre ryght by tyme
On morowe/and to his neeces palays hym sterte
And faste he swore/that it was passed pryme

of Trolyus.

And gan to Jape/and sayde y wys myn herte
So freshe it is/all thought it soe swerte
I maye not slepe/never a mayes morowe
I haue a Joly wo/and a lusty forowe

Cresyde whan she/her vncler herde
With dredfull herte/and desyrous to here
The cause of his conynges thus answered
Now by your saythe/myne vncler quod she bere
What maner wynde/guydeth you now here
Tell vs your Joly wo/and your penaunce
How fer forth the benye/put in loues daunce

By god quod he/I hoppe alwaye behynde
And she to laughe/her thought her herte brest
Quod Pandarus/loke alwaye that ye fynde
Came in my hode/but hearken and ye leste
There is now ryght come/to towne a gest
Of Grekes a spyre/and tellet new thynges
Wherfore I come/to tell you tydynges

In to the gardeyn walke/and ye shall here
All pryuely of this/a longe sermon
With that they wente/arne in arme yfere
In to the gardeyne/frome the chambere downe
And whan he was so fer/that the sowne
Of that he spake/no man here myght
He sayde her thus/and out the lettre plyght

Lo he that is/all holy poures fre
Hym recommaundeth/lowly to your grace
And sent you this lettre/here by me
Kysse you on it/whan ye haue space
And of some goodly answer you purchase

Trolyus.

G.ii.

The secunde boke

O so helpe me god / playnly for to sayne
He maye not longe lyue / in this payne
Full dreadfully tho / gan she stande styll
And toke it not / but all her humble chere
Gan for to chaunge / and sayd scrypte ne byll
For loue of god / that toucheth suche matere
He bynge me none / and also vncle dere
To myne estate / haue more regarde I praye
Than to his luste / what holde I more saye

And loke you now / yf this be resonable
And let you not / for fauour ne for slowthe
To saye the sothe / were it couenable
To myne estate by god / and by your trowthe
To take it / to haue of hym rowthe
In armes of my selfe / or reprene
Were it agayne / for hym that ye on leue

This Pandarus / gan on her to stare
And sayde now / this is the most wondre
That euer I sawe / late be this nyce fare
To dethe must I smyte be / with thondre
Yf for the cytee / whiche that stondeth yonder
And I a lettre to you / bynge or take
To harme of you / what luste ye thus to make

But thus ye fare well nye all and some
He that most despyeth you to serue
Of hym he retche leste / where he become
O whether that he lyue / or elles sterue
But for all that / I maye deserue
Refuse it not quod he / and hente her faste
And in her bosum / downe the lettre thraсте

of Troylus.

And sayde her / caste her faste awaye anone
That folke maye se / and gase on vs twey
Quod she I can abyde / tyll they be gone
And gan to smile / and sayde Come I praye
Suche answere as you lyst / suche yourselve puruaye
For treuly I nyll / no lettre wyte
No than wyll I / so that ye endyte

Therwith she loughed / and sayde go we dyne
And he gan at hymselfe / Iape faste
And sayde nece I / haue so grete a pyne
For loue / that euery other daye I faste
And gan his Japes / best forthe to caste
And make her so to laughe / of his folye
That she for laughter / wende for to dye

And whan she was comen / into the hall
Now Came quod she / we wyll go dyne anone
And gan some of her women to call
And streight vnto her chambre / gan she gone
But of her besynesse / this was one
Amonge other thynges / out of drede
Full pryncely / this lettre gan she rede

Truyed worde by worde / in euery lyne
And found no lacke / she thought he cowde good
And vp it put / and wente her in to dyne
But Pandarus / that in study stode
O he was ware / she toke hym by the hode
And sayde ye were caught / or that ye wylste
I vouchesaufe quod he / do what ye lyst

Tho washed they / and set theym downe to ete
And after anone / full slyly Pandarus

Troylus.

G.iii.

The secunde booke

Can drawe hym to the wyndowe/nexte the strete
And sayde nece/who hath arayed thus
That yonder hous/that is streyght ouer vs
Whiche house quod she/and came for to beholde
And knewe it well/and whose it was hym tolde

And talked forth/in speche of thynges small
And sat yn in the wyndowe/bothe twey
Whan Pandarus sawe tyme/vnto his tall
And sawe well/her folke were awaye
Now nece myne tell on/quod he I saye
How lyketh you this lettre/that ye wote
Can he there on/for by my trouthe I note

Therwith all roose helmed/that waxe she
And gan to homme/ye so I trowe
And wyte to hym well/for goddes sake quod he
My seife to medes/wyll the lettre sowe
And helde his handes vp/ever cryenge so
Now good nece/be it neuer so lyte
Gyue me the labour/it to sowe and plyte

Ye for I can so wyte/quod she tho
And eke I not/what I shall to hym saye
Naye nece quod Pandare/saye not so
Yet at the leste/thanke hym I you praye
Of his good wyll/o do hym not to dye
Now for the loue of me/my nece dere
Refuse not at this tyme/my prayer

God graunt quod she/all thyng be wele
God helpe me so/this is the fyrste lettre
That euer I wrote/ye owy dele
And in to a closet/for to auyse her lettre

of Troylus.

She went anone/and gan her herte vnsetter
Out of dysdeynous pryson/amased a lyte
She set her downe/and gan a lettre wryte

Of whiche to tell/in shorte is myne entent
The effecte as fer/as I can vnderstonde
She thanked hym of all/that he well ment
Towardes her/but holden hym in honde
She wolde not/ne make herselfe bonde
In loue but as his syster/hym to please
She wolde aye fayne/do his herte ease

She shyt it/and to Pandare gan gone
There as he sat/and loked in to the strete
And downe she set her/by hym on a stone
Of Iasper vpon a quysshed/of golde Ibete
And sayde as wysshly/helpe me god the grete
I neuer dyde a thyng/with more payne
Than wryte this/to whiche ye me constrayne

And toke it hym/he thanked her and sayde
God wote of thyng/full ofte bothe bygonne
Cometh ende good/and nece myne Cresyde
That ye to hym/of harde now be wonne
Ought he be gladde/by god and by yonde sonne
For why men seen/impreslyons lyght
Full lyghtly ben/all redy to the flyght

But ye haue playde/the tyaunt nye to longe
And harde was it/your herte so to graue
Now stynt that ye/do lenger on it honge
All wolde the fourme/of daunger it saue
But hasteth you/to do hym Joye to haue
For trust you well/to longe I do hardenesse

The secunde boke

Causeth dyspyte full ofte / for dystresse

And ryght as they declared this matere

Lo Troylus ryght / at the stretes ende

Came rydyng / with his people in fere

All softly and thyderwarde gan bende

There as they sat / as was his waye to wende

To Palays warde / and Pandare hym aspyed

And sayde nere / lo who cometh at this tyde

O fle not in / he seeth vs I suppose

Lest he maye thynke / that we hym eschew

Naye naye quod she / and waxe as reed as rose

With that he gan / her humly salow

With dredfull chere / and ofte his hew was new

And by his heed / debonayrly he calte

And bekened on Pandare / and forth he paste

God wote yf he sat / on his horse aryght

O goodly was besene / that ylike daye

God wote whether he was lyke / a manly knyght

What sholde I wyte / or tell of his araye

Cresyde whiche that / all these thynges saye

To tell in shorte / she lyked all in fere

His persone / his araye / his loke / his chere

His goodly maner / and his gentylnesse

So well that neuer / syth she was borne

He hadde she suche rowthe / of his dystresse

And thoughe she hadde be harde / there tofore

To good hope / she hath now caught a thorne

She shall not pull it out / this nexte weke

God sende her mo suche / thornes on to pyke

Pandare whiche / that stode her faste by

of Troylus.

felte the yren hote/and began to smyte
And sayde nece/ I praye you hertly
Tell me that I shall aske you a lyte
A woman that were/of his dethe to wytte
Without his gylte/but for lacke of rowthe
Were it well done/quod she naye by trowt he

God helpe me so quod he/ye saye me sothe
Yf ye fele your selfe/that I not lye
Loke where he rydeth/quod she so he dothe
Well quod Pandare/as I haue tolde you thry
Lat be your nyce shame/and foly
And speke with hym/in easynge of his herte
Lat nycte not do/you bothe to smerte

But theron/was to heue and done
Consyderynge all thyng/it maye not so be
And why for speche/and eke it were to soone
To graunt hym yet/so grete a lyberte
For playnly her entente/as sayde she
Was for to loue hym/vnwyfte yf she myght
And gwerdon hym with nothyng/but with syght

But Pandare thought/it sholde not be so
Yf that I maye/this nyce opynyon
Shall not beholde/fully yeres two
What sholde I make of this a longe sermon
She must assent/on that conclusyon
As for the tyme/and whan that it was eue
And all was well/he roos and toke his leue

And on his waye homwarde/full faste hym spedde
And ryght for Joye/he felte his herte daunce
And Troylus he founde/alone abedde

The secunde boke

That laye as done / these louers in a traunce
Betwixt hope / and derke desperaunce
But Pandare ryght / at his uncomynge
He sauge as who saythe / somewhat I bynge

And sayde / who is in his bedde so soone
Yburied thus / it am I frende quod he
Who Troylus may / helpe me so the moone
Quod Pandarus / thou shalt vp ryse and se
A charme that was ryght now / sent to the
The whiche gan he the / of thyne accesse
So that thou do / forthewith thy besynesse

Ye throughe the myght of god / quod Troylus
And Pandarus / gan hym the lettre take
And sayde parde / god hath the holpe vs
Haue here a lyght / and loke ouer all this blake
But ofte gan his herte / glade and quake
Of Troylus whyle / he gan it rede
So as the wordes / gaue hym hope and drede

But fynally / he toke all for the best
That she hym wrote / for somewhat he behelde
On whiche he thought / he myght his herte reste
All couered she the worde / vnder shelde
Thus to the more worthyer / parte he helde
That what for hope / and Pandarus byhest
His grete woo sorpede / at the leste

But as we maye aldaye / our seluence
The more woode and cole / the more fyre
Ryght soo encreas of hope / what so it be
Therwith full ofte / encreaseth his desyre
Or as an oke / cometh of a lytell spyre

of Troylus.

So throughe this lettre/whiche that she hym sent
Encreace gan desyre/with whiche he brente

Wherfore I save alwaye/that daye and nyght
This Troylus/gan to desyre more
Than he dyde erst/through hope/and dyd his myght
To preece forth on/as by Pandarus loze
And wrote vnto her/of his sorowes sore
fro daye to daye/he lete it not restreyde
That by Pandare/somwhat he wrote oz sayde

And dyde also/his other obseruaunces
That to a loue/longeth in this case
And after that his dyce/torneth on chaunces
So he was other gladde/oz sayde alas
And helde after his gyftes/aye his pag
As after suche answeres/as he hadde
So were his dayes/soy other gladde

But to Pandare alwaye/was his recours
And pytoussly gan/vnto hym playne
And hym besought/of rede oz some socours
And Pandarus sawe/his woodly payne
Waxe well my deed/for rowthe sooth he to sayne
And besely/with all his herte he calte
Some of his wo to sle/and that as faste

And sayde lorde/and frende/and brether dete
God wote that thy dysease/dothe me wo
But wylt thou stynt/all this wofull there
And by my trouthe/oz it be dayes two
And god to sozne/yet shall I shape it so
That thou shalt come/into a certayne place
There as thou mayst thy selfe/pray her of grace

The secunde boke

And certaynly I note yf thou it wost
But tho that ben experte in loue I saye
It is one of the thynges that furthereth most
A man to haue a leysur for to praye
And lyker place his wo for to bewraye
For in good herte there muste rowthe impresse
To her that seeth the gyltes in dystresse

Perauenture thynkest thou though it be so
That kynde wolde done for to begynne
To haue a maner rowthe vpon my wo
Say the daunger nay thou shall me neuer wyne
In that manere for no maner gyne
Though it be that she bend yet she stande on roote
What in effecte is this vnto my boote

Than there agaynst whan that the stourdy oke
In whiche men hacke ofte for the nones
Receyued hath the happy fallynge stroke
The grete weyght dothe it fall at ones
As done these rockes to the myll stones
For swyfter course cometh thyng of weyght
Whan it descendeth than done thynges lyght

But keede that boweth downe with euery blaste
Full lyghtly with the wynde it wyll aryse
But so wyll not an oke whan it is caste
It nedeth me not the longe to deuyse
Whan sholder reioyse of grete empyse
Acheueth well and stondeth out of doubte
All haue men ben the lenger ther aboute

But Troylus tell me now yf the lest
A thyng the whiche I shall aske the

of Troilus.

Whiche is the broder/that thou loueth best
As in thy betay hertes pryuyte
pwyss my dere broder/Deyphebe
Now quod Pandare/or houres twyes twelue
He shall the case/buwyss of hym selue

Now let me alone/and werke as I maye
Quod he/and to deyphebus wente he tho
Whiche had his lorde/and grete frende ben aye
Saue Troilus/no man he loued so
To tell it shorte/without wordes mo
Quod Pandarus/I pray you that you be
Frende to a cause/whiche that toucheth me

Yes parde quod Deyphebus/well thou knowest
In all that euer I maye/and god tofore
All nere it but for one man/that I loue most
My brother Troilus/but saye me wherfore
It is for syth the daye/that I was bore
I nas noz neuermore/to be I thynke
Agaynste a thynge/that myght the forthynke

Pandarus gan hym thanke/and thus he sayde
Lo syr/I haue a lady in this towne
That is my nece/and called is Cresyde
Whiche some men/wolde do oppressyon
And wrongefully/haue her possessyon
Wherfore your lordeshyp/I you beseeche
To be our frende/without more speche

Deiphebus answered it is this
That thou to me spake of/so straungely
Cresyde my frende/he sayde she is
Than nedeth quod Deyphebus hardely

The secunde booke

No more of this / for truste you well that I
Wyl be her chammayne / with spere and swerde
I rought not / though she all her fors it herde
But tell me / for thou knowest this matere
I myght her best auayle / now let se
Quod Pandarus / yf ye my lordes decre
Wolde as now do / this honour vnto me
To praye her this / to morowe that she
Come vnto you / her playntes to deuyse
Her aduersaries / wolde therof agryse

Lord yf that more / I durste you praye as now
And charge you to haue / so grete trauayle
To haue some of your byrtherne / here with you
Than myght her cause / the better auayle
Than wote I well / she myght neuer fayle
For to beholpe / what at your instaunce
What with her other frendes sustenaunce

Deiphobus whiche that was / come of kynde
To all honour / and bounte to coniente
Answered it shall be done / and I can fynde
Yet greter helpe to this / in myne entente
That thou wylte saye / yf for heleyne I sent
To speke of this / I trowe it be best
For she maye lede / Darys as her lest

For Hector / whiche that is my lord my brother
It nedeth not to praye hym frende to be
For I haue herde hym / bothe one tyme and other
Speke of Creseyde / such honour that he
Maye saye no bet / such happe to hym that he she
So nedeth not his helpe / now for to craue

of Troilus.

he shall be suche/ryght as we wyll hym haue

Speke thou thy selfe/also to Troilus

On my behalfe/and praye hym with vs dyne

Syr all this shall be done/quod Pandarus

And toke his leue/and neuer gan to fyne

But to his neeces house/as streyght as alpyne

He came and founde her/frome the mete arysse

And set hym downe/a spake ryght in this wyse

He sayde o veraye god/so haue I ronne

To nece myne/se ye not how I swete

I not whether/ye me thanke conne

Be ye not ware/how false Polyphete

Is now aboute/este soone to playte

To brynge on you/aduocates newe

I ne quoo the/and chaungeth all her hewe

What is he more aboute/me to dretche

And do me wronge/what shall I do alas

Yet of hymselfe/nothyng wolde I retche

Not it for Athenoz/and Eneas

That ben his frendes/in suche maner case

But for the loue of god/myne vncle dere

No fors of it/let hym haue all yfere

Without that I haue ynoughe for vs

Nay quod Pandare/it shall nothyng be so

For I haue be ryght nowe/with Deiphebus

At Hector/and myne other lordes mo

And shortly made/etche of them his so

That by my thyrste/he shall it neuer wyne

For ought he can/whan so that he begynne

And as they caste/what was best to done

The secunde boke

Deiphobus/of his owne curtesye
Came her to praye/in his owne propre persone
To holde hym/on the morowe compaignye
At dyner/whiche she wolde hym not denye
But goodly gan/to his prayer obeye
He thanked her/and went vpon his waye

Whan this was done/this Pandare bp anone
To tell in shorte/forthe he gan to wende
To Troilus as styll as ony stone
Of all this thyng/he tolde hym worde and ende
And how Deiphobus gan to blende
And sayde now is tyme/yt that thou conne
Were the wele to morowe/and all is wonne

Now speke now praye/now pytously complayne
Leue not for nyce shame/or drede or slowthe
Somtyme a man/must tell his payne
Byleue it/and she wyll haue on the rowthe
Thou shalte be saued/by thy faythe in trowthe
But well wote I/thou arte in a drede
And what it is/lo I can it rede

Thou thynkest now/how shall I do all this
For by my chere/must folke espye
That for loue is/that I fare amys
Yet hadde I leuer/for sorowe deye
Now thynke not so/thou doest grete folye
For I ryght now/haue founde a mancre
Of slepyght/for to couer all thy chere

Thou shalte go ouer nyght/and that as blyue
Vnto Deiphobus hous/ths to playe
Thy maladye the bet/awaye to dryue

of Troilus.

For why thou semest seke/the sothe to saye
Soone after that/downe in thy bedde the laye
And saye thou mayste/no lenger by endure
And be ryght there/and byde thy auenture

Saye that the feuer/is wonte the to take
The same tyme/and last tyll a morowe
And let vs se nowe/how well thou can it make
For parde seke is he/that is in sorowe
Go now fare well/and Venus here to borowe
I hope and thou/thy purpos holde ferme
In grace she shall/the fully conferme

Quod Troilus p wys/thou nedeless
Counseylest me/sykerly to sayne
For I am seke/in earnest doubles
So well nye/that I sterue for the payne
Quod Pandarus/thou shalt the letter playne
And haste the lasse nede/to counterfete
For hym men deme hote/that men se swete

To holde the at thy Cryste clos/and I
Shall well thy dere/unto thy bowe dryue
Therwith he toke his leue/all softly
And Troilus/to paleys went blyue
So gladde he was/neuer in his lyue
And to Pandarus rede/gan all assent
And to Deiphebus house/at nyght he went

What nedeth you/to tell now of the chere
That Deiphebus/gan his brother make
For his grete feuer/and sekely manere
They dyde hym cheryce/and ryche clothes take
He beyng ryght seke/with hym dyde they wake

Troilus.

Q.i.

The secunde boke

But all for nought/he helde forth his guyse
As ye haue heroe Pandare hym deuyle

But certayne is/or Troilus hym leyde
Deiphobus prayed hym/ouer nyght
To be a frende/and helpynge to Cresyde
God wote that he/it graunted anone ryght
To be her full frende/with all his myght
But such a nede it was/to praye hym thenne
As for to bydde/a wodde man for to ren

The morowe came/and nyghen gan the tyme
Of mele tyde/that the fayre quene Helayne
Sope her to be/an houre after the pyne
With Deiphobus/to whome she wolde not sayne
But as her syster/homely sothe/to sayne
She came to dyner/in her playne entente
But god and Pandare/wyste none what this mente

Came eke Cresyde/all innocent of this
Antygone her syster/and Targe also
But he we now/Prolixite best is
For loue of god/and let vs faste go
Ryght to the effecte/without tales mo
Why all these folke/assembled in that place
And let vs/of theyr salowynge pace

Grete honour dyde them/Deiphobus certayne
And fedde them well/with all that myght them lyke
But euermore alas/was his refrayne
My good brother/Troilus the seke
Lyeth yet/and therewith he gan to syke
And after that/he payned hym to glade
Them as he myght/and good there them made

of Troilus.

Complayned eke Clayne / of his sickenesse
So faythefully / that pyte was to here
And euery wyght than / was for that accesse
A leche anone / and sayde in this manere
Ventreuen folke / this charme I will you lere
But there sat one / all lyste her not to teche
That thought / yet best coude I be his leche

After complaynte / than gan they hym to prayse
As folke yet / whan some haue begonne
To prayse a man / and vp with hym to reyse
A thousande folde / yet hyer than the soune
He is that can / that fewe lordes conne
And Pandarus of that / they wolde afferme
He not forgate / his praysynge to conferme

Herde of this / Cresyde well ynoughe
And euery worde / gan to notyfy
For whiche with sobre chere / her herte loughe
For who is that / wolde hym gloryfy
To moone suche a knyght / to lyue or dye
But all passe I / lest ye to longe dwell
For all is / for a tyme that I you tell

The tyme canie / frome dyner for to ryse
And as themought / they rylen euerychone
And gan a whyle / of this and that deuyse
But Pandarus / brake all that speche anone
And sayde to Deiphobus / wyl we gone
If your wyl be / as I you praye
To speke here of the nedes / of Cresyde

Helayne whiche that / by the hande her helde
Toke fyrste the tale / and sayde go blyue

Troilus.

B.ii.

The secunde boke

And goodly on Cresyde she behelde
And sayde Jouys let hym neuer thryue
That dothe you harme/and brynge hymselfe of lyue
And gyue me sorowe/but he shall it rewe
Yf that I maye/and all folkes be trewe

Tell thou thy neces caas/quod Deiphebus
To Pandarus/for thou can best it tell
My lordes and my ladyes/it standeth thus
What shulde I lenger/do you dwell
He ronge hym out a proces/lyke a bell
Upon her foo/that hyght polyphete
So haynous that men/myght on it spete

Answer of this/eche worse than other
And Polyphete/thus gan they warpe
And hanged be suche one/were he my brother
And so it shall/for it maye not warpe
What sholde I lenger/in this proces tarye
Playnly all at ones/they her behyght
To be her frende/in all that euer they myght

Spake than Eleyne/and herde Pandarus
Wote ought my lord/my brother this matere
I meane Hector/or wote it Troylus
He sayde ye/but wyll ye me now here
We thynketh this/syth Troylus is here
It were good/yf that ye wolde assent
She tolde hym herselfe/all this or she went

For he wyll haue the more/her grese at herte
Bycause lowe/that she a lady is
And by youre leue/I wyll but insterte
And do you wete/and that anone ywys

of Troylus.

ys that he slepe/or wyllough here of this
And in he lepe/and sayd e hym in his ere
God haue thy soule/brought haue I thy bere

To smyle he gan/this good Troylus
And Pandarus/without restynge
Out wente anone/to Cleyne and Deiphebus
And sayde them so/there be no tarpenge
No more I wyll well/that ye bynge
Cresyde anone/my lady that is here
As he maye endure/he wyll you here

But well ye wote/the chambre is but lyte
And fewe folke maye lyghtly/make it warme
Now loke ye/for I wyll haue no wyte
To bynge in preecs/that myght do hym harme
Or hym dysease/for by my better arme
It were better/she abyde tyll este soone is
Now loke ye that knowe/what to done is

I saye for me beste is/as I gan knowe
That no wyght/nor wende in but you tway
But it were/for I can in a throwe
Reherse her cause/bulyke that she gan saye
And after this/she maye hym ones praye
To be her good lord/in shorte and take her leue
This may not moche/of his ease hym reue

And for that she is straunge/he wyll forbere
His ease/whiche he dare not for you
Eke other thynges/whiche toucheth not to here
He wyll you tell/I wote it well ynowe
That secreete is/and for the townes prouwe
And she that nothyng knewe of this entent

Troylus.

¶.iii.

The secunde boke

Without more/to Troilus in went
Helayne in all her goodly softe wyse
Gan hym salew/and womanly playe
And sayde ywys/ye must algate aryse
Now sayre brother/beal hole I you praye
And gan her arme/by on his shoulder laye
And hym with all her herte/she gan dyspote
As she best coude/of sorow hym to comforte

Soone after quod she/we you byseche
My dere brother Deiphobus/and I
For loue of god/and so dothe Pandare eke
To be good lord/and frende ryght hertly
Unto Cresyde/whiche that certainly
Receyuethe wronge/as knoweth well Pandare
That can her cas/well bet than I declare

This Pandarus/gan now his tongue affyle
And all her caas reherled/and that anone
Whan it was sayde/soone after in a whyle
Quod Troilus/as soone as I may gon
I wyl ryght fayne/with all my myght anon
Haue god my trowthe/her cause to sustayne
Good thys/te haue ye quod Clayne the quene

Quod Pandarus/and your wyl be
That she maye take her leue/or that she go
Now elles god forbede/it tho quod she
Yf that ye vouchesaufe/for to do so
And with that worde/quod Troilus yet two
Deiphobe/and you my syster dere
To you haue I/to speke of a matere
To be aduysed/by your aduysel the better

of Trollyus.

And had as hap was / at his beddes heed
The copp of a trefpce / and a lettre
That Hector hadde hym sent / to aske hym rede
yf suche a man / were worthy to be deed
Not I not who / but but in a gryfely wyse
He prayed them bothe / anone on it auyse

Deiphobus / gan this lettre unfolde
In ernest grete / so oyde Clayne the quene
And romynge outwarde / faste gan it beholde
Downwarde a stayre / and in to an herber grene
This ylike thyng / they redder them betwene
And largely / the mountenaunce of an houre
The gan on it / for to rede and powre

Now lete them rede / and tourne we anone
To Pandarus / that gan full fast pryve
That as well in as out / gan he gon
Unto the chambere a losse / and that on hy
And sayde god saue all this companye
Cowe now my nece / my lady quene Clayne
Abydeth you / and eke my lordes twayne

Byse take with you / your nece antygonye
Or whome ye lyst / or no for hardyly
The lesse preece the bet / come forthe with me
And loke that ye thanke humbely
Them all thre / and whan ye maye goodly
Your tyme se / take you of them your leue
Lest we to longe / his rest hym byrue

All innocent / of Pandarus entent
Quod tho Cresydes / go we vncle dere
And arme in arme / inwarde with hym she went

The secunde boke

Auvsynge well her wordes/and her chere
And Pandarus/in ernefullest manere
Sayde all folke/for goddes loue I praye
Stynte you ryght here/and softely ye playe

Auysye what folke/ben here within
And in what plyte one is/god hym amende
And inwarde thus/full softely begyn
Neece I coniure/and holy defende
On his halfe/whiche that vs soule hathe sende
And in the vertu of the coronnes twayne
Sle not this man/that hathe for you this payne

Fy on the deuyll/thynke whiche one he is
And in what plyte he lyeth/come of anone
Thynke all suche tarped tyde/lost is
That wyll ye bothe saye/whan ye ben one
And sykerly there yet/dyuyneeth none
Upon you two/come of now ys ye conne
Whyle folke ben blynde/lo all the tyme is wonne

In tyteryng in pursute/and delayes
Folke wyll dyuyne/at waggyng of a stre
That thoughe ye wolde/haue after mery dayes
Than dare ye not for why/for he and he
Spake suche a worde/thus loked she and she
Thus tyme ylosse/I dare not with you dele
Come of therfore/and bryng hym to his hele

But now to you/ye louers that ben here
Was not Troilus/in a cankerdorte
That laye and myght/the whysperynge of her here
And thought o lord/nor renneth my softe
Fully to dye/or haue no comforte

of Troylus.

And was the fyrste tyme/ he shoulde her praye
Of loue/ o myghty god/ what shall I saye

¶ Here endeth the secūde boke/ and here begynneth
the prologe of the thyrde boke.



Blyssfull lyght/ of whiche y beames clere
Adourneth/ all the hye heuengs sayre
Of sonnes lyfe/ o Jouys doughter dere
Pleasaunce o loue/ o goodly debonayre
In gentyll hertes/ redy to repayre
O veraye cause of hele/ and of gladnesse
Phetred be thy myght/ and thy goodnesse

In heuen/ and hell/ erthe and se
Is fyrste thy myght/ ysthat I well dyscerne
As man/ byrde/ best/ fyssh/ herbe and grene tre
The felde in tymes/ with vapour eterne
God loueth and to loue/ he wyll not werne
And in this worlde/ no lyues creature
Without loue is worthe/ or may endure

In Jouys fyrste/ to clothe the effectes glade
Thorughe whiche that thynges/ lyuen all and be
Commended/ and amorous them made
O mortall thyng/ and as thou lyste aye se
Haue them in loue/ ease/ and aduersyte
And in a thousande fourmes/ downe them sent
To loue in erthe/ and whome he lyste it blent

The fyers Mars/ to payen of his Ire
And as ye lyste me/ make hertes dygne
Algates them/ that ye wyll sette a fyre
That dyden shame/ and byces yet resygne

Troylus.

I.i.

The thyrd boke

Ye to them curteys / freshe be and benynge
And theym promoteth / after a wyght endyteth
The Joye that he hath / your myght hym sendeth
Ye holden regne / and hous / in bnyte
The sothefait cause / and frenshyp be also
Ye knowe all those / couerel qualyte
Of thynges whiche / that folkes wondren on so
That they can not construe / how it mye go
She loueth hym / or why loueth he not here
Or why this fysh / and that cometh to the were
The men of lawe / haue sette in bnyuers
And this knowe I / by them that louers be
That who so stryuet with you / hath the wer
Now lady bryght / for thy benygnyte
At reuerence of them / that seruen the
Whose clerke I am / teche me deuyle
Some Joye of that / is felte in thy seruyce
Ye in my naked / hertes sentement
I nelde / and do me shewe of thy wytnesse
Calypso / thy dayes ben now present
For now is nede / seest thou not my dystresse
How I must tell anone / ryght the gladnesse
Of Troilus / to Venus her pence
To whiche gladnesse / who nede hath god hyf brynge

Here endeth the prologe.

The thyzde boke of Troylus.

Here begynneth the thyzde boke of Troylus.

The secūde boke fynished/ here begynneth
the thyzde/ and sheweth how that Cresyde
came to Troylus/ and of the ryght pyteous
complaynte of Troylus/ as foloweth.



The thyrd boke



He all this meane whyle Troylus
Recordynge his lesson in this manere
Dafey thought he thus wyll I lay & thus
Thus wyll I playne vnto my lady dere
That worde is good & y Chal be my matere
This wyll I not forgeten in no wyse
God gve he werke as gan deuyse

And lord so his herte gan tho to whappe
Herynge her come and soze for to syke
And Pandarus that ladde her by the lappe
Came nere and gan in at the curtayne pyke
And sayde god do bote on all syke
Se who is here you comen to byspte
Lo here is she that is your dethe to wyte

Therwith it semed that he wepte almost
Ha ha god quod Troylus so sorowfully
Where me be wo o myghty god thou wost
Who is all there I se not trewly
Syr quod Cresyde it is Pandare and I
Ye swete herte alas I may not ryse
To knele and do you honour in some wyse

And dressed hym vpwarde and she ryght tho
Bygan her handes softe vpon hym laye
O for the loue of god do ye not so
To me quod she what is this to saye
Syr come am I to you for causes tweye
Fyrste you to thanke of youre good lordeshyppe
Contynuaunce therof I you besyke

Troylus that herde thus his lady praye
Of lordeshyp hym was nother quicke nedede

of Troylus.

As myght one worde/for shame to her saye
And though men shulde/haue smyte of his hede
But lord so he was/sodaynly rede
And his lesson/that he wende had conne
To pray her/was thugh his hert I ronne

Crysayde all this espyed well ynough
for she was wyse/and loued hym neuer the lasse
All though he were not malapert/ & made it though
O: was to bolde/to synge a foole a masse
But whan his shame/began somewhat to passe
his wordes as I may/my rymes holde
I wyll you tellen/as techen bokes olde

In chaunged voyce/ryght for his lady dyde
whiche voyce dyde quake/and therto his manere
Goodly abalshed/and now his hewes rede
Now pale vnto Cresyde/his lady dere
With loke downe cast/and humble lowely there
Lo alther fyfste worde/that hym astarte
Was twyes/mercy mercy swete herte

And stynt a whyle/and whan he myght out brynge
The nexte worde was/god wote for I haue
As ferforthe/as I haue hadde cunnynge
Be youres all/so god my soule saue
And shall tyll that I/wofull wyght be graue
And thoughe I ne dare/ne can to you complayne
Pwys I suffre not/the lasse payne

Thus moche as now/o womanly wyse
I maye out brynge/and it you dysplease
That shall I wreke/vpon myne owne lyfe
Wyght soone I trowe/and do your herte an ease

Troylus.

I.iii.

The thyrd boke

Yf my dethe/your herte maye apayse
For sythe ye haue me herde/somwhat saye
Now retche I neuer/how soone that I deye

Therwith his manly sorowe/to byholde
It myght haue made/an herte of stone to rewe
And Pandare wepte/as he to water wolde
And sayde wo begone/ben hertes trewe
And poled his nece/euer newe and newe
For loue of god/make of this thyng an ende
O: she vs bothe at ones/o: we hens wende

Ey what quod she/by god and by my trowthe
I wote not what ye wolde/that I saye
I what quod he/that ye haue of hym rowthe
For goodes loue/and do hym not to dye
Now than quod she/thus I wolde hym praye
To tell me the fyne of his entent
Yet wylste I neuer/well what he ment

What that I meane/o swete herte dere
Quod Troylus/o goodly freshe fre
With the streames/of your eyen clere
Ye wolde scendly/somtyme on me se
And that ye suffre/that I neuer be he
Without braunche of byte/in ony wyse
You for to serue/lyke as ye wyl deuyse

As to my lady ryght/and chiefe resoꝛte
And all my wytte/and all my dyllygence
And I to haue ryght/as you lyst comfoꝛte
Under your yerde egall/to myne offence
As dethe/ye yf I do ony offence
And that ye lyst me/somoche honoure

of Troylus.

Me to commaunde/ought in ony houre
And I to be youre/beraye humbly trewe
Secrete/and in my paynes pacyent
And euer more desyre/freshly newe
To serue and be/plyke dylygent
And with good herte/all holy your talent
Receyue in gre/how soze that me smerte
Lo thus meane I/myne owne swete herte

Quod Pandarus/lo here an harde request
And resonably/a lady for to werne
Now nece myne/by natall Jouys fest
Were I a god/ye shoulde sterue as yerne
That heren well this man/nothyng yerne
But youre honour/and se hym almost sterue
And be so lothe/to suffre hym you to serue

With that she gan her eyen/on hym caste
Full esply/and full debonaryly
Auplynge her/and hyed her not to faste
With neuer a worde/but sayde hym soberly
Myne honour saue/I wpll well trewly
And in suche fourme/as ye conne deuysse
Receyue hym shall/sully to wy scrupse

Besechyng hym/for goddes loue that he
Wolde in honour/tcouthe/and gentylnesse
As I well meane/eke meane he well to me
And myne honoure/with all my besynesse
Aye kepe yf I maye/a do hym gladnesse
Frome hensforth/pwys I wpll not fayne
Now be all hole/no longer that ye playne
¶ Neuerthelesse/this warne I you quod she

Troylus.

I.iii.

The thyrd boke

A kynges sone/though ye be pryng
Ye shall nomore/haue soueraynte
Of me in loue/ryght but as in that cas is
Ne I wyll forbere/ys ye done anys
To wrathe you/and whyle ye me serue
Cherysshe you ryght/after you deserue

And shortly dere herte/and all my knyght
Be gladde and drawe you/to lustynesse
And I shall treuly/with all my myght
Youre brytter towe/all in to swetenesse
Yf I be she/that may do you gladnesse
For euery wo/ye shall recouer a blysse
And hym in armes toke/and gan hym kysse

Fell Pandare on knees/and by his eyen
To heuen he threwe/and helde his handes hye
Immortall god quod he/that mayste not dyen
Cupido I meane/of this mayste gloryfe
And Venus thou mayste make melodye
Withouten hande/me semeth that in towne
For this myracle/I here eche bell sowne

But honomore as now/of this matere
For why this folke/wyll come by anone
That haue the lettre redde/lo I them here
But I adiourne the/Cresyde anone
And the Troilus/that whan thou mayste gone
That at myne house/ye be at my warnynge
For I full well/shall shape your comynge

And easeth there your hertes/ryght ynoughe
And let se whiche of you/shall bere the bell
To speke of loue/a lytell therwith he lough

of Troilus.

For ther haue ye/a layser for to tell
Quod Troilus/how longe shall it dwell
Or this be do quod he/whan thou mayste ryse
This thyng shall be/ryght as I deuyse

With that Clayne/and Deiphebus
Than comen bpwarde/at the stayre ende
And lord so to grone/tho gan Troilus
His brother and his sylter/for to blende
Quod Pandarus/tyme is that we wende
Take nece myne/your leue at all thre
And let them speke/and come forth with me

She toke her leue/at them full honestly
As she well coude/and her reuerence
Unto the full/they dyden hardely
And wondre well spake/in her absence
Of her in pray synge/of her excellence
Her gouernaunce/her wytte/and her manere
Commendynge it/that Joye it was to here

Now let her wende/to her owne place
And to me we to Troilus agayne
That gan full lyghtly/of the lettre pace
That Deiphebus/hadde in the gardeyne sene
And of Clayne and hym/he wolde fayne
Delyuered be/and sayde that hym leste
To slepe/and after tales to haue reste

Clayne hym kyste/and toke her leue blyue
Deiphebus eke/and home wente euery wyght
And Pandarus/as faste as he maye dryue
To Troilus came/tho as blyue ryght
And on a pylet/all that glade nyght

The thyrde booke

By Troilus he laye/with blyssfull chere
To talke and well was hym/they were in fere
Whan eury wyght was boyded/but they two
And all the dozes/were faste yshet
To tell in shorte/withouten wordes mo
This Pandarus/without ony let
Up ros/and vpon his beddes fete hym set
And gan to speke/in a sobre wyse
To Troilus/as I shall you now deuyse
Myne alther best lorde/and brother dere
God wolde and thou/that it sat me so sore
Whan I the sawe/so languysshynge to yere
For loue of whiche/the wo waxe euermore
That I with all my myght/and my loze
Haue euer syth/do my besynesse
To brynge the to Joye/out of dysstresse
And haue it brought/to suche plyte as thou wost
So that thorughe me/thou stondest now in waye
To fare well/I saye it for no bost
And wost thou why/for whame it is to saye
For the I haue begonne/a game to playe
Whiche that I neuer do shall/est for other
All thoughe he were/a thousande folde my brother
That is to saye/for the am I becomen
Betwyxe game and earnest/suche a meane
As maken women/vnto men comyn
Thou wost thyselfe/what that I wolde meane
For the haue I/my nece of byces clene
So fully made thy gentylnesse to tryst
That all shall be/tyght as thy selfe lyst

of Troilus.

But god that all wote/take I to wytnesse
That I neuer this/for couetyse wrought
But onely to abyedge/thy dystresse
For whiche well nygh/thou dyed as me thought
But good brother/do now as the ought
For goddes loue/and kepe her out of blame
So as thou arte wyse/kepe her out of shame

For well thou woste/the name is yet of her
Amonge the people/as who sayth halowed is
For neuer was yet wyght/I dare well swere
That euer wiste/she dyde amys
But wo is me/that I that cause all this
May thynke/that she is my nece bere
And I her Came/and traytour bothe I lere

And were it wiste/that I throughe myne engyne
Had in my nece/put this fantasye
To do thy lust/and holy to be thyne
Why all the people/wolde vpon it crye
And saye that I/the worst trechery
Dyde in this case/that euer was bygonne
And she fordone/and thou ryght nought ywonne

Wherfore or I/wyll forther go a pas
The I praye este/though thou shouldest dye
That pryuyte/go with vs in this cas
That is to saye/thou neuer vs bewraye
And be not wrothe/though I the ofte praye
To holde secre/suche an hygh matere
For skylfull is/thou most well my prayer

Thynke what wo/there hath betyde or this
For makynge of auauntes/as men rede

The thyrd boke

And what myschaunce / yet in this worlde is
fro daye to daye / ryght for that wycked dede
for whiche these wyse clerkes / that ben deed
haue wyte of this / as yet men teche vs yonge
The fyrste vertu is / to kepe the tongue

And nere it that I / wolde as now abrydge
Dyffusyon of speche / I cowde almost
A thousaunde olde storges the alledge
Of women thourughe fals / and fooles bofte
Prouerbes canste thy selfe / ynow and most
Agayne that byce / for to be alabbe
Thoughe men sothe saye / as often as they gabbe

For tongue alas / so ofte here byforn
Hathe made full many a lady / bryght of hewe
Saye welawaye the daye / that she was borne
And many a mayden / sorowe for to newe
And for the more parte / all is vntrewe
That men of yelpe / and it were brought to pzeue
By reason none auauntour / is to leue

A bauntour and a lyer / all is one
As thus I suppose / a woman loueth me
And saythe certayne / that other wyll she none
And am sworne to holde it secree
And after I go / and tell it two or thre
Ywys I am a bauntour / at the lest
And a lyer / in brekyng of my behest

Suche maner folke / what shall I clype them what
And loke that I be ryght nought to blame
That them auaunt of women / and saye she is that
That neuer yet / in earnest nor in game

of Troylus.

Knewe her nomore/than the deuylles dame
No wondre is/so god me sende hele
Thoughe women drede/with vs men to dele

I saye not this/for no mystruste of you
Ne for no wyse man/but for fooles nyce
And for the harme/that in the worlde is now
As well for foly vled/as for malyce
For well I wote/that wyse folke that byce
No woman dredeth/yf she be well auysed
For wyse folke ben/by fooles harmes chastysed

But now to purpos/lese brother dere
Haue all this thyng/that I haue sayde in mynde
And kepe the close/and be now of good chere
For at thy daye/thou shalte me trewe fynde
I shall thy proces/set in suche a kynde
And god tofore/that it shall the suffyse
For it shall be ryght/as thou wylte it deuysse

For well I wote/thou meanest well parde
Therefore I dare/this fully vndertake
Thou knowes eke/what thy lady graunted the
And daye it set/the charters vp to make
Haue now good nyght/I maye no lenger wake
And praye for me/sythe thou arte now in blysse
That god the sende dethe/or ryght soone thy wyfthe

Who myght tell/halfe the Joye or feest
Whiche that the soule/of Troylus tho felte
Derynge the effecte/of Pandarus behest
His olde wo/that made his herte swelte
Can thou for Joye/to wasten and to melte
And all the thoughtes/of his syghes sore

The thyrde boke

At ones fledde/ he felte of them nomore

But ryght as these holtes/ and these hayes

That haue ben in wynter/ deed and dreyen

Reuesten theym in grene/ whan that Maye is

Whan euery lusty/ lysteth for to playen

Ryght in that selfe wyse/ sothe for to sayen

Waxe sodaynly his herte/ full of Joye

That gladder was there/ neuer man in Troye

And gan his loke/ on Pandarus vp caste

Full soberly/ and frendly vnto se

And sayde frende/ in Apryll the laste

Well thou woste/ yf it remembre the

Well myghte the dethe/ for wo thou founde me

And how thou dydest all thy besyneste

To knowe of me/ the cause of my dystresse

Thou knowes how longe/ I forbare to saye

To the that arte the man/ that I best tryste

And perell none was it/ to the bewraye

That wyste I well/ but tell me yf the lyste

Syth I so lothe was/ that thys selfe it wyste

How durste I mo tell/ of this matere

That quake now/ and noman maye be here

But Natheles by that god/ I the swere

That as hym lyste/ maye all this worlde gouerne

And yf I lye/ Achilles with a spere

My herte cleue/ all were my lyfe eterne

As I am mortall/ yf I late or yerne

Wolde it bewraye/ it shewe or conne

For all the good/ that god made vnder sonne

But rather wolde I dye/ and determyne

of Troilus.

As thynketh me now / stocked in pryson
In wretchynesse / in fylthe / and vermyne
Captiue / to cruell kynge Agameuon
And this / in all the temples of the towne
Upon the goddes all / wyll I the swere
To morowe daye / yf it lyketh the to here

And that thou haste / somoche ydo for me
That I ne maye / it neuer more deserue
This knowe I well / all myght I now for the
A thousande tymes / in a morowe serue
I can nomore / but that I wyll the serue
Ryght as thy slaue / whyder so thou wende
For euer more / vnto my lyues ende

But here with all my herte / I the beseeche
That neuer in me / thou deme suche foly
As I shall sey / me thought by thy speche
That this that thou hast / me for company
Do / I shuld deme it a bawdry
I am not wood / all yf I lewde be
It is not bawdry / that wote I well parde

But he that gothe / for golde or for rynges
On suche message / call them what the leste
But this that thou doest / for gentylnesse
Compassyon / felowshyp / and truste
Depart it so / for wyde where is wyse
How that there is / dyuersyte requyred
Betwyxe thynges / lyke as I haue lered

And that thou knowe / I thynke not ne wene
That this seruyce / a shame be or a Jape
I haue my layre syster / Polixene

The thynde boke

Cassandre helayne/or ony of the fraye
Be she neuer so fayre/ne so well yshape
Tell me whiche thou wylte/of euerychone
To haue for thyn/and lete me than alone

But sith thou hast done me this scrupce
My lyfe to saue/and for no hope of mede
So for the loue of god/this grete empyse
Perfourme it out/for now is moost nede
For hye or lowe/without ony drede
I wyl alwaye/thy helles all kepe
Haue now good nyght/and lete vs bothe slepe

Thus helde eche of other/well apayde
That all the worlde ne myght it amende
And on the morowe/when they were arayde
Eche to his owne nede/gan entende
But Troilus thought/as the fyre he frende
For sharpe desyre/of hope and of pleasaunce
He not forgate/his wyse gouernaunce

But in hymselfe with manhode gan restreyne
Eche recheles dede/and eche bydeled chere
That all tho/that lyuen sothe to seyne
He shulde haue wylte/by worde ne manere
What that he ment/as touchynge this matere
From euery wyght/as far as the clowde
He was so wyse/and dysymulen he comde

And all this whyle/whiche I you deuyse
This was his lyfe/with his full myght
By daye he was/in Martis hygh scrupse
That is to saye/in armes as a knyght
And for the most parte/the longe nyght

of Troilus.

He laye and thought/how that he myght serue
His lady best/her thanke for to deserue

For why she founde hym/so dyscrete in all
So secrete/and of suche obeyssaunce
That well she felte/he was to her a wall
Of stele a shelde/frome euery dyspleasaunce
That to be in his good gouernaunce
So wyle he was/she was nomore aferde
I meane as fer/as ought to be requyred

And Pandarus alwaye/to quyen the fyre
Was euer lyke/prest and dyligent
To ease his frende/was set all his desyre
He went aye on/he to and fro was sent
Hedettes bere/whan Troilus was absent
That neuer wyght wylte/as in his frendes nede
He bare hym bet/to do his frende to spede

But now perauenture/some men wayte wolde
That euery worde or loke/sonde/or chere
Of Troilus that I reherse holde
In all this whyle/vnto his lady dere
I trowe it were/a longe thyng to here
Or of any wyght/that stode in suche dysloynt
His wordes all/or euery loke to poynt

Forsothe I haue not herde/it done or this
In story none/ne noman here I wene
And though he I wold/I coude not pwyg
For there was some epystle/sente betwene
That wolde as saythe my auctour/well contene
An hundred verse/of whiche hym lyst not wyte
How shoulde I than/a lyne of it endyte

Troilus.

l.i.

The thyrd boke

But to the grete effecte/that I saye thus
That stondynge in concorde/and quyetē
These ylike two/Cresyde and Troilus
As I haue sayde/in this tyme swete
Sauc onely that/olde tyme they myght not mete
Ne leysur hadde/her speches to fulfyll
It befell ryght/as I shall you tell

That Pandarus/whiche y alwaye dyde his myght
Byght for the syne/that I speke of here
As for to bypunge/to his hous som myght
His sayre nece/and Troilus yfere
There as at leysur/all this hye matere
Touchynge theyr loue/were at the full bypounde
Hadde as hym thought/a tyme therto yfounde

For he with grete delyberacyon
Had euery thyng/that therto myght auayle
Forne call/and put in execucyon
And nother leste for cost/ne for trauayle
That none of them/shoulde in nothyng fayle
And for to be not espyed there
He thought well/an impossyble were

And dredeles/it clere was in the wynde
Of euery pye/and euery let game
Thus all is well/and all this worlde is blynde
In this matere/bothe wyld and tame
This tymbre is redy/for to put in frame
Us lacketh not/but that we wyten wolde
A certayne houre/in which the comen shoulde

And Troilus/that all his puruysaunce
Knewe at the full/and wayted on it aye

of Troilus.

Hadde here vpon eke made / his ordynauce
And foude his cause / and eke all the araye
That ys that he were myssed / nyght or daye
The whyle he was / aboute this seruysse
That he was go / to do his sacryfice

And must at suche a temple / allne wake
And worshyp Appollo / there wolde he be
And fyrste to se / the holy laurell quake
Or that Appollo / spacke out of the tre
To tell hym whan / the grekes shall fle
And for thy let hym noman / god forbede
But praye Appollo / that he wolde hym spede

Now is there lytell more / for to done
But Pandare vp / and short y to sayne
Ryght vpon the chaungynge / of the mone
Whan lyghtles is the worlde / a nyght or tweyne
And that the welwyn / shope hym for to rayne
He streyght a morowe / vnto his nece wente
Ye haue well herde / the fyne of his entent

Whan he was there / he gan anone to playe
As he was wonte / and at hymselfe to Jape
And fynally he swoore / and gan her saye
Bothe this and that / she shoulde hym not escape
He make hym lenger / after her to gape
But certaynly / she must by her leue
Come soupe with hym / at his house at eue

At whiche she loughe / and gan herselfe excusen
And sayde it reyneth / lo how shoulde I gon
Let be quod he my frende / ne stande not thus & musen
This must ye done / ye shall be there anone

Troilus.

R.ii.

The thyrd boke

So at the laste/here of they fell at one
And elles softe/he swore her in her ere
He wolde neuer come/there as she were

And she agayne/gan hym for to rowne
And asked hym/ys Troilus were there
Ho swore her naye/for he was out of towne
And sayde nece/I pose that ye were there
Ye durste neuer haue/the more fere
For rather than men/should men espye
He were leuer/a thousande folde to dye

Not lyst myn auctour/fully to declare
What that she thoughte/whan he sayde so
That Troilus was/out of towne yfare
As yf she sayde/sothe therof or no
But that she graunted/with hym for to go
Without naye/for he her besought
And as his nece/obeyed as her ought

Neuerthelesse/than gan she hym beseeche
All thowge with hym to go/was no fere
For to beware/of ghostly peoples speche
That dreemen thynges/whiche neuer were
And well auyse hym/whome he brought there
And sayde Come/with I must you tryst
Loke all be well/for I do as you lyst

He swore her tho/by stockes and by stones
And by the goddes/that in heuen dwell
Or elles were hym leuer/fell/and bones
With Pluto kynge/as depe be in hell
As Tantalus/what sholde I longer dwell
Whan all was well/he roos and toke his leue

of Troilus.

And she to souper came/whan it was eue

With a certayne/of her owne men

And with her fayre nece/ Antygone

And other of her women/nyne or ten

But who was gladd/who as trowe ye

But Troilus that stode/and myght it se

Throughe a lytell wyndow/ia a stewe

There he lhet was/syth mydnyght in a mew

Unwyste of euery wyght/but of Pandare

But now to purpose/whan that she was come

With all Joye/and all frendes fare

Her Came anon/in armes hathe her nome

And after to the souper/all and some

Whan tyme was/to souper they be sette

God wote there was no deuyte/for to sette

And after souper/gan they to ryse

And ease well/with hertes freshe and glade

And well was hym/that coude best deuyse

To lyken her/or to laughen her made

He songe/she playde/he tolde a tale of wade

But at the laste/as euery thyng hathe ende

She toke her leue/and nedes wolde home wende

But o fortune/executryce of wyerdes

O induence/of the se heuenes hye

Sothe is that vnder god/ye be come oure hyerdes

Thoughe to vs/ben the causes wyse

This meane I now/for she gan homwarde hye

But executed was all/beside her leue

The goddes wyll/for whiche she must bleue

The bent mone/with the hornes pale

Troilus.

R.iii.

The thyrd boke

Saturne and Juno in Cancro Joyned were
That suche rayne from heuen gan auale
That every man and woman that was there
Had of the smoky rayne/a very fere
And pandare loughed tho/and sayd thenne
Now it were tyme/a lady to go henne

But now good nece/ys I myght euer please
Yow ony thyng/I praye you now quod he
To do myne harte/as now so grette an ease
As for to dwell here/this nyght with me
For nece this is/your owne hous perde
Now be mery I saye/it is now no game
To wende now home/it were to me a shame

Cresyde whiche that coude/as moche good
As halfe a worlde/toke hede of his prayer
And sawe it rayned/and all was on a fode
She thought as good chepe/maye I dwell here
And graunt it gladly/with a frendly chere
And haue a thanke/than grutche and than abyde
For home to gone/it well not well betyde

I wyll quod she/myne vncle lefe and dere
Sith that you lyst/it skyll is to be so
I am ryght gladde/with you to dwellen here
I sayd it but in game/that I wolde go
Yows graunt mercy/nece quod he tho
were it in game/or sothe for to tell
I am now glad/syth that ye lyst to dwell

Thus all is well/but tho began a ryght
The newe Joye/and all the fest agayne
But Pandarus/ys goodly had he myght

of Troilus.

He wolde haue hyed her to bedde full fayne
And sayde lord/ this is a huge rayne
This were a wedder/ now for to slepe in
And that I rede vs/ soone to begynne

And nece wote ye/ where I shall you lare
For that we shoulde not/ lygge fer a sondre
And for ye shall neyther/ dare I lare
Here noyse of rayne/ ne of thonder
By god/ ryght in my lytell closet ponder
And I wyll in that lytell house alone
Be wardeyne/ of your women euerychone

And in this myddle chambze that ye se
Shall all your women/ slepe fayre and softe
And all withun/ shall your selfe be
And yf ye lygge well to nyght/ come more ofte
And care not for the wedder/ though it be alofte
The wyne was brought/ and whan so that ye lest
Than it is tyme/ for to go to rest

There was nomore/ but there after soone
They voyde drank/ and trauers drawe anone
Gan euery wyght/ that hadde nought to done
More in the place/ out of the chambze gone
And alwaye in this meane whyle/ it rone
And blewetherwith/ so wonderly lowde
That well nye/ no man other here coude

Tho Pandarus/ ryght as hym ought
With women/ suche as were her nyghe aboute
Full gladde vnto her beddes syde her brought
And toke her leue/ and gan full lowe loute
And sayde/ at this closet doze without

The thyꝛde boke

Ryght ouerthwarte/your women lyggen all
That whome ye lyst of them/ye maye soone call

So whan she was/in closet layde
And all her women/forthe by ordynaunce
Abed were they/as I haue you sayde
This was nomore/to skyppe ne to traunce
But bade them go to bedde/with myschaunce
Yf ony man was styꝛnge/ony where
And lete them slepe/that abedde were

But Pandarus/that well coude eche a dele
The olde daunce/and euery poynt therin
Whan that he sawe/that all thyng was wele
He thought he wolde/vpon his werke begynne
And gan the stewe dore/all softe vnpyne
And styll as stone/without lenger let
By Troylus adowne/he by hym sette

And shortly to the poynte/nou for to gone
Of all this thyng/he tolde hym worde and ende
And sayde make the redy/ryght anone
For thou shalte/in to heuen blyssse wende
Now goodly Venus/thou me grace sende
Quod Troylus/for neuer yet no nede
Hadde I or now/nor neuer somoche drede

Quod Pandarus/ne drede the neuer adele
For it shall be ryght/as thou wyll desyre
So thyꝛue I this nyght/I shall make it wele
Or caste all the gruell/in the fyꝛe
That blyssfull Venus/this nyght me enspyꝛe
Quod Troylus as wys/as I the serue
And euer bet and bet/shall tyll I sterue

of Troilus.

And yf I hadde/o Venus full of myrthe
Aspectes bad/of Mars/or of Saturne
Or through combust/or let were in my byrthe
Thy fader praye/all suche haime dystorne
Of grace/and that I gladde agayne maye torne
For loue of hym/thou louedest in the shawe
I meane Aeon/that with the boze was slawe

O loue eke/for the loue of the fayre euope
The whiche in foume of a bull/awaye the fet
Now helpe me Mars/with thy bloody cope
For loue of Cypac/good god me not let
O Phebus thynke/whan Diane her fest shet
Under the darke/and ranne awaye for drede
Yet for her loue/now helpe at this nede

Mercurie for the loue/of her eke
For whiche Pallas/was with Aglaurus wrothe
Now helpe/Dyane and eke I the beseeke
That this byage/be not to be lothe
O fatall sustren/whiche or ony clothe
We shapen was/my destyne me sponne
So helpe to this werke/that is here ygonne

Quod Pandarus thou wretched mouses herte
Arte thou agaste/so that she wyll the byte
Why do on this furred cloke/vpon thy shert
And folow me/for I wyll haue the whyte
But byde and lat me go/afoze a lyte
And with that worde/he gan vndo the trappe
And Troilus he brought in by the lappe

The sterne wynde/so loude gan to rowte
That nowyght others noyse/myght here

Troilus.

L.i.

The thyrd boke

And they that laye/at the doore without
full sykerly they slepte/all in fere
And Pandarus/with a full sobre chere
Goth to the doore adowne/without let
There as they laye/and softlyt it shet

And as he came agaynwarde/full pryuely
His nece awoke/and asked who is there
My dere nece quod he/it am I
He wondreth not/ne haue of me no fere
And nere he came/and sayde her in her ere
No worde for the loue of god/I you beseeche
Let no wyght aryse/and here of our speche

What whiche waye ben ye come/benedicite
Quod she and how/thus vnwyste of them all
Here at this lytell trappe done/quod he
Quod tho Cresyde/let me some wyght call
O god for bede/that it shoulde befall
Quod Pandarus/that ye suche folye wrought
They myght deme/that they neuer er thought

It is not good/a slepyng hounde to wake
He gyue a wyght/a cause to dyuynne
Your women slepe/all I vndertake
So that for them/the hous men myght myne
And slepe wol/that tyll the sonne shyne
And whan my tall/brought is to an ende
Unwyste ryght as I came/so wyll I wende

Now nece myne/ye shall well vnderstonde
Quod he so as ye women/do men all
That for to holde a man/longe in honde
And hym her lyfe/and dere herte call

of Troilus.

And make hym an houe/aboue a call
I meane as loue an other/in the meane whyle
She dothe her selfe a shame/and hym a guyle

Now wherby that I tell you all this
Ye wote your selfe/as well as ony wyght
How that your loue/all fully graunted is
To Troilus/the worthiest knyght
One of this worlde/and therto trouthe ye plyght
That but it were on hym a longe/ye nolde
Hym neuer falsen/whyle ye lyue sholde

Now standeth thus/sythe I fro you went
This Troilus platly/for to sayne
Is thorough a gutter/by a preuy went
In to my chambze came/in all this rayne
Unwyste/of ony maner wyght certayne
Saufe of my selfe/as wysly haue I Joye
And by the fayth/I owe Pryam of Troye

And he is come/in suche payne and dystresse
I trowe he be/all fully wode by this
He sodaynly must fall/in to wodenesse
But god helpe/and why the cause is this
He saythe hym tolde is/of a frende of his
How that he shoulde loue/one Hozast
For sorowe of whiche/this nyght wyl be his last

Cresyde/whiche that all this wondze herde
Can therwith/aboute her herte colde
And with a syght/she sodaynly answerde
Alas I wende/who so tales tolde
By dere herte/wolde me not holde
So lyghtly false/alas conceytes wronge

Troilus.

L.ii.

The thyrde boke

What harme they do/for now I lyue to longe

Hozast alas/and fallen Troilus

I knowe hym not/god me helpe so quod she

Alas what wycked spyryte/tolde hym thus

Now certes Came/to morowe and I hym se

I shall of that/as fully excusen me

As euer dyde woman/yl that hym lyke

And with that worde/she gan for to lyke

O god quod she/so worldly selynesse

Whiche clerkes call/worldly selycpte

Ymedled is/with many a bytternesse

Full anguysshous/that is god wote quod she

Condycyon of vayne prosperyte

For eyther Joyes/come not aye in fere

Oz elles no wyght/hathe them alwaye here

O byrtell wale/of worldly Joye vinstable

With what wyght/so that thou be oz playe

Eyther he wote that/thou arte Joye mutable

Oz wote it not/it must be one of tweye

Now yf ye wote it not/how maye ye seye

That he hathe veraye Joye/and selynesse

That is of Ignoraunce/aye in derknesse

Now yf ye wote/that Joye is transytoye

As euer Joye/of worldly thyng maye be

Now eueriche/that hathe in memorye

The drede of lesyng/maketh hym that he

Maye in no partyte/spkernesse be

And yf to lese his Joye/he sette a myte

Than semeth that Joye/is worthe but lyte

Wherfore I will dyspyne/in this manere

of Troylus.

That treuly for ought / I can espye
There is no veraye wele / in this worlde here
But o thou wycked / serpent I alowse
Thou myspleued / enuyous folye
Why haste thou made Troylus / me bntryste
That neuer yet agylted hym / that I wyste

Quod Pandarus / thus fallen is this case
Why vncle myne quod she / who tolde hym this
Why dothe my dere herte / thus alas
Ye wote ye nece myne / quod he what is
I hope all shall be well / that is amys
For ye maye quenche all this / yf ye lest
And dothe ryght so / I holde it for the best

So shall I do to morowe / ywys quod she
And god toforn / so that it shall suffyce
To morowe alas / that were saye quod he
Nay nay it maye not / stande in this wyse
For nece myne / thus wyten clerkes wyse
That perell is / with drenchynge in I drawe
Nay suche abodes / ben not worthe an hawe

Neece all thyng hath tyme / I dare auowe
For whan a cambre afyre is / or an hall
well more mayster is / it sodaynly rescowe
Than to dyspute / and aske amonge them all
How this candell / in the strawe dyde fall
I benedicite / for all that longe fare
The harme is do / and fare well selde fare

And nece myne / ne take it not a grese
Yf that ye suffre hym / all nyght in this wo
God helpe me so / ye hadde hym neuer lese

Troylus.

L.iii.

The thyzde boke

That dare I saye now there is but we two
But well I wote ye wyl not do so
Ye be to wyle/to do so grete folp
To put his lyfe/all nyght in Jeopardy

Hadde ye hym neuer lese/by god I wene
I hadde neuer thynge so lese/by god quod she
Now by my trouthe quod he/that shall be sene
For sythe ye make this ensample of me
Yf I all nyght/wolde hym in sorowe se
For all the tresour in the towne of Troye
I byd god/neuermore haue I Joye

Now loketh than/yf tha ye be his loue
To put all nyght his lyfe in Jeopardye
For thynge of nought/nor by that lord aboue
Not onely this delaye cometh of folp
But of malyce/yf I shall not ly
What platly/and ye se hym in dystresse
Neyther ye wysely done/ne gentylnesse

Quod tho Cresyde/wyll ye do one thynge
And ye therwith/shall stynt his dyscase
Haue here and bere hym this blew ryng
For there is nothynge/maye hym better please
Saue I my selfe/ne more his herte ease
And saye my dere here/that his sorowe
Is causeles/and that ye shall se to morowe

A ryng quod he/ye hasylwode is shaken
Ye nece myne that ryng/must haue a stone
That myght deed men/alyue maken
And suche a ryng trowe I/that ye haue none
Dyscrepon/out of your heed is gone

of Troylus.

That fele I now quod he/and that is rowthe
O tyme ylosse/well mayste thou curse slowthe

Wote ye not well/that nobyll and hys corage
Sorroweth not/ne stynteth not for lyte
But yfa foole/were in a Jalous rage
I wolde set/at his sorowe a myte
But fesse hym/with a fewe wordes whyte
Another daye/whan I myght hym fynde
But this thyng/standeth in an other kynde

He is so gentyll/and so tendre of herte
That with his dethe/he wyl his sorow wycke
For trusteth well/how sore that hym smerte
He wyl to you/no Jalous worde speke
And for thy nece/or that his herte bryke
To speke yourselfe/to hym of this matere
For with o worde/ye maye his herte stere

Now haue I tolde/what perell he is in
And his comynge/bnwyfte of eueri myght
And parde harme maye there be/none ne synne
I wyl my selfe be with you/all this nyght
Ye knewe well eke/he is your owne knyght
And that by ryght/ye must vpon hym cryste
And I all preste/to fctche hym whan ye lyst

This accydent/so pytous was to here
And eke so lyke a sothe/at pryue face
And Troylus her knyght/to her so dere
His preuy comynge/and the sykter place
That thoughe she dyde hym/as than a grace
Consydred all thynges/as they stode
No wondre is/sythe she dyde all for good

Troylus.

L.iiii.

The thyrd booke

Cresyde answerde/as wysly god at rest
My soule brynge/as me is for hym wo
And Came ywys/fayne wolde I do the best
If that I had grace/to do so
But whether ye dwell/or for hym go
I am tyll god/me better mynde sende
At Dularnon/at my wyttes ende

Quod Pandarus/ye nece wyll ye here
Dularnon is called flemynge of wretches
It semeth harde/for wretches wyll not here
For veraye slouth/and other wyllfull tetches
This sayde he by them/þe be not wortye two fetches
But ye be wyse/and haue this in hande
Nys nother harde/ne sayllfull to withstande

Than Came quod she/doeth hereof as ye lyst
But or ye come/I wyll sytste arylse
And for the loue ol god/sythe al my tryste
Is on you two/and ye bothe wyse
So worketh now/in so dyscrete a wyse
That I honour maye haue/and he pleasaunce
For I am here now/in your gouernaunce

This is well sayde quod he/my nece dere
Good thyrste came on that/wyse gentyll herte.
But lyggeth styll/and taketh hym ryght here
It nedeth not/no further for hym to sterte
And eche of you/ease other sorowes smerte
For soone hope I/we shall all be mery
For loue of god/and Venus I the hely

This Troilus full soone/on knees hym set
Full sobryly/ryght by her beddes hede

of Troylus.

And in his best wyse / his lady grette
But lorde so she was / sodaynly rede
As though he men shoulde / smyte of her heed
She myght not o worde / a ryght out bynge
So sodaynly / for his soone comynge

But Pandarus / that so well coude fele
In euery thyng to playe / anon bygan
And sayde nece / se how this lorde can knele
Now for your trouthe / see this gentylman
And with that worde / he for a quylsyn ran
And sayde now kneleth / whyle that you lyst
That god your hertes / bynge soone at reste

Can I not sayen / for she bade hym not ryle
If sorow it put / out of remembraunce
Or elles that she toke it / in this wyse
Of dutye / as for his obeysaunce
But well I rede / she dyde hym this pleasaunce
That she hym kyste / all though he he syged sore
And badde hym lytte adolshne / withouten more

Quod Pandarus / now wyll ye well bygyen
Now dothe hym lytte / good nece dere
Upon your beddes syde / all within
That eche of you / the bet maye other here
And with that worde / he drewe hym to the fyre
And toke a lyght / und feyned his countenaunce
As for to loke / upon an olde romaunce

Cresyde that was / Troylus lady bryght
And clere stode / on a grounde of spekernelle
All though she her seruaunt / and her knyght
As shoulde of ryght / none vntrouche in her gelle

The thynde booke

Neuerthelesse/considered his dystresse
And that loue is in cause of suche folpe
Thus to hym spakke he/ of his Tolousye

No herte myne/as wolde the excellence
Of loue/agaynste the whiche no man may
Ne ought eke goodly/make resystence
And eke by cause/I felt well and saye
Your grete trouth/and scrupce euery daye
And that your herte all myne was/sothe to sayne
This droue me/to rewe vpon your payne

And your godnesse/haue I founde alwaye yet
Of whiche my dere herte/and my knyght
I thank it you/as ser as I haue wyte
All can I not/as moche as it were ryght
And I henforthe/my cunnyng and my myght
Haue and aye shall/how soze that me smerte
Be to you trewe/and hole with myne herte

And dreddeles that shall be founde at proue
But herte myne/what all this is to sayne
Shall well be tolde/so that ye you not greue
Thoughe I to you ryght/on your selfe complayne
For therwith meane I/fynally the payne
That holdeth your herte/and myne in heuynesse
Fully to slayne/and euery wronge redresse

My good hert not I/for why ne how
That Tolousye alas/that wycked wyuere
So causeles is copen/in to you
The harme of whiche/I wolde sayne delyuere
Alas that ye all hole/or of hym a shyuere
Shoulde haue his refute/in so dygne a plage

That Ioue out soone/out of your herte hym race

But o thou Ioue/auctour of nature

Is this an honour/vnto thy deyte

That folke vngilty/suffre here Iniure

And he that gilty is/vnquyt gothe he

O were it lesfull/for to playne on the

That vnderferued/suffryst Ialousye

O that I wolde/vpon the playne and crye

Eke all my wo is this/that men now bsen

To saye ryght thus/that Ialousy is loue

And wolde a bullhell/of venym all excusen

For that one greyn of loue/is in the shoue

But that wote the hye god/that syt aboue

Yf it be syker loue/hate oz grame

And after that/it ought to bere his name

But certayne is/some maner Ielousy

Is excusyble/moze than some pwyg

As whan case/and some suche fantasy

With pyte so well repressed is

That it binethe dothe/oz sayeth amys

But goodly drynketh vp/all his dystresse

And that excuse I/for the gentylnesse

And some so full/of fury and dyspyte

That it surmounteth/his repressyon

But hert myne/ye be not in this plyte

That thanke I god/for whiche your passyon

I wyl not call it/but an Illusyon

O habundaunce of loue/and bely cure

That dothe your herte this dysleale endure

O of whiche I am ryght soze/but not wrothe

The thyrd boke

But for my desyre/and your hertes rest
Whether so ye lyste/by ordall or by othe
By sorte/or by what wyse/so that you lest
For loue of god/late proue it for the best
And yf that I be gylty/do me dye
Alas what myght I/more done or seye

With that a fewe/bryght teeres newe
Out of her eyen fell/and thus she sayde
Now god thou wost/in thought/ne dede vntrewe
To Troylus was neuer yet Cresyde
With that her honde/downe in the bedde she leyde
And with the syete it wyed/and syghed sore
And helde her peas/not a worde spacke she more

But now helpe god/to quenche all this sorow
So hope I that he shall/for he best maye
For I haue sene a full mysty morowe
Folowfull ofte/a mery somer daye
And after wynter/followeth grene Maye
Men sene aldaye/and rede cke in storpes
That after sharpe shoures/ben byctoryes

This Troylus/whan he her wordes herde
Haue ye no care/hym lyste not to slepe
For it thought hym/no strokes of a yerde
To here or se/Cresyde his lady wepe
But well he felte/aboute his herte crepe
For euery tere/whiche that Cresyde avertere
The crampe of dethe/streyneth hym by the herte

And in his mynde/he gan the tyme acurse
That he came there/or that he was boze
For now is wycke/toyled into wurse

of Troilus.

And all the labour/he hath do byfore
He thought it lost/he wende he was but loze
O Pandarus/alas thought he thy wyle
Serueth of nought/so welawaye the wyle

And therewithall/he hynged adowne the heed
And fell on knees/and sorowfully he syght
What myght he saye/he felte he was but deyd
for wrothe was she/that shoulde his sorowes lyght
But neuertheles/whan he speke myght
Than sayde he thus/god wote that of this grame
Whan all is wyst/Than am I not to blame

Therwith the sorowe/of his herte shette
That frome his eyen/fyll there not a tere
And euery spyrite/his bygour in knot
So they astonyed/and oppressed were
The felynge of his sorowe/and of his chere
Of ought elles/fledde was out of towne
Adowne he fell all sodaynly/in a sorowe

This was no lytell/sorowe for to se
for all was styll/but Pandare vp at the laste
O nece peas/or we be losse quod he
Be not agaste/but alwaye at the laste
for this or that/he hym in to the bedde caste
And sayde these/is this a mannes herte
And of he rent/all to his bare herte

And sayde nece/but ye helpe vs now
ywyg your owne Troilus is lozne
Alas so wolde I/and I wylste how
full paye quod she/alas that I was bozne
Ye nece/wyll ye pull out the thorne

The thyrd boke

That stycketh in his herte/ quod Pandare
Saye all forgyue/ and stynt all this care

Ye that to me quod she/ leuer were
Than all the good/ the sonne aboute gothe
And therewithall/ she swoze hym in his cre
Wyss my dere herte/ I am not wrothe
Haue here my trouthe/ and many an other othe
Now speke to me/ for yet I am Cresyde
But all for nought/ yet myghte he not abyde

Tho Troilus/ gan sorowfully to syke
Lest she were wrothe/ hym thought his herte deyde
And sayde alas/ vpon my sorowes syke
Haue mercy on me/ swete herte myne Cresyde
And yf that in tho wordes/ that I sayde
Be ony wronge/ I wyll nomore trespase
Dothe as ye lyst/ I put me in your grace

Cresyde answerde/ of gylte mysericorde
That is for to saye/ I forgyue all this
And euermore/ on this nyght recorde
And be well ware/ ye do nomore amys
Haye dere herte myne/ quod he wyss
And now quod she/ that I haue do you smerte
Forgyue it me/ myne orone swete herte

Tho Troilus with blisse/ of that suppresed
Put all in goddes honde/ as he that mente
Nothyng but well/ and sodaynly auyled
He her in armes/ faste to hym hent
And Pandarus/ with full good entent
Layde hym to slepe/ and sayde yf he be wyle
Swowne not now/ lest mo folkes aryle

of Troilus.

What myght or maye/the selfe larkes saye
Whan that the sparhawk/hathe it in his fote
I can nomore/but of this ylike twey
To whome this tale/sugre be or swoete
Thoughe that I tary a yere/somynie I mote
After myne auctour/tell of theyr gladnesse
As well as I haue/told of theyr heuynesse

Cresyde with that/felte her thus ytake
As wyten clerkes/in theyr bokes olde
Byght as an aspen lese/she gan to quake
Whan she her felte/in his armes folde
And Troilus all hole/of his cares colde
Can thanken tho/the byght goddes seuen
That sondry paynes/byunge folde to heuen

This Troilus in armes gan her strayne
And sayde o swete/as euer mote I gone
Now be ye caughte/there nys but we tweyne
Now yeldeth you/for other bote is none
To that Cresyde/answered thus anone
He hadde I er now/my swete herte dere
Be yelden ywys/I were not now here

O sothe is sayde/that heled for to be
As of a feuer/or another grete sykenesse
Then must drynke all daye/as men maye se
Full bytter drynke/and for to haue gladnesse
Then duren payne/and grete dystresse
I meane it here/as of this auenture
That throughe a payne/hathe founde now his cure
And now swetenesse/semeth more swete
That bytternesse assayed/was byfore

The thyrde boke

For out of wo/in blyſſe/nor they ſlete
None ſuche they ſepte/ſyth that they were bozne
Now is this bet/than bothe two be lozne
For loue of god/take euery woman hede
To worke thus/whan it cometh to nede

Creſyde all quyte/frome euery drede and tene
As ſhe that Juſte cauſe hadde hym to tryſte
Made hym ſuche feſte/that Joye it was to ſene
Whan ſhe hiſ trowthe/and clene entent wyſte
And as aboute a tree/with many a twyſte
By trent and wythe/the ſoote woodbynde
Can eche of them/in armes other wynde

And as the newe/abaſſhed nyhtyngale
That ſynteth fyrſte/or ſhe begynne to ſynge
Whan ſhe hereth/ony hyerdes tale
Or in the hedges/ony wyght ſtrynge
And after ſykernelle/her boys dothe out ryng
Ryght ſo Creſyde/whan that her drede ſtent
Opened her herte/and tolde all her entent

And ryght as he/that ſawe hiſ dethe yſhapen
And dye muſt/by ought that he gan geſſe
And ſodaynly reſcous/dothe hym eſcapen
And frome hiſ dethe/is brought in ſykernelle
For all this worlde/ryght in ſuche gladneſſe
Is Troylus/and hath hiſ lady ſwete
With worſe hap/god let vs neuer mete

Her armes ſmale/her ſtreight backe and ſofte
Her ſydes longe/freſhly ſmothe and whyte
He gan to ſtroke/and bade good thyrſte full ofte
Her ſnowyſſe throte/her breaſtes rownde and lyte

of **Troilus.**

Thus in this heuen/he gan hym deelyte
And therewithall/a thousande tymes her kyfte
That what for to do/for Joye vnnethe he wylste

Than sayde he thus/o loue o charyte
Thy moder eke/Cytherea the swete
After thyselfe/nexte herped he she
Venus meane I/the meke wyllly planete
And nexte Vmenyus/I the grete
For neuer man was/to you goddes holde
As I that re haue/brought frome cares colde

Venygue loue/thou holy bonde of thynges
Who so wyl grace/and lyst not the honoure
Lo his desyre wylle flye/without wynges
For thou holdest of bounte/them socoure
That seruen best/and alwaye most labour
But yf thy grace passed our desertes
All were lost/that dare I saye certes

And for thou me/that coude best deserue
Of them that nombred be/be vnto thy grace
Hast holpen there/I lykely was to sterue
And me bestowed/in so hyghe a place
That yllc boundes/maye no blys pace
I can no more/but laude and reuerence
Be to thy bounte/and thyne excellence

And therewithall/Trespyde anone he kyfte
Of whiche certayne/she felte no dysleafe
And thus sayde he/now wolde god I wylste
Wyne herte swete/how I myghe you please
What man quod he/was cuer thus at ease
As I on whome/the fayrest and the best

Troilus.

Ag. i.

The thyrd boke

That euer I sawe/dyneth her herte to rest

Here maye men se/that mercy passeth myght

The experyence of this/is felte in me

That am vnworthy/to you my lady bryght

But herte myne/of your benygnyte

So thynketh/though I vnworthy be

Yet must nede amende in some wyse

Byght throughe the vertu/of your scrupse

And for the loue of god my lady dere

Syth god hath wrought me/for you euer to serue

As thus he wyll/that ye be my stee

To do me lyue/ys that ye lyst or stee

So teche me/how that I maye deserue

Your thanke/so that I throughe myne ygnoraunce

Ne do nothyng/that do you dyspleasaunce

For certes/freshe womanly wyse

The daye is sythe/that trouthe and dylygence

Ye shall in me/kynde all my lyfe

I wyll certayne/breke your defence

And ys I do/present or in absence

For loue of god/late see me wyth the dede

Ys that it lyke/vnto your womanhede

Prays quod she/myne owne hertes lust

My grounde of ease/and all my herte dere

Gramercy/for on that is all my trust

But let vs fall awaye/frome this matere

For this suffyleth/whiche that is sayde here

And at o worde/without repentaunce

Well come my knyght/my peas my suffysaunce

Of theyr delyte or Joyes/one the lest

of Troilus.

Were impossible/in my wytte to saye
But Iugeth ye/that haue at ben the lest
Of suche gladnesse/ys them lyst to playe
I can nomore/but thus this ylike twey
That nyght betwyxe/drede and sykernesse
They felte in loue/the grete worthynesse

O blyssfull nyght/of whome so longe I sought
How blythe vnto them bothe/thou were
Why ne hadde I suche one/with my soule ybought
Ye for the lest Joye/that was there
Awaye thou soule daunger/and thou fere
And let them/in this heuyn blys dwell
That is so hye/that noman gan tell

These ylike two/that ben in armes laste
Soolothe to them/a sondre to go it were
That eche of them frome other/wende byrafte
Or elles so thus/was theyr moost fere
Lest all this thyng/but nyce dreames were
For whiche full ofte/eche of them sayde o swete
Clyppe I you thus/or elles do I meete

And lord so he gan/goodly on her se
That neuer his loke/blent from her face
And sayde o dere herte/how may it be
That it be sothe/that ye be in this place
Ye herte myne/god thanke I of his grace
Quod tho Cresyde/and therwithall hym kyste
That where his spyryte was/for Joye he nyste

This Troilus full ofte/her eyen two
Gan for to kysse/and sayde o eyen clere
It were ye/that wrought me this wo

Troilus.

M.ii.

The thyrd boke

ye humble nettes / of my lady dere
Thoughe there be mercy / wyten in your there
God wote that texte / full harde is sothe to fynde
How coude ye / without bonde me bynde

Therwith he gan her fast in armes take
And well a thousande tymes gan he syke
Not suche sorowfull syghes / as men make
For sorowe elles / whan that folke be syke
But easy syghes / suche as ben to lyke
That shewed his affectyon within
Of suche syghes / coude he not blyn

Soone after this / they spacke of sondre thynges
As fell to purpose / of theyr aduenture
And playenge / bytwyxe bothe they chaunged rynges
Of whiche I can tell / no scripture
But well I wote / a broche of golde and asure
In whiche a Ruby set / was lyke an herte
Cresyde hym gaue / and stakke it on his herte

Forde trowe ye / that a couetous wretche
That blameth loue / and hathe of it dyspyte
That of the pens / that he gan moore and ketch
Was euer yet / gyue to hym suche delyte
As is in loue / in some maner plyte
Naye doubles / for as so god me saue
So parhyte Joye / maye no nygarde haue

They wyl saye this / but lorde so they lye
The bely wretches / full of wo and dyede
They clype loue / a wodnesse or a surpe
But it fall them / as I shall now rede
They shall forgo / bothe the whyte and the reed

of Troilus.

And lyue in wo/there god gyue them myschaunce
And euery louer/in his trouthe auaunce

As wolde god/these wretches that dyspysle
Seruyce of loue/hadde eres also longe
As hadde Wyda/full of couetyse
And therto drunken hadde/as hote and stronge
As Crassus dyde/for his affectes wonge
To teche them/that couetyse is vyce
And loue is vertu/though men holde it nyce

These ylike two/of whiche that you saye
Whan that they hertes/fully assured were
Tho gan they to speke/and to playe
And eke reherse/how and whan and where
They knewe fyrste/and euery wo and fere
That passed was/but all that heuynesse
Ythanked god/was touchned in to gladnesse

And euermore/whan they fell to speke
Of ony woo/of suche a tyme agone
With kyssynge/all that tale shoulde bryke
And fallen in a newe Joye anone
And dyde all they myght/syche they were one
For to recouer blys/and be at ease
And peysed wo/with Joye counterpease

Reason wyll not/that I now speke of slepe
For it accordeth not/to my matere
God wote they toke of that/sull ytell kepe
But lest this nyght/that was to hym so dere
He shoulde in bayne/scape in no manere
It was byset/in Joye and besynesse
Of all that sorneth/in to gentylnesse

Troilus.

B.iii.

The thyrde boke

But how all thoughe/ I can not tell all
As can myne auctour/ of his excellence
Yet haue I sayde/ and god tofore I shall
In euery thyng/ the grete of his sentence
And yf that I/ at Loues reuerence
Haue any thyng/ echyd for the best
Do therewithall/ ryght as your selfe lest

For my wordes here/ and in euery parte
I speke them all/ vnder correccyon
Of you that felynge haue/ in loues acte
And I put them hole/ in your dyscreccyon
To encrease/ and make dymynucion
Of my langage/ and I you byscche
But now to purpos/ of my rather speche

Than that the cocke/ the comune astrologer
Can on his breste to bete/ and after crowe
And Lucyfer the dayes messanger
Can for to ryle/ and out her Arcaine throwe
And Estwarde rose to hynde/ yf coude it knowe
Fortuna maior/ that anone Cresyde
With herte soze/ to Troylus thus she sayde

Myne hertes lyfe/ my truste and my pleasaunce
That I was borne/ alas that me is wo
This daye we muste/ make dysseueraunce
For tyme is to ryle/ and hens go
Or elles I am lost/ for euermo
O nyght alas/ why nylt thou ouer vs houe
As longe as whan/ Almicna laye by Ioue

O blacke nyght/ as men in bokes rede
That shapen arte by god/ this worlde to hyde

of Troilus.

At certayne tymes/ with thy blacke wede
That vnder that/ men myght in rest abyde
Well ought beestes playne/ and folke the chyde
That there as daye/ with labour wolde vs brest
That thou vs sleest/ and late vs haue no rest

Thou doest alas/ to shortly thynce offyce
Thou rakell nyght/ there god maker of kynde
For thou so downewarde/ hasteth of malyce
Thy cours/ and to our Emyspery bynde
That neuermore/ vnder our grounde the wynde
For through the rakell/ hyenge out of Troye
Haue I forgo/ thus hastily my Joye

This Troilus/ that with the wordes felte
As thought hym tho/ for pytous dystresse
The bloody teres/ frome his herte melte
As he that neuer/ yet suche heuynesse
Allayed hadde/ out of to grete gladnesse
Can her withall/ Cresyde his lady dere
In armes streyne/ and sayde in this manere

O cruell daye/ accuser of the Joye
That loue and nyght/ haue stole and fast wyen
Accursed be the comynge/ in to Troye
For euery loze/ with one of thy bryght eyen
Enuyous daye/ what lyst the to espyen
What hast thou lost/ what sekest thou in thy place
There god thy lyght/ so quenche for his grace

Alas what haue these louers/ the agylte
Dyspytous daye/ thynne be the pyt of hell
For many a louer/ hast thou slayne and wylte
Thy powynge in/ wyl now here lete them dwell

The thyrd boke

What proferest thou thy lyght/here for to sell
Go sell it them/that small scales graue
We wyll the not/ys nedeth no dape to haue

And eke the sonne Cytan/wolde he chyde
And sayde foole/well maye men the dyspse
Thou hast all nyght/the daunynge by thy syde
And that suffred her so soone/ fro the tye
For to departen louers/in this wyle
What holde thy bedde/thou and eke thy morowe
I praye to god/so gyue you bothe sorowe

Therwith full soze he syghed/and thus sayde
My lady ryght/and of my well and wo
The veraye roote/o goodly myne Cresyde
And shall I ryse/alas and shall I so
Now fele I that/myne herte must a two
For how shoulde I/my lyfe an houre saue
Syth that with you/is all my lyfe I haue

What shall I do/for certes I not how
Ne whan alas/I maye the tyme ple
That in this place/I maye be este with you
And of my lyfe/god wote how that shall be
So that desyre/ryght now so strayneth me
That I am deed anone/but I retorne
How shoulde I longe alas/fro you soicurne

Neuertheles/myne owne lady byght
Yfit were so/that I wylte vtterly
That I your seruaunt/and your knyght
Were in y^{ur} herte/shytte as forimely
As ye in myne/the whiche thyng e treuly
We lauer were/than these worldes twayne

of Troilus.

yet shoulde I bet/endure all my payne

To that Cresyde/answered thus anone
And with a syghe/She sayde herte here
The game ywys/so ferforth now is gone
That erst shall Bhephus/fall frome his spere
And euery Egle/be the hawkes fere
And euery Rocke/out of his place sterte
O Troilus go out/of Cresydes herte

Ye be so depe/within my herte ygraue
That thoughe I wolde it/tourne out of my thought
As wysly betaye god/my soule saue
To dey in the payne/I coude nought
And for the loue of god/that vs hathe wrought
Let in your brayne/none other fantasye
So crepe that it cause/me to dye

And that ye me wyll haue/as fast in mynde
As I haue you/that wolde I you beseeche
And yf I wylte sothely/that to fynde
God myghe not apoynte my Joyes sche
But herte myne/withouten moze speche
Be ye to me trewe/or elles were it rowthe
For I am thyne/by god and by my trowthe

Be gladde for thy/and lyue in lykernesse
Thus sayde I neuer or now/ne shall to mo
And yf to you/it were a grette gladnesse
To come agayne/soone after that ye go
As fayne wolde I as ye/that it were so
As wysly god myde herte/bryng to reste
And hym in armes take/and este kest
Agaynst this wyll speche it must nedes be

Troilus.

A.i.

The thynde boke

This Troilus by rote and faste hym cladde
And in his armes toke his lady fre
An hundredth tymes and on his maye hym spedde
And with such boyce as though he his herte bledde
He sayde fare well dere herte swete
That god vs graunte sounde and soone to mete

To whiche no worde for sorowe she answerde
So sore gan his partynge her restrayne
And Troilus vnto his palays sterde
As wo bygone as she was forthe to sayne
So harde hym wronge of her desyre the payne
For to be there este he was in pleasaunce
That it myght neuer out of his remembraunce

Retourned than vnto his palays soone
He soft in to his bed gan to synke
To slepe longe as he was wont to done
But all for nought he maye well lygge and wynte
But slepe maye none in his herte synke
Thynkyng how she for whome desyre hym bynde
A thousande folde more worse than he wende

And in this thought gan vp and dorne to wende
Her wordes all and euery countenaunce
And hymely Impressed in his mynde
The lest poynt that to hym was pleasaunce
And verily of thyke remembraunce
Desyre all newe hym bynde and lust to byde
Can more than erst and yet toke he none hede

Cresyde also ryght in the same wyse
Of Troilus gan in her herte sette
His worthynesse his lust his dedes wyse

of Troilus.

His gentylnesse/and how she with hym mette
Thankynge loue/he so well her bysette
Desyrynge este/to haue her herte dere
In suche a plyte/she durst make hym chere

Pandare a morowe/with that comen was
In to his nece/he gan her for to grete
Sayde all this nyght/it reyned so alas
That all my drede is/ye my nece swete
Full lytell lcyser/hadde to slepe or mette
All nyght quod he/rayne bathe do me so wake
That some of vs/our heedes ought to ake

And nere he came and sayde/how stonde it now
This bryght morowe/now how conne ye fare
Cresyde answerde/neuer the bet for you
Fore that ye beu/god gyue you herte care
God helpe me so/ye cause of this fare
Trolo I quod she/for all your wordes whyte
Who so seeth you/knoweth you full lyte

With that she gan/her face for to wype
With the herte/and waxe for shame all rede
And Pandarus/gan vnder for to pryve
And sayde nere/yt that I shall be deed
Haue here my swerde/and smyte of my heed
With that his arme/all sodayly he thyste
Under her necke/and at the last her kyfte

I passe all that/whiche nedeth not to saye
What god forgaue his derthe/and she also
Forgaue/and with her vncle gan to playe
For other cause/was there none than so
But of this thyng/ryght to the effecte to go

The thyrde booke.

Whan tyme was home to her house she wente
And Pandarus hath he holy his entent

Now tourne we agayne to Troilus
That restles full longe abedde laye
And pryncely sent after Pandarus
To hym to come in all the haste he maye
He came anon not ones sayde he naye
And Troilus full sobyrly hym grette
And downe on his beddes syde hym sette

This Troilus with all the affeccyon
Of frendly loue that herte maye deuyse
To Pandarus on knees fell adowne
And or that he wolde of that place aryse
He gan hym thanke in the best wyse
A thousande tymes and gan the daye to blesse
That he was borne to brynge hym frome dystresse

And sayde o frende of frendes alther best
That euer was the sothe for to tell
Thou hast in heuen brought my soule at rest
Fro Cochita the fyrre flode of hell
And thoughe I myght a thousande tymes sell
Upon a daye my lyfe in thy seruyse
It myght not amounte ne in that suffyse

The sonne whiche that all the worlde maye se
Was neuer yet my lyfe dare I saye
So inly fayre so goodly as is she
Whose I am and shall tyll that I dye
And that I thus am here I dare well saye
That thanked be the hye worthynesse
Of loue and eke thy kynde besynesse

of Troylus.

Thus hast thou me/not a lytell gyue
for whiche alleged be/to the for aye
My lyfe for why/for throughe thy helpe I lyue
Of illes deed hadde I be/gon many a dape
And with that worde/downe in his bedde he laye
And Pandarus/full soberly hym herde
Tyll all was sayde/and than he thus answerde

My dere frende/ys I haue do for the
In any case/god wote it is my lyfe
And am as gladde/as man of it maye
God helpe me so/but take it not agrese
For loue of god/beware of this myschese
That there as now/brought arte to blysse
That thou thyselfe/ne cause it not to mysse

For of fortunes sharpe aduersyte
The worst kynde/of infortune in this
A man to haue be in prosperyte
And it remembre/whan it passed is
Thou arte wylse ynowe/for why do not amys
Be not to rakell/though thou sytte warme
For ys thou do/certayne it wyll the harme

Thou arte at ease/holde the now therin
For all so sure/as redy is cuer fyre
As grete a crafte is/to kepe well as wyne
Brydle thy speche/and thy desyre
For worldly Joye/holte not/but by a wyse
That proueth well/it byest alwaye so ofte
For thy nede is/to worke whyle it is softe

Quod Troylus I hope/and god toforne
My dere that I shall me so bere

Troylus.

R.iii.

The thyrd boke

That in my gylte/there shall nothyng be lozue
Ne I wyll do/as for to greuen here
It nedeth not this mater/okte to stere
For wyte thou well myne herte/thou Pandare
By god of this/thou woldest lytell care

Tho gan he tell hym/of his gladde nyght
And wherof his herte/dredde and how
And sayde frende/as I am trewe knyght
And by the saythe/I owe to god and you
I hadde it neuer/halfe so hote as now
And aye the more/that desyre me byteth
To loue her best/the more me delyteth

I not my selfe/wysly what it is
But now I fele/a newe qualyte
Ye all another/than I dyde of this
Pandare answerde/and sayde thus that he
That ones maye/in heuen blyss be
He seleth otherwysse/that dare I saye
Than thynke tyme/he herde of it fyrste saye

This is o worde/for all this Troilus
Was neuer full/to speke of this matere
And for to preple/bnto Pandarus
The beaute of his ryght lady/dere
And Pandarus to thynke/and make hym there
This tale was alwaye/spanne newe to begynne
Tyll that the nyght/deparsed them a twynne

Soone after this/for that fortune it wolde
Ycomen was/the blyssfull tyme swete
That Troilus was warned/that he shoulde
There he was erlye/Cresyde his lady mete

of Troylus.

For whiche he felte/in Joye his herte flete
And faythefully/gan all the goddes herpe
And let se now/yt that he can be merpe

And holden was ehe four me/and all the wyse
Of her comynge/and eke of his also
As it was erst/whiche nedeth not to deuyse
But playnly/to the effecte for to go
In Joye and suerte/Pandarus them two
Abed brought/whan them bothe lest
And thus they be/in quyet and in rest

Not nedeth to you/sythe they ben mette
To aske of me/yt they blythe were
For yfit erst was welc/tho was it bette
A thousande folde/this nedeth not to enquyre
Agon was euery care/and euery fere
And bothe ywys they hadde/and so they wenbe
As moche Joye/as herte maye comprehend

This is no lytellthyng/of for to saye
This passeth euery wyght/for to deuyse
For eche of hem/gan others luste obaye
Felycite/whiche that these clerkes wyse
Commenden so/ne maye not here suffyse
This Joye may not/wyten be with ynke
It passeth all that/ony herte maye thynke

But cruell daye/so welawaye the stounde
Gan for to approche/as they by sygnes knewe
For whiche them thought/they felte dethes wounde
So wo was them that chaungen gan they? hewe
And they bygan/to dyspyse all newe
Callynge it traytour/enuyous and worse

Troilus.

R.iiii.

The thyrd boke

And bytterly the daye lyght they curse

Quod Troilus alas / now am I ware
That Pyreris / and the swyfte itedes thre
Whiche that drawen forth / the sonnes chare
Haue gone some bypathe / in dyspyte of me
That maketh it so soone / daye to be
And for the sonne / hasteth hym thus to ryle
He shall I neuer / do este hym sacryfyle

But nedes daye / departe must them soone
And whan they speche done was / and they chere
They twayne anone / as they ben wonte to done
And setten tyme / of metynge este in lere
And many a nyght / they wrought in this manere
And thus fortune / a tyme ladde them in Joye
Cresyde and eke / the kynges sone of Troye

In suffysaunce / in blysse / and in syngynges
This Troilus gan / all his lyfe to lede
He spendeth / Iusteth / and maketh festynges
He gyueth frely ofte / and chaungeth wede
And holte aboute hym / aye without drede
A worlde of folke / as can hym well of kynde
The freshest and the best / that he coude fynde

That suche a boyle of hym / was and a steuen
Througheout the worlde / of honour and largesse
That is by ronge / to the gate of heuen
And as in loue / he was in suche gladnesse
That in his herte / he demed as I geite
That there nys louer / in this worlde at ease
So well as he / and thus gan loue hym please
The goodly heed and bounte / whiche that kynde

of Troilus.

In ony other lady/hadde yset
Cannot the mountenaunce/of a knot vnbynde
Aboute his herte/of all Cresydes net
He was so narowe/masked and yknet
That it to vnde/on eny maner syde
That wyll not be/for ought that maye betyde

And by the honde/full ofte he wolde take
This Pandarus/and in to the gardyn lede
And suche a feste/and suche a proces make
Hym of Cresyde/and of her woman hede
And of her beaute/eke withouten drede
It was an heuen/his wordes for to here
And than he wolde/synge in this manere

Loue that of erthe/and see/hathe in gouernaunce
Loue that his hestes/hathe in heuens hye
Loue that with/an hollome alyauce
Holt peoples Joyned/as he lest them gye
Loue that endueth/lawe of companye
And couples dothe/in vertu for to dwell
Bynde this accorde/that I haue tolde and tell

That that the worlde/with fapthe that is stable
Dyuerseth so his stoundes/concordynge
That Clementes/that ben so dyscordable
Holde in a bonde/perpetually durynge
That Phebus must/his rosy daye wth the bynge
And the mone haue lordeshyp ouer the nyghytes
All this dothe loue/all herped be his myghtes

That that the see/gredy is to floyn
Constrayneth/to a certayne ende so
As flodes that so freschlyp/they ne groyn

The thyrd boke

To dyntche the erthe/and all for euermo
And yf that loue ought let/his byrdell go
And that now lyueth/a sundre shoulde kepe
And lost were all/that loue now holte to hepe

So wolde god/that auctoures of kynde
That with his bonde of loue/of his vertu lyst
So serchen hertes all/and faste bynde
That from his bonde/no wyght out of the waye wylt
And hertes colde them wolde /that he twylt
To make them loue/and that them lyste aye rewe
On hertes sore/and kepe them that ben trewe

In all nedes/for the townes werre
He was and aye fyrste in his armes dyght
And certaynly/but yf that bookes erre
Saue Hector most dreedde/of ony wyght
And this encreas/of hardynes and myght
Come hym of loue/his lady for to wyne
That altered his spyryte so within

And most of vertu/and loue was his speche
And in dyspyte/had all wretchydnesse
And doubtles no nede/was hym beseeche
To honour them/that hadden worthynesse
And easen them/that were in dystrelle
And gladde was/yf ony wyght well ferde
That louer was/whan he it wylte and herde

For sothe to sopen (he losse) helde euery wyght
But yf it were/in loues hys scruple
I meane folkes/that ought be by ryght
And ouer all this/so well coude he deuyse
Of sentement/and in so vncouche wyse

of Troilus.

All his araye/that euery louer thought
That all was well/what so he sayde or wrought

And all though he came/of blode ryall
Hym lyst not of pryde/at no wyght to chace
Benygne he was/to eche in generall
For whiche he gate hym helpe/in euery place
Thus wolde loue/pherped be his grace
That pryde and Ire/enuye and auaryce
He gan to ste/and many an other vyce

Thou lady bryght/doughter to Dyone
Thy blynde and wynged/soone dame Cupyde
Your susteren eke/that by Clytore
In hyl Dernafo lysten for to abyde
That ye thus ferre/haue deyned me to guyde
I can nomore/but syth that ye wyll wende
Pherped be ye for aye/withouten ende

In tyme of trewes/on hawkyng wolde he ryde
Or elles hunte Boze/Bere/or Lyowne
The small bestes/lete he go belyde
And whan that he came/rydynge to the towne
Full ofte his lady/froine the wyndowe downe
As freshe as sawcon/cometh out of mewe
Full redy was hym/goodly to saiewe

Now haue I you sayde/fully in my my songe
The effecte and Joye/of Troilus scruple
All be that there was/some dysleafe amonge
As myne auctour/lysteth to deuyse
My thyrd boke now ende I in this wyse
And Troilus in lust/and in quyet
Is with Cressyde/his owne lady swete.

The fourte boke

Here endeth the thyrde boke of Troilus / & here
begynneth the prologe of the fourte boke.



Ut all to lytell/wele awaye the whyle
Lasteth suche Joye/ blessed be fortune
That semeth truest/whā she dothe begyle
And can to fooles/so her songe entune
That she dothe blent/as traptour comune
And whan a wyght/is frome her wele ytholwe
Than laugheth she/and maketh hym amowe

Frome Troilus gan she her bygght face
Awaye to wyre/and toke of hym none hede
But caste hym clene/out of her grace
And on her whele/she sette Dyonede
For whiche ryght now/myne herte gruneth to blede
And now my penne/alas with whiche I wyte
Quaketh for drede/of that I must endyte

For how Cresyde/Troilus forsoke
Or at the lest/how that she was unkynde
This must be forthethe/mater of my boke
As wyten folke/throughe whiche it is my mynde
Alas that euer/she shoulde cause fynde
To speke hym harme/and yf they on her ly
Pwys themselves/shall haue the vylany

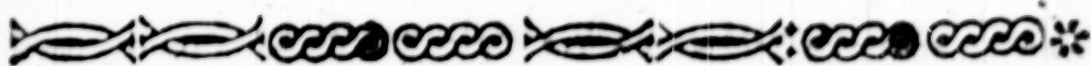
O ye Herynes/nyghtes doughters thre
That endeles complayne/euer in payne
Megera/Allecto/and eke Thesiphone
Thou cruell Mars/eke sader to Duryne
This ylike fourte boke/helpe me to fyne
So that the lose/and loue/and lyfe I fere

of Troilus.

Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

Here endeth the prologe / and here begyn-
neth the fourte boke of Troilus.

Now this my fourte boke / sheweth how
that the Ambassatours of Grece came to
Troye for Cresyde / and of the grete sorowe
that Troilus and Cresyde made whā they
herde that Antynor shoulde be delyuered be-
ynge prysoner / and Cresyde rendred for the
aquytaunce of hym.



The fourte boke



Uggynge in hoste/as I haue tolde of this
The grekes stronge/aboute Troye towne
Besell that whā Phebus gan hyne prynces
Upon the brest/of Hercules yowne
That Hector w full many a bolde baronne
Caste on a daye/with Grekes for to fyght
As he was wonte/to greue them yf he myght

Note I how longe/or shorte it was byt wene
This purpos/and that daye they fyght niene
But on a daye/well byght and shene:
With spere in honde/and bygge bowes bent
Hector and many/a worthy knyght out went
And in the berde/anone withouten let
Theyr soomen/in the felde them fast met

The longe daye/with speres sharpe ygrounde
With arrowes/dartes/swerdes/and maces fell
They fyght/and bynge horse and man to grounde
And with theyr axes out/the braynes quell
But in the last shoure/for the for to tell
The folke of Troye/themselse so mysleden
That with the worse/homwarde at nyght they fleden

At whiche daye was taken Anthenor
Maugre/Pollynydas/or Monestyo
Landype/Sarpedon/Palestynore
Polyte/or eke the Troyan Myphro
And other lasse folke/as Phebuso
So that for harme/that daye the folke of Troye
Dredde to lese/a grete parte of theyr Joye

Neuerthelesse/a trewe was there take
At Grekes request/and tho they gan create

of Troilus.

Of prisoners/a chaunge for to make
This thyng anon/was sayde in euery stree
And for the surplus/gyuen sommes grete
Bothe in the spege/and towne and euery where
And with the fyrste/it came to Calcas ere

Whan Calcas knewe/the treatyse shoulde holde
In conceypte/amonge Grekes soone
He gan in thynge/for he with lordes olde
And set hym there as he was wonte to done
And with theyr chaungynge/he had them a bone
For loue of god/to do that reuerence
To stynt noyse/and gyue hym audyence

Than sayde he thus/to lordes myne I was
Troian/as it knowe out of drede
And yf ye remembre/I am Calcas
That alther fyrste/gaue comforte to your nede
And tolde well/how he shoulde spede
For dredeles/throughe you shall in a stounde
This Troie be brent/& drawen downe to the grounde

And in what iourne/and in what maner wyse
This towne to shende/and all your lust to achue
Ye haue oz this/me herde full well deuyse
This knowen ye my lordes as I leue
And for the Grekes/were me so leue
I came my selfe/in my propre persone
To teche in this/what were best to done

Haupnge bpon my tresour/ne my rent
Byght no respecte/to respecte of your ease
Thus all my good I leste/and to you went
Wenynge in this/my lordes you to please

The fourte boke

But all this losse dothe me no dysleafe
I bouche saufe/as myself haue I Joye
For you to lese/all that I haue in troye

Saufe of a doughter/that I leste alas
Slepyng at home/when out of Troye I sterte
O sterne and cruell/fader that I was
How myght I haue in that so harde an herte
Alas I ne had brought/her in my sherte
For sorowe of whiche/I wyl not lyue to morowe
But yf ye lordes rewe vpon my sorowe

For by that cause/I sawe no tyme or now
Her to delyuer/holde I haue my peas
But now or neuer/ys it lyke you
I maye her haue/ryght soone doubteles
O helpe and grace/amonge all this pries
Rewe on me olde/Captysse here in this dysstresse
Sythe I for you haue all this heuy nesse

Ye haue now caught/a fettered in pylson
Troyans ynowe/and yf your wyl be
My chylde with one/maye haue redempcyon
Now for the loue of god/and of your bounce
One of so many/alas so gyue hym me
What nede were this prayer/for to werne
Sythe ye shall haue/bothe crowne and folke as yerne

On perell of my lyfe/I shall not lye
Appollo hath me tolde it saythfully
I haue it founde/eke by astrony my
By sorte/by augury/eke tremly
And dare well saye/the tyme is faste by
That fyre and flamme/on all the towne shall sprede

of Troilus.

And thus shall Troye/turne in to ashes dede
for certayne/Phebus/and Neptunus bothe
That maden the walles of the towne
Ben with folke of Troye/nor so wrothe
They wyll este byngc/it to confusyon
Byght for despyte/of kynge Laomedon
Bycause he nolde/paye them theyr hyre
The towne shall yet be set on a fyre

Tellynge his tale/awaye this olde graye
Humble in speche/and in his lokynge eke
The salte teres/frome his eyen tweye
Full faste ranne downe/by eyther cheke
So longe he gan of socour hym byscke
That for to hele hym of his syghes soze
They gaue hym Anthenore withouten more

But who was gladde ynowe/but Calcas tho
And of all thyng full soone is layde
On them that shoulde/for the treatyce go
To byngc them kynge Thoas and Cresyde
And them for Anchenor full ofte preyde
And whan Pryamus/his saufe garde sent
The Ambassatoures/full streyght to Troye went

The cause tolde of theyr comynge/the olde
Pryamus kynge/full soone in generall
Do here vpon/his parlyament to holde
Of whiche the effecte/reherse you now I shall
The Ambassatoures/ben answered for fynall
The chaunge of prysoners/and all this dede
Them lyketh well/and so they forthe procede
¶ This Troilus was present in the place

Troilus.

D.i.

The thyrd boke

Whan asked was / for Anthe nor Cresyde
For whiche full soone chaunged he his face
As he that with tho wordes / full nyghc deyde
Neuertheles / he no worde to it sayde
With mannes herte he gan his sorowe dye
Lest men shoulde his affectyon aspye

And full of anguysshe / and of besy drede
Abode what other lordes wolde saye
And yf they wolde graunte / as god forbede
The eschaunge of her / than thought he thynges twey
Fyrste for to saue / her honour and what waye
He myght best the eschaunge of her withstonde
Full fast he cast / how all this thyng myght stonde

Loue hym made all prest / to make her byde
Or rather dye / than she shoulde go
But reason hym sayde / on that other syde
Without assent / of her he do not so
Lest thou her wrothe / and she than be thy fo
And saye that throughe / thy medlynge is yblowe
Youre lother loue / there was erst unknowe

For whiche he gan / delyueryn to the best
That thoughe the lordes / wolde that she went
He wolde let them graunt / what them lest
And tell his lady / fyrste what they mente
And whan that she hadde sayde / hym her entente
Ther after wolde he werke / also blyue
Thoughe all the worlde / agayne it wolde stryue

Hector whiche that ryght well the Grekes herde
For Anthe nor / how they wolde haue Cresyde
Gan it withstonde / and so breuely answerde

of Troilus.

Myres the nyg no prysoner he sayde
I not on you/who this charge layde
But on my partye/maye chesooner them tell
We vse not here no women for to sell

The noyse of the people vpsterte than all at ones
As bynyme as blase/of strawe set a fyre
for infortune/it wolde for the nones
They shoulde theyr confusyon desyre
Hector quod they/what ghost maye you enspyre
This woman thus to helde/and do vs lese
Daune Anthenor/a wronge waye now ye chese

That is so wyse/and so bolde a barowne
And we haue nede of folke as men maye se
He is eke/one of the grettest of this towne
Saue Hector/let tho fantasies be
Of kynge Pryamus/quod they thus saye we
That all our boyg is to forgo Cresyde
And to delyuer Anthenor they prayde

O Iuuenall lorde/full sothe is thy sentence
That lytell wyten folke/what is to yerne
That they ne fynde/in her desyre offence
for cloude of errour/let them to dyscerne
What best is/so here ensample as yerne
This folke desyre/nou delyueraunce
Of Anthenore/that brought them to myschaunce

for he was after/traytour to the towne
Of Troye alas they quyte hym out to rathe
O nyce wolde/so thy dyscrecyowne
Cresyde whiche that neuer/dyde them skathe
Shall now no lenger/in her blysse bathe

Troilus.

O.ii.

The fourte boke.

But another shall come home to towne
And she shall oute thus all they sayd and sowne

For whiche delpyered was by parlyament.
For another to reuen out Cresyde
And it pronouced by the presydent
And thoughe that Hector nay full of pryde
That fynally what wyght that it withlayde
It was for nought it must be and sholde
For substaunce of the parlyament it wolde

Departed out of parlyament echone
This Troilus without wordes moo
In to his chaumbre sped hym fast alone
But yf it were a man of his or two
The whiche he had oute fast to goo
Bycause he wolde slepe as he sayde
And hastely vpon his bed hym layde

And as in wynter leues ben yrafte,
Eche after othe tyll the tree be bare
Soo that there nys but braunche and barke plecte
Byght so Troilus byrafte of eche welfare
I bounde within with bondes of care
Dysposed wood out of his wynt to bryde
So sore hym sat the chaungynge of Cresyde

He ryse hym vp and euery doze he shet
And wyndow eke and tho this sorowfull man
Upon his beddes syde downe hym set
Full lyke a deed ymage pale and wan
And in his brest the heped wo began
Oute brast and he wrought in this wyse
In his woodnesse as I shall you deuple

of Troilus.

Ryght as the wylde bull/begynneth sprynge
Now here now there/darted to the herte
And of his dethe/roseth in complaynyng
Ryght so gan he/aboute his chambze sterre
Smytynge his brest/aye with his fystes smerte
His heed to walles/his body to the grounde
Full ofte he swapped/hymselfe to confounde

His eyen two/for pyte of his herte
Out stremeden/as swyfte welles tway
The hys sobbes/of his sorowfull smerte
His speche hym rest/vnethes myght he saye
O dethe alas/why nyl thou do me dye
Acursed be that daye/whiche that nature
Shope me to be/a lyues creature

But after/whan the fury and all this rage
Whiche that his herte/twyste and fast threst
By length of tyme/som what gan aswage
Upon his bed/he lepd hym downe to reste
But tho bygan/his feres more oute breste
That wonder is/the body maye suffyse
To halfe this wo/whiche that I you deuyse

Than sayd he thus fortune alas the while
What haue I doo/what haue I thus agylt
How myght thou for rowth me begyle
Is there no grace I shall thus be ipylt
Shall thus Creleyde for that thou wylt
Alas how mayst thou in thyn harte fynde
To be to me thus cruell and unkynde

Haue I the not honoured all my lyue
Is thou well woost aboue the goddes all

Troilus.

D.iii.

The fourte boke

Why wylte thou thus / frome Ioye me depyue
O Troylus / what maye men the now call
But wretche of wretches / out of honour fall
In to mysery / whiche I wyl bewayle
Cresyde alas / tyll that the brythe me sayle

Alas fortune / yf that my lyfe in Ioye
Dyspleased hadde / vnto thy foule enuye
Why ne haddest thou / my fader kynge of Troye
Byrafte the lyfe / or do my brytheryn dye
O slayne my selfe / that thus complayne and crye
I combre worlde / that maye of nothyng serue
But alwaye dye / but neuer fully sterue

If that Cresyde / alone were laste
Rought rought whyderwarde / thou woldest steepe
And her alas / thou hast me berafte
But euermore / lo this is thy manere
To reue a wyght / lo that is to hym dere
To proue in that thy gyrefull vyolence
Thus am I lost / there helpeth no defence

O veraye god / o loue / o god alas
That knowest best / myne herte and all my thought
What shall my sorowfull lyfe / do in this caas
If I forgo / that I so dere haue bought
Sythe ye Cresyde / and me fully haue brought
In to your grace / and bothe oure hertes sealed
How maye ye suffre / in lesse it be repelled

What shall I do / whyle I maye dure
A lyue in tourment / and in cruell payne
Thus infortune / or this dysauenture
None as I was borne / I wyl complayne

of Troylus.

Ne neuer wyll I / sene wyne or rayne
But euer wyll I / as Edypppe in derkenesse
Lede my sorowfull lyfe / and lyue in dystrelle

O betraye ghost / that erreth to and fro
Why nylte thou / steepe out of the wofullest
Body that euer myght on grounde go
O soule lurkynge / in this wofull nest
Fle ser oute / of myne herte or it breste
And folowe alwaye / Cresyde thy lady dere
Thy ryght place / is now no lenger here

O wofull eyen two syth youre dysporte
Was all to se / Cresydes eyen bryght
What shall ye do / but for my dyscomforte
Stonde for nought / and wepen out your syght
Sythe she is queynt / that you was wonte to lyght
In bayne fro this forthe / haue I eyen twey
I fourmed / sythe your vertu is awaye

O my Cresyde o lady souerayne
Of that wofull soule / that thus cryeth
Who shall gyue / nowe comforte to the payne
Alas no wyght / but whan myne herte dyeth
My spyryte whiche that so / vnto you hyeth
Receyue in gre / for that shall aye you serue
For now no force is / though the body sterue

And ye louers / that hpe vpon the whcle
Ben set of fortune / in good auenture
God lene that ye hynde / aye loue of stele
And longe maye your lyfe / in Joye endure
But whan ye come / by my sepulture
Remembre that pour felawe / resteth here

The fourte boke

For I loued eke/though I vnworthy were
O olde vnholson/and myslyuynge man
Calcas I meane/alas what eyleth the
To ben a greke/syth thou were bozne Troyan
O Calcas whiche that wylt my bane be
In cursed tyme/were thou boze for me
As wolde blyssfull Ioue/for his Ioye
That I the hadde/where I wolde in Troye

A thousande syghes/hotter than the glede
Out of his breste/eche after other went
Medled with pleyntes/newe his so to fede
For whiche his wofull teres neuer stent
And shortly so his paynes hym to rent
And was so amased/that Ioye nor penaunce
He feleth none/but lyeth thus in a traunce

Pandare/whiche that at the parlyament
Had herde/what euery lord and burgys sayde
And how full graunted was/by one assent
For Anthenor/to yelden to Cresyde
Can well nyghe/out of his wytte to breyde
So that for wo/he nyste what he ment
But in a rees/to Troilus tho he went

A certayne knyght/that for the tyme kepte
The chambze doze/bndyd hym anone
And Pandare/that full tenderly he wepte
In to this derke chambze/as styll as stone
Towarde the bedde/gan softly for to gone
So confuse/that he ne wylte to saye
For betraye wo/his wytte was all awaye
And with his chere/and lokynge all to tozne

of Troylus.

For sorowe of herte with his armes soldyn
He stode this wofull Troylus by sorne
And on his pytous face he gan beholdyn
But lord so ofte his gan his herte coldyn
Seynge his frende in wo whose heuyne
His herte slowe as thought hym for dystresse

This wofull wyght / this Troylus that felt
His frende Pandare / comen hym to se
Gan as the snowe / agaynste the sonne melt
For whiche this sorowfull Pandare of pyte
Gan for to wepe / as tenderly as he
And specheles / thus these ylike twey
That neyther myght / one worde for sorowe saye

But at the laste / this wofull Troylus
Spyghed deed for smerte / gan bresten out to rore
And with a sorowfull noyse / he sayde thus
Amonge his sobbes / and his spyghes sore
Lo Pandare / I am deed without more
Hast thou not herde / at parlyament he sayde
For Anthenor / how lost is my Cresayde

This Pandare / full deed and pale of hewe
Full pyteously gaue answer / and sayde this
As wysly were it false / as it is trewe
That I haue herde / and note how it is
O mercy god / who wolde haue trowed this
Who wolde haue wende / that in so lytell a throuwe
Fortune our ioye / wolde haue ouerthrowe

For in this worlde / there nys no creature
As to my dome / that euer sawe ruyne
Stronger than this / throughe case and aduenture

Troylus.

P.i.

The fourte boke

But who maye all eschewe or all dryue
Suche is this/for thy I this dyspyne
That trust no wyght/to fynde infortune
Aye properte/her gyftes ben comune

But tell me this/why arte thou now so madde
To sorowe thus/why lvest thou now in this wyse
Syth thy desyre/all holy thou hast hadde
So that by ryght/it ought ynowe suffyse
But I that neuer felte in my scrupse
Or frendly chere/or lokynge of an eye
Let me thus wepe/and wayle tyll I dye

And ouer all this/as thou knowes well thyselfe
This towne is full of ladyes all aboute
And do my dome sayre/than suche twelue
As euer she was/shall I fynde in some route
Ye one or two/without any doubte
For thy be gladde/myne owne brother
If she be loste/we shall fynde an other

What god forbede/alwaye that suche pleasaunce
In one thyng were/and in none other wyght
If one can synge/an other can well daunce
Yf this be goodly/she that is gladde and lyght
And this is sayre/and that can good aryght
Eche for his vertu/holden is full dere
Bothe Herowne and fawcon/for the Ryuere

And eke as wytezauzys/that was full wyse
The newe out chased/ofte the olde
And vpon newe caas/lyeth newe aduysse
Thynke eke thy lyfe/to saue thou arte holde
Suche fyre by proces/shall be key tolde

of Troylus.

for syth it nys/ but casuall pleasaunce
Some caas shall put/ out of remembraunce

for why sure is/ as daye cometh after nyght
Ye newe loue labour/ or other wo
Or elles seynge of another wyght
Done all affectyons/ soone ouergo
And for thy parte/ thou shalt haue one of tho
To abredge/ with thy bytter paynes smerte
Absence of her/ shall dyspuc it out of herte

These wordes sayde/ he for the nones all
To helpe his frende/ lest he for sorowe deyde
for doubtles/ to do his wo to fall
He rought not what vnthyste he sayde
But Troylus/ that nye for sorowe deyde
Toke lytell hede/ of all that euer he ment
One ere is herde/ and that other it out went

But at the laste/ he answerde and sayde frende
This leche crafte/ or heled thus to be
Were well syttinge/ yf that I were a frende
To traye a wyght/ that trewe is vnto me
I praye god/ let this counseyle neuer ythe
But to do me rather/ now steruen here
Or I thus do/ as thou woldest me lere

She that I serue/ ywys so what thou saye
To whome myne herte/ enhabyteth by ryght
Shall haue me holp hers tyll that I deye
for Pandare/ sythe I her trouthe behyght
I wyll not be vntrewe/ for no wyght
But as her man/ I wyll aye lyeue and serue
And neuer other/ creature serue

Troylus.

P.ii.

The fourte boke

And there thou sayste / thou shalt as fayre fynde
As she / let be make no comparyson
To creature / yf ourmed lyke her by kynd
O lefe Pandare / in conclusyon
I wyll not be / of thyne oppynyowne
Touchynge all this / for why I the byseche
Holde thy peas / thou sleest me with thy speche

Thou byddest me I shoulde loue an other
All flesshly newe / and late Cresyde go
It lyeth not in my power / lefe broder
And yf I myght / yet wolde I not do so
But thou canste playe / Baket to and fro
Retell in docke / out now this now that Pandare
Now soule fall her / for thy wo that care

Thou saiest eke by me / thou Pandarus
As he that whan a wyght is wo bygone
He cometh to hym a pas / and sayde ryght thus
Thynke not on smerte / and thou shalt fele none
Than must I fyrste transmue vnto a stone
And reue me my pailions all
Or thou so lyghtely / do my wo to fall

My dethe maye well / out of my breste departe
Thy lyfe so longe / maye this sorowe myne
But fro my soule / shall Cresydes darte
Out neuer more / but downe with Proserpyne
When I am deed / I wyll go wonne in pyne
And there I wyll eternally complayne
My woo / and than twyned be we tweyne

Thou hast here made / an argument for hyne
How that it shoulde / a lesse payne be

of Troylus.

Cresyde to forgo/for she was myne
And lyue in ease/and in felicyte
Why gabbest thou/thou saydest thus to me
That hym is worse/that is frome well ythrowe
Than he that neuer hadde/of wele yknowe

But tell me now/sythe ye thynke so lyght
To chaungen in loue/so to and fro
Why ne haddest thou/do besely thy myght
To chaunge her/that dothe the all thy wo
Why nyll thou/let her frome thyne herte go
Why nyll thou loue/an other lady swete
That myght sette/thyne herte in quyetē

If thou hast hadde/in loue aye yet myschaunce
And canste it not/out of thyne herte dyspue
I that lyued in luste/& in pleasaunce
With her/asmoche as with creature on lyue
How shoulde I that forgete/and that so blyue
Lo where hast thou ben hydde/so longe in mewe
That canst so well loue/not a grewe

Naye naye god wote/nought worthe is all thy rede
For whiche/for what that euer maye byfall
Without wordes moo I wyl be deed
O dethe that ender arte/of sorowes all
Come now/syth I so ofte after the call
For happy is that dethe/sothely to sayne
That ofte I cleped/cometh and endeth payne

Well wote I/whyle my lyfe was in quyetē
Or thou me slowe/I wolde haue gyuen hye
But now thy comynge/to me is so swete
That in this worlde/I nothyng so desyre

Troylus.

P.iii.

The fourte boke

O dethe/ sythe with this worlde I am a fyre
Thou other do me/ anone interres dyntche
O/ with thy colde stroke/ myne herte quentche
Syth that thou fleest/ so many in sondre wyle
Agaynst thep/ wpll/ vnprayed daye and nyght
Do now at my requeste/ this scruple
Delpuer now the worlde/ so doest thou ryght
Of me that am the sorowfullest wpght
That euer was/ for tyme that I serue
Syth in this worlde of ryght/ nought maye I serue

Thus Troilus/ interres gan dystyll
As lycour/ out of a lemyk full faste
And Pandarus/ gan holde his tongue styll
And to the grounde/ his eyen downe he caste
Neuerthles/ thus thought he at the laste
What pardy/ rather than my felawe deye
Yet shall I somewhat/ more vnto hym saye

And sayde frende/ syth thou hast suche dystresse
And syth the lyke myne argumentes to blame
Why nylte thy selfe/ helpe to redresse
And with thy manhode/ letten all this game
To rauyshe her/ ne canst thou not for shame
And other letc her out/ o fto wne fare
O/ holde her styll/ and leue thy nyce fare

Arte thou in Troye/ and hast none hardymment
To take a woman/ whiche that loueth the
And welde herselfe/ be of thyne assent.
Now is not this/ a nyce vanyte
Ryse vp anone/ aud let thy wepyng be
And sythe thou arte a man/ for in this houre

of Troplus.

I wyll be deed/or she shall be stylloure
To this answerde hym/Troplus full softe
And sayde parde/lese broder dere
All this haue I/my selfe thoughte full ofte
And more thynges/than thou deuysest here
But why it is laste/thou shalte well here
And whan thou haste/me geue audyence
Therafter mayste thou tell thy sentence

Firste thou wost/syth this towne hath all this werre
For rauyschynges/of a woman by nyght
It shoulde not be suffred/me to erre
And it stante now/ne do not so grete vnryght
I shoulde also haue/blame of euery wyght
My faders graunt/yf I so withstode
Syth she is chaunged/for the townes good

I haue eke thought/syth it were her assent
To aske her of my fader/at his grace
Than thynke I thus/it were her accusment
Syth well I wote/I maye her not purchase
For syth my fader/in so hye a place
As parlyament hath/her eschaunge ensealed
He nyll for me/his lettres be repeled

Yet drede I most/her herte to perturbe
With vyolence/yf I do suche a game
For yf I wolde/it openly dystourbe
It must be dysclaundre/vnto her name
And we were leuer dye/than her defame
As nold god/but yf I shoulde haue
Her honour/as lese as my lyfe saue
Thus am I losse/for ought that I can se
Troplus.

The fourte boke

For certayne is / syth I am her knyght
I must her honour / leuer saue than me
In euery case / as loue ought of ryght
Thus am I with desyre / and reason twyght
Desyre her to dystourbe / aye me redeth
And reason nyl not / so my herte dredeth

This weppynge quod he / couthe neuer seace
He sayde alas / how shall I wretche fare
For well fele I / alwaye my loue encrease
And hope it lasse and lasse / alwaye Pandare
Encreacen eke / the causes of my care
So welawaye / why nyl myne herte breste
For as in loue / is there but lytel rest

Pandare answerde / frende thou mayste for me
Do as the lyst / but hadde I it so hote
And thynne estate / she shoulde go with me
Though all this townue / cryed on this thyge by note
I nolde not set / at all the noyse a grote
For whan men haue well cryed / than wyl they rowne
Eke wondre lasteth / but nyne dayes in towne

Dyuyne not in reason / aye so depe
Recurpously / but helpe thy selfe anone
Bet is that other / than thyselfe wepe
And namely syth / ye two ben all one
Byse bp for by my heed / she shall not gone
And rather be in blame / a lytell stounde
Than sterue here / as gnate without wounde

It is no shame / vnto you ne byce
Her to withholde / that you loueth most
Parauenture she myght / holde you for nyce

of Troilus.

Let her go/ thus to the grekes host
Thynke eke fortune/ as well thy seluen worst
Helpeth an hardy man/ to his empyse
And fleeth for wretches/ for they? cowardyse
And thoughe thy lady/ wolde a lytell her greue
Thou shalt thyselfe/ thy peas here after make
But as for me certayne/ I can not leue
That she wyl now/ as yet for euyl take
Why shoulde than for fere thyne hert quake
Thynke how that Parys/ whiche that is thy brother
I loue hath wonne/ why not thou another

And Troilus one thyng/ I dare the swere
That yf Cresyde/ whiche is to the lisse
Now loueth the as well/ as thou doest here
God helpe me so/ she wyl not take a grese
Thoughe thou do bote/ anone in this myschese
And yf she wyl/ alwaye frome the passe
Than is she false/ so loue her well the lasse

For thy take herte/ and thynke ryght as a knyght
Throughe loue is broke/ all daye euery laue
Kyt he now somwhat thy courage/ and thy myght
Haue mercy on thyselfe/ for ony awe
Let not wretched wo/ thy herte gnawe
Be manly/ sette the worlde at syxe and seuen
And yf thou dye/ a martyr? go to heuen

I wyl myselfe/ be with the all this dede
Thoughe I and all my kynne/ vpon a stounde
Shoulde in the strete/ as dogges lyggen dede
Throughe synne/ with many a wyde & bloody wounde
In euery case/ I wyl a frende be founde

The foure booke

And yf the lyfte here sterue as a warte
Hoyeu the deuyl speke hym that retche

This Troilus gan with tho wordes quyen
And sayde frende / gramercy I assent
But certaynly / thou mayste me not so pyken
Ne payne none / maye not so me tourment
That for no case / it is not myne entent
Atte shorte wordes / though I dye shoulde
To rauyl the her / but yf her selfe wolde

Byght so meane I quod Pandarus all this daye
But tell me than / hast thou her well assayde
That sorowest thus / and he answerde naye
Wherof art thou / quod Pandarus so dysmayde
That knowes not / yf she be well apayde
To rauell the her / syth thou hast not ben there
But yf that Ioue / tolde it in thyne ere

For thy ryle by / as though ne were anone
And was the thy face / and to the kyng thou wende
Or he maye wondre / whyder thou arte gone
Thou must with wysedome / hym and other blende
Or byon case / he maye after the sende
Or thou be ware / and shortly broder dere
Be gladde / and let me worke in this matere

For I shall shape it so / that sykerly
Thou shalte this nyght / somtyme in some manere
Come speke with thy lady pryuely
And by her wordes / and by her chere
Thou shalte well soone / perceyue and here
All her entent / of this case the best
And fare now well / for in this poynte I reste

of Troilus.

The swyfte same/whiche that falsethynges
Egally reporteth/lyke thynges trewe
Was throughout Troye/fledde with prest wynges
Frome man to man/and made this tale all newe
How Calcas doughter/with her bygght hewe
At parlyament/without wordes moze
Ygraunted was/in chaunge of Anthemoze

The whiche tale/anone as Cresyde
Hadde herde as she that/of her fader rought
As in this case ryght nought/ne when he dyde
Full besyly/to Iubytter bysought
Gyue hym myschaunce/that this treatyce wrought
But shortly/lest this tale sothe were
She durste of no wyght/asken for fere

As she that her herte/and all her mynde
On Troilus yset was/so wonder faste
That all this worlde/ne myght her loue vnbynde
Ne Troilus/out of her herte caste
She wyl be his/whyle her lyfe maye laste
And thus she brunneth/bothe in loue and dyede
So that she nyte/what was to rede

But as men se/in Towne all aboute
That women vse/frendes to bysyle
Soo to Cresyde/of women came a rowte
For pytous Joye/and wende her delyte
And with theyr tales/dere ynowe a myte
These women/whiche that in the cyte dwell
They sette them downe/and sayde as I shall tell

Quod fyrste that one/I am gladde trewly
Bycause of you/ye shall your fader se

The fourte boke

An other sayde ywys/so am not I
For all to lytell/hathe she with vs be
Quod tho the thynde/I hope ywys that she
Shall bynige vs peas/on euery spde
That whan she gothe/almighty god her guyde

The wordes/and the womannysh thynges
She herde/ryght as she thens were
For god wote her herte/on other thyng is
All though the body sat amonge them there
Her audyence/is alwaye elles where
For Troilus/full fast her soule sought
Withouten worde/alwaye on hym she thought

These women/that thus wenden her to please
Aboute nought/gan all these tales spende
Suche vanyte/ne can her to done none ease
As she/that all this meane whyle blende
Of other passyon/than they wende
So that she felte her herte almost deye
For wo and wery/of that companye

For whiche no lenger myght/she restrayne
The teres/so they gan bp to to well
That gyuen sygnes/of the bytter payne
In whiche her spryde was/and must dwell
Remembryng her/frome heuen in to hell
She fallen was/syth she forgothe the syght
Of Troilus/and sorowfully she syght

And those fooles/that saten there aboute
Wende that she so wepte/and syghed soze
Bycause that she shoulde/out of that route
Depart and play with them neuer moze

of Troilus.

And they that hadde knowen her of youre
Sawe her so wepe/and thought it kyndenesse
And eche of them/wepte for her dystresse

And bysly/they gan her comforte
Of thyng god wote/on whiche she lytell thought
And with her tales/wenden her dysporte
And to be gladde/they often her besought
But suche an ease/they her therewith wrought
Byght as a man/is eased for to fele
For ache of heed/to clawe hym on the hele

But after all this nyce banpte
They token theyr leue/a home they wenten all
Cresyde/full of sorowfull pyte
In to the chambze/by out of the hall
And on her byganne/for deed gan to fall
In purpose/thens neuer for to rylse
And thus she wrought/as I shall you deuyse

Her yelowe herye/that sonnysshe was of hewe
She rent/and eke her fyngers longe and small
She wronge full ofte/and badde god on her rewe
And with her dethe/to do bote on her bale
Her hewe whylome so byght/tho was pale
Bare wytnesse of her wo/and her constraynte
And thus she spacke/sobbyng in her complaynte

Alas quod she/out of this regyowne
I wofull wretche/and infortuned wyght
And borne in cursed constellacyn
Must go/and thus departe fco my knyght
Wo worthe alas/that yke dayes lyght
On whiche I sawe/fyrste with eyen tweyne

The fourte boke

That causeth me/and hym all this payne
Therwith the tress/from her even two
Downe fell/as shoure in Apryll dothe swythe
Her whyte brest she bette/and for the wo
After the dethe/she cryed a thousande sythe
Sythe he that wonte/her wo was to lythe
She must forgo/for suche dysauenture
She helde her selfe/a forloste creature

She sayde how shoulde he do/and I also
How shall I lyue/yf I frome hym twynne
O dere herte/eke that I loue so
Who shall that sorowe sle/that ye ben in
O Calcas fader/thyne be all this synne
O moder myne/that clyped arte Argpye
Wo worthe that daye/thou bare me alpye

To what fyne shoulde I lyue/and sorowe thus
How shoulde a fyssh/without water dure
What is Cresyde worthe/frome Troylus
How shoulde a plant/or lyues creature
Lyue without his kyndely norture
For whiche full ofte/a by worde here I saye
That roteles must grene soone deye

I shall do thus/sythe none other swerde ne darte
Dare I none handle/for the cruelte
That ylike daye/I must frome you departe
If sorowe of that/wyll not my bane be
Than shall no mete/ne drynke come in me
Tyll my soule/out of my breste bnsythe
And thus my selfe/wyll I do to the dethe
And Troylus/my clothes euerychone

of Troilus.

Shall blacke be in tokenynge herte swete
That I am as out of this worlde agone
I wont was / you to sette in quyte
And of myne ordre / aye tyll dethe me mete
The obseruaunce / euer in your absence
Shall sorowe be complaynte / and abstinence

Myne herte / and eke the wofull ghost therein
Byquethe I with / your spyrite to complayne
Eternally / for they shall neuer twayne
For though he in erthe / yt wynneth be we twayne
Yet in the folde of pyte / oute of payne
That hyght Elysos / shall we ben in fere
As Opyheus is with / Crudyce his fere

Thus herte myne / for Anthenore alas
I soone shall be chaunged / as I wene
But how shall ye do / now in this case
How shall your sorowfull herte it sustayne
But herte myne / forgete this sorowe and tene
And me also / for sothely for to save
So ye fare well / I recke not to deye

How euer myght / yredde be or songe
The playnte that she made / in her dystresse
I not / but as for my lytell tongue
Yf I dyscryue wolde / her heuynesse
It shoulde make / her sorowe seme lesse
Than that was / and chyldely deface
Her hye complaynte / & therfore I lete it pace

Pandare whiche that sent was for Troilus
Unto Cressyde / as ye haue herde deuple
That for the best / it was accorded thus

The fourte boke

And he full gladde/to do hym that scruple
Unto Cressyde/in a full symple wyse
There as she laye/in turment and in rage
Came her to tell/all holy his message

And fonde/that she herselfe gan to treate
Full pytously/for with her salt teres
Her brest her face/ybathed was full wete
The myghty tresses/of her sonnysshe heyres
Unbroyded/hynge all aboute her eres
Whiche gaue hym veraye sygne of matere
Of dethe/whiche that her herte gan desyre

Whan she hym sawe/she gan for sorowe anone
Her wofull face/bytwene her armes hyde
For whiche this Pandarus/is so wo bygone
That in the house/he myght bnnethe abyde
As he that pyte felte/on euery syde
For yf Troylus/hadde erst complayned soze
Than gan she playne a thousande tymes moze

And in her asper playnte/thus she sayde
Pandare hysste of ioyes/mo than two
Was cause causynge/bnto me Cressyde
That now transmuted ben in cruell wo
Whether shal I saye/welcome to you oz no
That alther fyfste/me brought into scruple
Of loue alas/that endeth in this wyse

Endeth than loue in wo/ye oz men lyeth
And all worldly blysse/as thynketh me
The ende of blysse/aye sorowe it occupyeth
And who so troweth/that it not so be
Let hym vpon me wofull wretche se

of Troylus.

That my selfe hate/and my byrthe curse
Felynge alwaye/fro whiche I go to wourse
Who so me seeth/seeth sorowes all at ones
Dryue wo/payne/tournient/and dystresse
Out of my wofull body/harme there ynoughe is
As anguysshe/langour/cruell bytternesse
Anoy/smerte/drede/fury/and eke sekenesse
I trowe p wys/frome heuen teres reyne
For pyte of myne/asper cruell payne

And thou my suster/full of dyscomforte
Quod Pandarus/what thynkest thou to do
Why ne hast thou/to thy selfe some resporte
Why wylte thou thus/alas thy selfe for do
Leue all this/and take now hede to
That I shall saye/and herken in good entent
This whiche by me/thy Troylus the sent

Turned tho Cresyde/a wo makynge
So grete that dethe/it was to se
Alas she sayde/what wordes maye ye brynge
What wyll my dere herte/saye to me
Whiche that I drede/neuer more to se
Wyll haue pleynt/or teres or I wende
I haue ynoughe/yf he thereafter sende

She was ryght suche/to se in her bysage
As is that wyght/that men on bere bynde
Her face lyke/of paradyce the ymage
Was all ychaunged/in to an other kynde
The playe the laughter men/were wonte to fynde
On her/and eke her ioyes euerychone
Ben fledde/and thus lyeth Cresyde alone

Troylus.

Q.i.

The fourte boke

Aboute her epen two/a propre ryng
Bytent in sothefast token/of her payne
That to beholde/it was a deedly thyng
For whiche Pandare myght not restrayne
The tereg/ frome his epen for to reyne
Neuertheles/as he best myght he sayde
Frome Troilus these wordes unto Creyde

Lo nece/I trowe ye haue herde all how
The kyng with other lordes for the best
Hathe made a chaunge/for Antheus and you
That cause is of this sorowe and vnieste
But how this case dothe/Troilus moleste
That maye none erthely mannes tongue saye
As he that shortly shapeth hym to deye

For whiche we haue/so sorowed bothe he and I
That in mytell/bothe it hathe vs slawe
But throughe my counsaile/this fynally
He somwhat is/ fro weynge now withdraue
And semeth me/that he desyret faue
With you to be/all nyght for to deuyse
Remedye of this/ys there be any wyse

This is shorte/and pleyne the effecte of my message
As ferforthe as my wytte can comprehend
For that ye be/of turment in suche a rage
Ye maye to no longe prologe/as now entende
And herevpon/ye must answere hym sende
And for the loue of god/my nece deere
So leue this wo/or Troilus come here

Grette is my wo quod she/and syghed sore
As she that feleth/dethes sharpe dystresse

of Troylus.

But yet to me / his sorowe is moche more
That loue to hym bet / than he hymselfe I gesse
Alas for me / hathe he suche heuynesse
Can he for me / so pytously complayne
Ywys his sorowe doubleth all my payne

Greuous for me / god wote is for to twynne
Quod she / but god wote harde is to me
To se that sorowe / whiche that he is in
For well I wote / it wyll my bane be
And dye I wyll / in certayne quod she
But byd it come / or dethe that thus me threteth
Dyue out the ghost / whiche in myne herte beteth

These wordes sayde she / on her armes two
Full sadde / and gan to wepe pytously
Quod Pandarus / alas why do ye so
Syth well ye wote / the tyme is fast by
That he shall come / arysse vp hastely
That he bewepynge / thus you now fynde
But ye wyll haue hym / wode out of his mynde

For wylste he / ye ferde in this manere
He wol / hymselfe sle / yf I wende
To haue this fare / he shoulde not come here
For all the good / that Pryamus maye dyspende
For to what fyn / he wolde anone pretende
That knowe I well / and therfore yet I saye
So let this sorowe / or plati he wyll deye

And shapeth you his sorowe / to abrydge
And not to increace / lefe nere swete
Be rather to hym / of flatte than edge
And with some wysdome / ye his sorow bete

Troilus.

Q.ii.

The fourte boke

What helpeth it / to wepe full a sterpe
Or thoughe ye bothe / in salte teres dyppit
Bet is a tyme of cure / than of complaynt

I meane / as whan / I hyder hym bynge
Syth ye ben wyse / and of one assent
So shapeth how / to dystourbe your goynge
Or come agayne soone / after ye be went
Women ben wyse / in shorte auysement
And let se now your wytte / how shall auayle
And that I maye helpe / shall not fayle

Go quod Cressyde / and vncle treuly
I shall do all my myght me to restrayne
From wepyng in his syght / and besely
Hym for to glade / I shall do my payne
And in my herte seke / euery dayne
Yf to his soze / there maye be founde salue
It shall not lacke certayne / in my behalve

Goth Pandarus / and Troilus he sought
Tyll in a temple / he founde hym all aloue
As he that of his lyfe / nomore rought
But to the pyteous goddes euerychone
Full tenderly he prayed / and made his mone
To do hym soke / out of this worlde pace
For well he thought / there was none other grace

And shortly / all the sothe to saye
He was so fall / in despayre that daye
That vtterly / he shope for to deye
For ryght thus / was his argument alwaye
He sayde I am but loze / so welawaye
For all that cometh / cometh by necessitye

of Troylus.

Thus to be loꝛne/it is my destyne

foꝛ certaynly/this wote I well he sayde
That foꝛsyght of dyuine purueaunce
Hathe sene me alwaye/to forgo Crelayde
Syth god seeth euery thyng/out of doubtaunce
And them dysposeth/after his ordynaunce
In her merytes/sothly foꝛ to be
As they shall come/by predestyne

Neuertheles/whome shall I leue
foꝛ there ben clerkes/manly one
That descryue/throughe argumentes pryue
And some sene/that nedely there is none
But that fre choise/is gyue you to euerychone
O welawaye/silly are clerkes olde
That I not whose/opppon I maye holde

foꝛ some sene/that god seeth all byfoꝛne
And god maye not be deceyued parde
Than must it fall/though men hadde it sworne
That purueaunce/hathe seen afoꝛne to be
Wherfoꝛe I saye/that frome eterne yf he
Hathe wylle byfoꝛe/oꝛ thought eke all our dedes
We haue no fre choys/as these clerkes redeg

foꝛ nother thought/ne other dede also
Myght neuer be/but suche as purueaunce
Whiche maye not be deceyued/neuer mo
Hathe felte byfoꝛe/without ygnoraunce
foꝛ yf there myght be a baryaunce
To worchen out/frome goddes puruapenge
There were no presyence/of thyng compenge
¶ But it were rather/an opppnyon

Troilus.

Q.iii.

The fourte boke

Unstydfaste/and not certayne sepyng
And certes that were/an abusyon
That good sholde haue/no partye clere wytyng
More than we men that haue doutcous weyng
But suche an errour/vpon god to gesse
Were false and foule/and cursed wyckednesse

And thus is eke/an oppynyon of some
That haue theyr toppes full hye/and smother yshere
They saye ryght thug/that thyng is not to come
For that prescyence/hathe seyn it byfore
That it shall come/but they that therfore
That it shall come/therfore the purueyaunce
Knowe it byfore/without ygnoraunce

And in this manere/this necessyte
Receyuethe in his parte/contrary agayne
For nedefully/behoueth it not be
That those thynges/fall in certayne
That ben purueyed/but nedely as they seen
Behoueth it/that thynges whiche that fall
That they in certayne/ben purueyed all

I meane as thoughe/I laboured me in this
To enquire whiche thyng/of whiche thyng cause be
Is whether that the prescyence of god is
The certayne cause/of the necessity
Of thynges/that to come ben parde
Or yf necessity of thynges comynge
Be cause certayne/of the purueyenge

But now enforce I me not in the wyng
How the ordre of causes stant/but well wote I
That it behoueth/that the byfallynge

of Troylus.

Of thynges wylt byfore/certapnly
Ben necessarye/all ieme it not therby
That prescyence/put fallynge necessarye
Of thynges to come/fall they foule or saye

For yf there syt a man/yonde on a se
That by necessitye/behoueth it
That certes thyn oppynyon sothe be
That wenest/and coniectest that he syt
And ferthermore agaynewarde yet
Lo ryght so/it is of the parte contrarie
As thus lo hearken/for I wyl not tarye

I saye yf the oppynyon of the
Be sothe for that he syt/than saye I thus
That he must syt by necessitye
And thus necessitye/in cyther is
For in hym nede/of syttyng is
And in the nede of sothe/and thus for sothe
There must necessitye/be in you bothe

But thou mayste saye/the man sytte not therfore
That thyn oppynyon/of his syttyng sothe is
But rather for the man/syt there byfore
Therfore is thyn oppynyon sothe ywys
And I saye though the cause of sothe of this
Cometh of his syttyng/pet necessitye
Is enterchaunged/bothe in hym and the
Thus in the same wyse/out of doubtance
I maye well make/as it semeth me
By resonyng/of goddes purueyaunce
As of tho thynges/that to comen be
By whiche reason/men maye well se

The fourte boke

That those thynges / that in erthe fall
That by necessity / they comen all

For throughe chat thynges / shall come ywys
Therefore / they ben / purueyed certaynly
Not that it cometh / for it purueyed is
Neuertheles / behoueth it nedefully
That thyng to come / he purueyed treuly
Or elles thynges / that purueyed be
That they betyde / by necessity

And this suffyseth / ryght ynoughe certayne
For to destroye / oure fre choyse euery dele
But now is this abusyon / to seyn
That fallynge / of the thynges temporall
Is cause of goodes / prescience eternall
Now treuly / that is a false sentence
That thyng to come / shall cause his prescience

What myght I wene / and I hadde such a thought
But that god purueyeth / thyng that is to come
For that is to come / and elles nought
So myght I wene / that thynges all and some
That whylome ben by fall and ouercome
Bycause of thylke souerayne purueyaunce
That forwote / all without ygnoraunce

And ouer all this / yet saye I more therto
That ryght as whan / I wote there is a thyng
Ywys that thyng / must nedefully be so
Eke ryght so / whan I wote a thyng comynge
So must it come / and thus by byfallynge
Of thynges that ben wysse / byfore the tyde
They maye not ben eschwed / on no syde

of Troilus.

Than sayd he thus almyghty Ioue in thron
That knowes of all this thyng/the sothefastnes
Kewe on my sorowe/and do me dye soone
Or bynge Cresyde/and me frome dystresse
And whyle he was/in all this heuynesse
Dysputynge with hymselfe in this matere
Came Pandare/and sayde as ye shall here

O myghty god/quod Pandarus in thron
By who sawe euer/a wyle man fare so
Why Troilus/what thynkest thou to done
Hast thou suche luste/to thyne owne fo
What parde/yt nys not Cresyde go
Why lystesthe so/thy selfe for to drede
That in thyne heed/thyne eyen semen deed

Hast thou not lyued many yere byforne
Without her/and ferde full well at ease
Arte thou for her/and for none other bozne
Hath kynde wrought/the onely for to please
Here let se/ & thynke on thy dysleafe
That on the dysle/ryght as there fallen chaunces
Byght so in loue/there come and go plesaunces

And yet this is my wondre/most of all
Why thou thus sorowest/syth thou wost not yet
Touchynge her goynge/how it shall fall
Ne yf she can/her seluen dystourben it
Thou hast not yet/allayed all her wytte
A man maye all by tyme his neck bede
Whan it shall of/and sorowen at nede

For thy take hede/of that I shall the se
I haue with her yspoke/and long ybe

Troilus.

R.i.

The fourte boke

So as was accorded / byt wene by twy
And euermore / me thynketh thus that she
Hathe somewhat / in her hertes pryuyte
Therwith she can / yf I shall ryght rede
Dyflourbe all this / of whiche thou arte in drede

For whiche my counseyle is / whan it is nyght
Thou to her go / and make of this an ende
And blyssfull Juno / throughe his grete myght
Shall as I hope / her grace to the sende
Myne herte sayeth certayne / she shall not wende
And for thy / put thyn herte awhyle in reste
And holde this purpose / for it is the best

This Troilus answerde and syghed sore
Thou seest ryght well / and I wyll do ryght so
And what hym lyst / he sayde vnto hym more
And whan that it was tyme / for to go
Full pryncely hymselfe / withouten mo
Vnto her came / as he was wonte to done
And how they wroughte / I shall you tell soone

Sothe is / whan they gan fyrste mete
So agayne the payne / they hertes for to troyste
That neyther of them / other myght grete
But them in armes toke / and after kyste
The lasse wofull / of bothe them nyte
What for to done / ne myght one worde out bynge
As I sayde erst / for wo and for sobbynge

The wofull teres / that they lette fall
As bytter were / out of teres kynde
For payne / as is lignum / aloes / or gall
So bytter teres / wepte not as I fynde

of Troilus.

The wofull Myrra / throughe barcke and rynde
That in this worlde / there nys so harde an herte
That ne wolde haue rewed / on theyr paynes smerte

But whan theyr wofull / wery ghostes tweyne
Retourned ben there / as they ought to dwell
And that somwhat / to weyken gan theyr payne
By lengthe of pleynt / and ebben gan the well
Of theyr hertes / and the herte vnswell
With broken voyes all hoozle / for wo Cresyde
To Troilus / these ylike wordes sayde

O Ioue I dye / and marcy I beseeche
Helpe Troilus / and therewithall her face
Opon his breste she layde / and softe speche
Her wofull spyryte / frome his propre place
Kyght with the worde / awaye in poynte to pace
And thus she lyeth / with hewe pale and grene
That whylome freshe / and fayrest was to sene

This Troilus / that on her gan byholde
Clypyng her name / as she laye for deed
Without answer / and felte her lymmes colde
Her even throwne vpwarde / in to her hede
This sorowfull man / can none other rede
But ofte her colde mouth / he kyssed
Where he was wo / god and hym selfe it wiste

He kyssed hym vp / and longe astryght her layde
For sygne of lyfe / for ought he can or maye
Couth he none fynde / for nothyng on Cresyde
For whiche his songe / full ofte was welawaye
But whan he sawe / that specheles she laye
With sorowfull voyes / and herte of blysse all bare

Troilus.

R.ii.

The fourte boke

He sayde how she was fro this worlde yfare

So after that he hadde her longe complayned
His handes he wronge/ and sayde that was to saye
And with his teres/ her breste bereyned
He gan the teres/ wyppen of full dýpe
And pytoussly/ gan for the soule praye
And sayde o lord/ that set arte in thy Throne
Kewe on me/ for I shall folowe her soone

She colde was/ without sentment
For ought he wote/ breth he felte he none
And this was to hym/ preygnaunt argument
That she was forthe out of this worlde ygone
And whan he sawe there was none other wonne
He gan her lymmes dresse in suche manere
As men done them/ that shoulde be layde on bere

And after this with sterne/ and cruell herte
His swerde out of his sheeth he twyght
Hymselfe to see/ how soze that hym smerte
Soo that his soule/ her soule folowe myght
There as the dome of Aynos wolde it dyght
Syth loue and cruell fortune it ne wolde
That in this worlde/ he lenger lyue shoulde

Than sayde he thus/ fulfilled of hys dysdayne
O cruell Foue/ and thou fortune aduerse
This all and some/ that ye falsely haue slayne
Cresyde/ and syth ye maye do no werg
Fy on your myght/ and werkes so dyuerse
Thus cowardly/ shall ye me neuer wynn
There shall no dethe/ me frome my lady twynn
For I this worlde/ syth ye haue her slayne thus

of Troilus.

Wyll let and solowe her spyryte hys or lorde
Shall neuer loue / save that Troilus
Dare not for fere / with his lady dye
For certayne / I wyll bere her compaignie
But syth ye wyll not suffre vs lyue here
Yet suffre that our soules ben yfere

And thou cyte / whiche that I lyue in wo
And thou Pryamus / and bretherne all in fere
And thou moder fare well / for I go
And Autopos / make redy thou my bere
And thou Cresyde / o swete herte dere
Receyue now my spyryte / wolde he saye
With swerde at herte / full redy for to dye

But as god wolde / of slouth she abyeyde
And gan to sygh / and to Troilus she cryde
And he answerde / lady myne Cresyde
Lyue ye yet / and lete his swerde downe glyde
Ye herte myne / that thanked be Cupyde
Quod she / and therewithall she soze syght
And he bygan / to glade her as he myght

Toke her in armes two / and kyst her oft
And her to glade / he dyde all his entent
In whiche her ghost / that flykered aye alofte
In to her wofull herte / agayne it went
But at the laste / ryght as her eyen glente
Asyde anone / she gan the swerde aspye
As it laye bare / and gan for to crye

And asked hym / why he it out hadde drawe
And Troilus anone / the cause her tolde
And how hymselfe / therewith he wolde haue slawe

The fourte booke

For whiche Cresyde/bpon gan beholde
And gan hym in her armes faste holde
O mercy god she sayde/to suche a dede
Alas how nyghe/we were bothe dede

Than yf I ne hadde spoke/as grace was
Ye wolde haue slayne yourselfe quod she
Ye doubteles/and she answerde alas
For by that ylike lord/that made me
I nolde a furlonge waye/alpue haue be
After your deth/to haue ben crowned quene
Of all the londe/the sonne on shyneth shene

But with the selfe swerde/whiche that here is
My selfe wolde haue slayne quod she tho
But hoo/for we haue ryght ynow of this
And let vs ryse/and streyght to bed go
And there lete vs speke of your wo
For by the mortar/whiche I se here brenne
Knowe I full well/that daye is not fer hence

Whan they were a bedde/in armes folde
Fought was it lyke/the nyghes there by forse
For pytously/eche other gan byholde
As they that hadde/all blys yloine
Bewaylynge aye the daye/that they were borne
Tyll at the laste/this wofull wyght Cresyde
To Troilus/these ylike wordes sayde

No herte myne/well wote ye this quod she
That yf a wyghte/alwayse his wo complayne
And seketh not/how holpen for to be
It nys but folp/and encrease of payne
And syth that here/assembled be we tweyne

of Troylus.

To fynde boote/of wo that we be in
It were all tyme/soone to begynne

I am but a woman/as full well ye wote
And as I am aduysed todeply
So wyll I tell it you/whyle it is hote
We thynketh thus/that neyther ye nor I
Dught halfe this woo/to make skylfully
For there is arte ynoughe/for to redresse
That yet is mys/and le this heupnesse

So this the wo that we ben in
for ought I wote/for nothyng elles is
But for bycause/that we shall twynne
Consydered all there/is nomore pwaye
But what is than/a remedy vnto this
But that we shape vs/soone for to mete
This is all and some/my dere herte swete

Now that shall I/well byngyn aboute
To come soone agayne/after I am go
Not withstondyng/the Grekes grete route
Douteth not/it must nedes be so
By veraye reasons/more than one or two
By all ryght/and in wordes fewe
I shall you well/an hepe of wayes shewe

For whiche/I wyll not make longe sermon
For tyme ylosse/maye not recouered be
But I wyll go/to my conclusyon
And to the best/in that I can se
But for the loue of god/forgyue it me
yf I speke ought/agaynste your hertes rest
For tremely/I speke it for the best

Troylus.

B.iii.

The fourte boke

Makynge alwaye/a protestaçon
That now these wordes/whiche that I shall saye
Ays but to shew you my mocyon
To synde vnto me/pour helpe the beste waye
And taketh it/none other wyse I you praye
For in effecte/what so ye me commaunde
That wyll I do/for that is no demaunde

Now herken you well/that ye haue vnderstonde
My goynge graunted/is by parlyament
So ferforthe/that it maye not be withstonde
For all this worlde/as by Iugement
And syth there helpeth/none aduysment
To letten it/nor let it out of mynde
And let vs shape/a better waye to synde

Sothe is this/the twynnyng of vs twayne
Wyll vs dyssease/and gretely annoye
But hym behoueth/somtyme to haue payne
That serueth iour yf that he wyll haue Joye
And syth I shall/no further out of Troye
Than I may cryde/agayne in halfe a morowe
It ought the lesse/causen vs to sorowe

Syth as I shall ben hydde in mewe
That daye by daye/myne owne herte dere
Syth well ye wote/it is now a treme
Ye shall full well/all myne estate here
And o that treme is done/I shall be here
And than haue ye bothe Anthenor woune
And me also/be glade yf that ye conne

And thynke ryght thus/Cresyde is now gone
But whan she shall come/hastely agayne

of Troilus.

And whan alas/by god ryght here anon
O dayes ten/this dare I saufly sayne
And than at erst/shall we be so fayne
So as we shall/euer togyder dwell
That all the worlde/ne myght our blyffe tell

I se that ofte/there as we be now
Is for the best/our counsaile for to hyde
Ye speke not with me/nor I with you
In fourtenyght/ne se you go ne ryde
Maye ye not ten dayes/than abyde
For myne honour/in suche an aduenture
I wys ye maye/elles lytell endure

Ye knowe well eke/how all my kynne is here
But yf that onely/it my fader be
And eke myne other thynges/all in fere
And namely/my dere herte ye
Whome that I nolde/leue for to se
For all this worlde/as wyde as it hath space
Or elles se I neuer/Ioue in the face

Why trowe ye/my fader in this wyse
Coueteth so to se me/but for drede
Lest in this towne/the folke me despyse
Bycause of hym/for his unhappye dede
What wote my fader/what lyfe I lede
For and he wylte in Troie/how well that I fare
Us nedeth for my wendynge/no thyng to care

Ye se eke/that euery daye more and more
Men treate of peas/and it supposed is
That men the quene Helayne/shoulden restore
And Grekes vs restore/that is amys

The fourte booke

So and there nere comfote none but this
That men purpose/peas on euery syde
Ye maye the better/at ease of herte abyde

For yf that it be peas/to myne herte dere
The nature of the peas/must nedes dyspue
That men must entrecomune in fere
And to and fro/eke go and ryde as blyue
All daye as thynke/as ben frome the hyue
And euery wyght/haue lyberte in to bleue
Where as hym lyst/the bet withoute leue

And though he so be/that peas maye be none
Yet hyder though he neuer/ne peas were
I must come/for whyder shoulde I gone
Or how myschauce/shoulde I dwell there
Amonge tho men/of armes in fere
For whiche as wyll/god my soule rede
I can not seen/wherof ye shoulde drede

Haue here another waye/ys it so be
That all this thyng/ne maye not you suffre
My fader/as ye knowen well parde
Is olde/and elde is full of couetyse
And I ryght now/haue founde all the guyle
Without net/wherwith I shall hym hent
And herkeneth how/ys ye wyll assent

As Troylus men sayen/that harde it is
The wether frome the wolfe hole to saue
This is to saye/that men full ofte ploys
Must spende parte/the remenaunt to saue
For aye with golde/men maye the herte graue
Of hym that sette is vpon couetyse

of Troilus.

And how I meane / I shall you now deuise
The meoble / whiche I haue in this towne
Unto my fader / shall I take and saye
That ryght for truste / and saluacyowne
It sent is / frome a frende of his or tway
The whiche frendes / seruenly hym praye
To sende after more / and that in hye
Whyle that this towne / stant thus in Jeopardye

And that shall be / an huge quantyte
This shall I saye / but lesse than folke espyede
This maye be sent by no wyght / but by me
I shall it shewe / yf peas it betyde
What frendes that haue / on eyther syde
Towarde the courte / to do the wrothe pace
Of Pryamus / and done hym stonde in grace
So that for one thyng / or for ether my swete
I shall hym so enchaüten / with my lawes
That ryght in heuen / his soule shall he mete
For all Appollo / and his clerkes lawes
Or calculyng / auaileth not thre lawes
Desyre of golde / shall so his herte blende
That as me lyst / I shall well make an ende

And yf he wolde / ought by his sort preue
Yf that I lye / incertayne I shall fynde
Dystrourben hym / and plucken hym by the sleue
Warrynge his sorte / and berynge hym on honde
He hath not well / the goddes vnderstonde
For goodes speken / in Amphiplogyes
And for one sothe / they make twenty lyes
Like dyede sonde fyrste / goddes I suppose

The fourte boke

Thus shall I saie/and his comherde herte
Made hym amys/the goddes texte to glose
Whan he for fere/out of Delphos gan sterte
And but I make hym/soone to conuerte
And do my rede/within a daye or twy
I wyll to you/oblyge me to dye

And treuly/pwytten as I fynde
That all this thyng/was sayde of good entent
And that her herte/treue was and kynde
Towarde hym and spake/ryght as she mente
And that she sterse/for wone whan she went
And was in purpose/ouer to be trewe
Thus wryten they/that all her wo knewe

This Troilus/with herte and creg spradde
Herde all this thyng/deuysed to and fro
And verily hym semed/that he hadde
The selfe wytte/but yet to let her go
His herte in yll gaue hym euermo
But synally/he gan his herte wesse
To truste her/and toke it for the best

For whiche the grete surp/of his penaunce
Was queynt with hope/and therwith them bytwene
Bygan for Joye/the amorous daunce
And as the byrdes/whan the sonne is shene
Delyten in theyr songe/in the leues grene
Byght so the wordes/that they spake in fere
Delyted them/and made theyr hertes chere

Neuertheles/the goynge of Cresyde
For all this worlde/maye not out of his mynde
For whiche full ofte/full pytously he prayde

of Troilus.

That of her heste/he myght her trewe fynde
And sayde certes/ys ye ben vnkynde
And put you come/at that daye set in Troye
He shal I neuer haue/here honour ne Joye

For also sothe/as some cyste a morowe
And god so wysly/thou me wofull wretche
To reste me/brynge out of this wofull sorowe
I wyll my selfe/ys that ye dretche
But of my dethe/thoughe lytell be to retche
Yet oz that ye causen/me so to smerte
Dwell here rather/myne owne dere herte

For trewly/myne owne lady dere
The sleighthes/that I haue herde you stere
Full shaply be to fallen all in fere
For sothe is sayde/what thynket the bere
Yet all another/thynketh his ledere
Your fadere is wyse/and sayde is out of drede
Men maye the wyse at renne/but not at rede

It is full harde/to halten vnaspied
Byfore a Crepull/for he can the crafte
Your fader is in sleighthes/as Argus is eyed
For all be that his meoble/be hym veraste
His olde sleighthes/pet ben with hym laste
Ye shall not blynde hym/for your womanhede
He tayne a ryght/and that is all my drede

I not/ys peas shall euermo betyde
But peas oz no/for earnest ne for game
I wote syth Calcas/on the Grekes syde
Hath ones ben/and losse so foule his name
He dare no more/come here agayne for shame

The fourte boke

For whiche that waye/for ought that I gan espie
To truste vpon nys but a fantasie

Ye shall eke se/your fader shall you glose
To be a wyfe/and as he can well preche
He shall some Greke/so pryse so hye a lose
That rauys when he shall you with his speche
Or do you do by force/as he shall teche
And Troilus of whome/he nyl haue routh
So causeles shall sterue/in his trouth

And ouer all this/your fader shall despyse
Us all and saye this Cytee nys but lozne
And that tho syege/neuer shall aryse
For why the Grekes/haue it all ysworne
Tyll we ben slayne/and downe our walles tourne
And thus he shall you with his wordes lere
That aye drede I/ye shall byleue there

Ye shall eke se/so many a lusty knyght
Amonge the Grekes/full of worthynesse
And eche of them/with herte wytte and myght
To please you/wyll do all theyr besynesse
That ye shall dull of the rudenesse
Of vs sely Troyans/but yf that rowthe
Remoude you of vertue/and of your trouth

And thus to me/so greuous to thynke
That fro my brest/it wyll my soule rende
And dredeles in me/there can not syake
A good oppynyon/yf that ye wende
For why your faders sleighthes/wyll vs shende
And yf ye gone/as I haue tolde you yore
So thynke I nam/but deed withoutten more

of Troylus.

For whiche with humble treue and pytous herte
A thousande tymes / mercy I you praye
So rewe you vpon / myne asper paynes smerte
And dothe somwhat / as I shall you saye
And let vs stele awaye / bytwene vs twey
And thynke that folys / is whan a man maye chese
For accydent / his substaunce aye to lese

I meane thus / that sythe you mowe no daye
Well stele awaye / and be togyder so
What were it to you / to put in assaye
In caas ye shoulde / vnto your fader go
Yf that ye myght / come agayne or no
Thus thynketh me / it were a grette folys
To put that sykernesse / in to Jeopardye

And vulgarly / to speke of substaunce
Of tresoure / maye we bothe with vs lede
Ynough to lyue / in honour / and pleasaunce
Tyll in to tyme / that we shall be dede
And thus we maye / eschewe all this dzedde
For euery other waye / ye can recoorde
Myne herte ywys / maye therewith not acoorde

And hardely / ne careth no pouert
For I haue kynne / and frendes elles where
That though we come in our bare shert
We shoulde nether / lacke golde ne gere
But to be honoured whyle we dweli there
And go we anone / for after myne entent
This is the best / yf that ye wyll assent

Cresyde hym with syke / ryght in this wyse
Answerde ywys / my dere herte trewe

The fourte boke

We maye well awape/as ye deuyse
Or fynde suche vnthyrsty wayes newe
But after warde/full soone it wolde vs rewe
As helpe me god/at my laste nede
All causeles/ye sustre all this drede

For that daye/that I for cheryshynge
Or drede of fader/or of other wyght
Or for estate/delyte/or for weddyng
Be fals to you/my Troilus my knyght
Saturnus doughter/Juno throughe her myght
As wede as Adamaunt/do me dwell
Eternally with Styx/in the ppyt of hell

And this/on euery god celestyal
I swere it you/and eke on eche goddesse
On euery nymphe/and deyte infernall
On Satyr/and fauny more and lesse
That halfe goodes ben/of wyldernesse
And Antropos/my threde of lyfe to brest
If I be false/nor trowe me yf ye lest

And thou Synoyss/that as an arowe cloze
Throughe Troye rennest/downwarde to the se
Bere wytnesse of this worde/that sayde is here
That ylike daye that I vntrewe be
To Troilus/myne owne herte fre
That thou retozne/bacwarde to thy well
And I with body/and soule synke to hell

But that ye speke/awaye thus for to go
And leue all your frendes/god for bede
For any woman/that ye holden so
And namely syth Troye/hath now suche nede

of Troylus.

Of helpe/and eke of one thyng taketh hede
yf this were wylste/my lyfe laye in balaunce
And your honour/god shelde vs frome myschaunce

And yf so be/that peas here after take
As all daye happeth/after anger game
What lord the sorowe/and wo ye wolde make
That ye ne durste/come agayne for shame
And er that ye icoparte/so your name
Be not to hasty/in this olde fare
For hasty man/wanteth neuer care

What trowe ye eke/that people here aboute
Wolde of it saye/it is full lyght to rede
They wyl saye/and swere out of doubte
That loue ne droue/you to that dede
But lust voluptuous/and cowharde dꝛede
Thus were all loste/ywys myne herte dere
Your honour/whiche that now shynneth so clere

And also thynketh on myne honeste
That floureth yet/how foule shoulde I it shende
And with that fylthe/it spotted shoude be
yf in this forme/with you I shoulde wende
As though I lyued/vnto the worldes ende
My name shoulde I neuer/agaynwarde wyne
Thus were I loste/and that were routhe and synne

And for to see/with the reason all this hete
Men sayen the suffraunt/ouercometh parde
Also who wyl haue lyfe/lyfe must lete
Thus maketh vertu of necessyte
By pacyence/and thynke that lord is he
By fortune aye/that wyl not retche

Troilus.

S.i.

The fourte booke

And she ne daunteth but a wretche

And trusteth this/that certes herte swete

O Phebus suster/Lucyna the shene

The Lyon passe/out of this Aryste

I wyll be here/withouten ony wene

I wene as helpe me Juno/heuens quene

The tenth daye/but yf that dethe me iayle

I wyll you seen/without ony fayle

And now so this be trewe/quod Troylus

I shall well suffre/vnto the tenth daye

Syth that I se/nede it must be thus

But for the loue of god/yf it be maye

So let vs stele/pryuely awaye

Foz euer in one/as foz to lyue in reste

Myne herte sayeth/that it wolde be the beste

O mercy god/What lyfe is this quod she

Alas ye sle me thus/with veraye tene

I se well now/that ye mystrusten me

Foz by your wordes/it is well ysene

Now for the loue/of Scythya the shene

Mystrust me not/thus causeles foz routhie

Syth to be trewe/I haue plyght you my trouthe

And thynke you well/that somtyme it is wyt

To spende a tyme/ryght foz to wyne

Reparde lozne am I not frome you yet

Thoughe we be a daye/or two at wyne

Dryue out the fantasiese/you within

And trusteth me/and leueth eke your sorowe

O here my trouthe/I wyll not lyue to morowe

For yf ye wylste/how soze it dothe me smerte

of Troylus.

Ye wolde cease of this / for god thou wost
The poore spyrite / wepeth in my herte
To se you wepe / that I loue most
And that I must go / to the Grekes host
Ye nere that I wyte / a remedy
To come agayne / ryght here wolde I dye

But certes I am not / so wyse a wyght
That I ne can well ymagyne awaye
To come agayne / that dare that I haue hyght
For who maye holde a thyng / that wyll awaye
My fader nought / for all this queynt playe
And by my thyrt / my wendynge out of Troye
Another daye / shall tourne vs all to Joye

For thy / with all my herte I you byseche
Yf that ye lyst / do ought for my prayere
And for that loue / whiche I loue you eke
That or I departe / frome you here
That of so good / comfort and there
I maye you se / that I maye brynge at reste
Myne herte / whiche that is in poynte to breste

And ouer all this / I praye you quod she tho
Myne owne hertes / sothfast suffysaunce
Syth I am thynne / all hole withouten mo
The whyle that I am absent / that no pleasaunce
Of other do me / frome your remembraunce
For why I am euer agast / for why men rede
Loue is thynne / and aye full of bely dredde

For in this worlde / there lyueth lady none
Yf that ye were but rewe / as god defende
That so betrayed were / or wo bygone

Troylus.

S.ii.

The fourte boke

And I that all trouthē/in you entende
And doubtles yf that I other wende
I nere but deyd/and by ye can so fynde
For goddes loue/so beth not to me vnkynde

To this answerde Troylus and sayde
Now god to whome/there is no cause why
He glade as wys/I neuer to Cresayde
Synth thylke daye/I sawe her fyrste with eye
Was fals/ne neuer shall tyll that I dye
At shorte wordes/well ye maye me leue
I can no more/it shall be sounde at preue

Graniercy good herte/myne quod she
And blyssfull Venus/let me neuer sterue
Or maye stonde/in pleasaunce of degre
To quyte hym well/that so well can deserue
And whyle that god/my wytte wyll me conserue
I shall so done/so trewe I haue you sounde
That aye honour/to me warde shall rebounde

For trusteth well/that youre estate ryall
No vayne delyte/nor onely worthynesse
Of you in werre/ne tourney marcyall
Nor pompe araye/nobley or eke rychesse
Re make me to rewe/vpon your dystresse
But morall vertue/grounded vpon trouthē
That was the cause/I hadde synne on you routye

Eke gentyll herte/and manhode that ye hadde
And that ye hadde/as me thynketh in despyte
Euery thyngē that sowned in to badde
As rudenesse/and peoplyshē appetyte
And that your reason/bydeled your delyte

of Troilus.

This made me aboue/ euery crature
That I was youre/ and shall whyle I maye dure
And this my lengthe/ of yeres not fordo
Ne remuable/ fortune deface
But Iubiter/ that of his myght maye do
Ye sorowfull to be glade/ so gyue vs grace
O nyghtes ten/ to meten in this place
So that it maye/ myne herte and youre suffyse
And fare ye well/ tyme is that ye rylse

But after that/ they loue playned hadde
And I kyste/ and strete in armes folde
The daye gan rylse/ and Troilas hym clabde
And reufully/ his lady gan beholde
As he that felte/ dethes ceries colde
And to her grace/ he gan hym recommaunde
Whether he was wo/ thus holde I no demaunde

For mannes heed/ ymagyne ne can
Ne mendment consyder/ ne tongue tell
The cruell peynes/ of this wofull man
That passen euery torment/ downe in hell
For whan he sawe/ she myght not dwell
Whiche that his soule/ out of his herte rent
Without more/ he out of the chambze went.

¶ Here endeth the fourte boke.

¶ Here after folowet the fyfte boke

This my laste boke of Troilus consequently
foloweth / and sheweth how that Creyde fell
to the loue of Dyomedes / and he vnto her loue / &
how she forsoke Troilus aft r her departynge
out of Troye / contrary to her promyse.



of Troylus.

A Prochen gan the fatall daye of destinye
That Iouys hathe in his dysposycyon
And to you angry Paccas / sustren thye
Conmytted anone to do excecucion
For whiche / Cresyde must out of the towne
And Troylus shall dwell / forthe in pyne
Tyll Lachelys his threde / no longer twyne

The golde tressed / Phebus hye on losse
Shyned hadde / with his beames clere
The snowes molte / and zephyrus as ofte
Ybrought agayne / the lusty leues grene
Syth that the sone / of Hecuba the quene
Bygan to loue her fyrste / for whome his sorowe
Was all / that she departe shoulde a morowe

Full redy was / at pryme Dyomedes
Cresyde vnto / the Grekes hoste to lede
For sorowe / of whiche she felte her herte blede
As she th at nyght / what was best to rede
And treuly as men / in bokes rede
Men wylste neuer / woman haue more care
He was so lothe / out of a towne to fare

This Troylus / without rede or loze
As a man / that hathe his Ioyes eke forloze
Was waytynge / on his lady euer more
As she / that the sothfast croppe and more
Of all his lust / or ioyes here byfore
But Troylus / now fare well all thy Ioye
For shalte thou neuer / se her eften Troye

Sothe is whyle that / he bode in this manere
He gan his wo / full manly for to hyde

The fyfte boke

That well bnneth/it seen was in his chere
But at the gate/there she wolde out ryde
With certayne folke/he houed her to byde
So wo bygo/all wolde he not complayne
That on his horse/bnneth he sat for payne

For Ire he quoke/so gan his herte gnawe
Whan Dyomedes on horse gan dresse
And sayde to hymselfe/this ylike sawe
Alas quod he/thus soule and wretchydnesse
Why suffre I it/why nyll I it redresse
Were it not bet/at ones for to dye
Than euermore/in langour thus for to dye

Why nyll I make/at ones ryche and pooze
To haue ynoughe to do/or that she go
Why nyll I bynge/all Troie in Rooze
Why nyll I sle/this Dyomedes also
Why nyll I rather/with a man or two
Stele her awaye/why wyll I this endure
Why nyll I helpe/to myne owne cure

But why he nolde/do so fell a dede
That shall I saye/and why he lyst to spare
He hadde in herte/alwaye a maner drede
Lest that Cresyde/in rumour of this fare
Shoulde haue ben slayne/so thus was all his care
And elles certayne/as I sayde ore
He hadde it done/without wordes more

Cresyde whan she/redy was to ryde
Full sorowfully she syghte/and sayde alas
But forthe she must/for ought that maye betyde
Therens none other remedy/in this caas

of Troylus.

And forthe she rode/full sorowfully apaas
What wondze is/though he her soze smerte
Whan she forgothe/her owne dere herte

This Troylus in wape of curtesy
With hawke on honde/and with an huge route
Of knyghtes rode/as dyde her company
Passynge all the valey/fer without
And ferther wolde haue ryde/out of doubte
Full sayne/and wo was hym to go so soone
But ryght with that/was Anthenor ygone

But turne he muste/and eke it was to done
Out of the Grekes hoste/and cuery wyght
Was of it glade/and sayde he was welcome
And Troylus/nere all his herte lyght
He payned hym/with all his full myght
Hym to withholde/of wepyng at the leest
And anthenor/he kyste and made fest

And here with all/his ladyes leue to take
He caste his eye/vpon her pytously
And nere he rode/his cause for to make
To take her by the honde/all soberly
And lorde she gan wepe tenderly
And he full softe/slyly gan her saye
Now holde your daye/and do me not dye

With that his courser/tourned he aboute
With face pale/and vnto Dyomedes
No worde he spake/ye none of all his route
Of whiche/the sone of Tydeus toke hede
As he that couthe/moze than his crede
In suche a crafte/and by the rayne her hente

Troylus.

T.i.

The fyfte boke

And Troplus to Trope/homwarde went

This Dyomedes that ledde her by the byddell
Whan that he sawe/the folke of Trope awaye
Thought all my labour/shall not be in ydell
Yf that I maye/for somewhat shall I saye
For at the leste/yet it maye shorte our waye
I haue herde sayde eke/tymes twyes twelue
He is a foole/that wyll forgete hymselfe

Neuerthelesse/thus thought he well ynoughe
That certeynly/I am aboute nought
Yf that I speke of loue/or make it toughe
For doubteles/yf she haue in her thought
Hym that I gesse/he maye not be ybrought
So soone awaye/but I shall fynde a meane
That she not yet/shall wyte what I meane

This Dyomedes/as he that couthe his good
Whan tyme was/gan fall forth in speche
Of this and that/and asked why she stode
In suche dysleace/and gan her byseeche
That yf he encrease myght/or eche
With out thyng/her ease that she wolde
Commaunde it hym/ & he do it wolde

For treuly/he swore her as a knyght
That there nas thynge wchiche he myght her please
That he myll do his herte/and all his myght
To do it/for to do her herte an ease
And prayed her/she wolde her apcase
And sayde ywys/we Grekes conne haue Joye
To honour you as well/as folke of Trope
She sayde eke thus/I wote yf I thinke it straunge

of Troilus.

No wondre is/for it is to you newe
The acqweyntaunce/of these Troyans for to chaunge
For folke of Grece/that ye neuer knewe
But wolde neuer god/but that as trewe
A Greke ye myght/amonge vs all fynde
As ony Trojan is/and eke as kynde

And bycause I swoze you ryght now
To be your frende/and helply to my myght
And for the more acqweyntaunce eke of you
Haue I hadde than/an other straunge wyght
So fro this forth/I praye you daye and nyght
Commaundeth me/how soe that I smerte
To do all that maye/lyke vnto your herte

And that ye me wolde/as for your broder treate
And taketh not my frenshyp/in despyte
And thoughe your sorowes/ben for thynges grete
Not I not why/but out of more respyte
Wyne herte hathe/to amende it grete delyte
And yf I maye/pour harmes not redresse
I am ryght soze/for your heuynesse

For theughe the Troyans/be w vs Grekes wrothe
Haue many a daye/and ben yet parde
O god of loue/syth we seruen bothe
And for the loue of god/my lady fre
Whome so ye hate/ne be not wrothe with me
For treuly there can no wyght/you serue
That halfe so lothe/poure wrathe wolde deserue

And nere it that we ben/sonye the tent
Of Calcas/whiche that se vs bothe maye
I wolde of this now tell/all myne entent

Troilus.

T.ii.

The fyfte boke

But this ensealed shall be / tyll an other daye
Gyue me your hande / I am and shall be aye
God helpe me so / whyle that my lyfe maye dure
Your owne aboue any creature

Thus sayde I neuer oz now / to woman bozne
For god myne herte / as wysly glade so
I loued neuer woman / here byforn
As peramoure / ne neuer shall no mo
And for the loue of god / be not my fo
All can I not / to you my lady dere
Complayne a ryght / for I am yet to lere

And wondre you not / my lady bryght
Thoughe that I speke / of loue to you this blyue
For I haue herde oz this / of many a wyghte
That loued thynge / he neuer sawe his lyue
For I am not a power / for to stryue
Agaynste god of loue / but hym obaye
I wyll alwaye / and of mercy you praye

Where ben so worthy knyghtes / in this place
And ye so saye / that eueryche of them all
Wyll paynen them to stonde / in your grace
But myght me so saye a grace fall
That ye me / for youre seruauint wolde call
So lowely ne so trewly wolde serue
Nyll none of them / as I shall tyll I sterue

Cresyde vnto that purpose / lytell answerde
As she that was / with sorowe oppressed so
That in effecte / she nought his tales herde
But here and there / now here a worde oz two
Her thought / her sorowfull herte breste in two

of Troilus.

For whan she gan her fader fer aspye
Well nyghe downe of her hors / she gan to sye
Neuerthelesse / she thanked Dyomedes
Of all his trauayle / and his good chere
And that hym lyst / his frenshyp her to bede
And she acceptyng it / in good manere
She wolde do sayne / that is hym lefe and dere
And trusten hym she wolde / and well she myght
As sayde she / and frome her horse she lyght

Her fader hath her / in his armes nomic
And twenty tymes / he kyste his doughter swete
And sayde vere doughter myne / welcome
She sayde she was / sayne with hym to mete
And stode forthe mylde / and manswete
And thus I leue her / with her fader dwell
And forthe I wyll / of Troilus you tell

To Troye is come / this wofull Troilus
In sorowe / aboue all sorowes smerte
With felon loke / and face dyspytous
And sodaynly downe / frome his horse he sterte
And throughe his paleys / with a swollen hert
To chambze wente / of nothynge toke he hede
For none durste / to hym speke a worde for drede

And there his sorowes / that he spared hadde
He gaue an yssue large / and dethe he cryed
And in his throwes / frantpke / soze / and madde
He cursed Juno / Appollo / and eke Cuppyde
He cursed Ceres / Bachus / and Cypryde
His byrthe / hymselfe / and eke nature
And saue his lady / euery creature

Troilus.

T.iii.

The fyfte boke

To bedde he gothe/waloweth there and turneth
In furpe/as dothe he Jxpoune in hell
And in this wyse/heuy tyll daye sojourneth
But tho bygan his herte/a lytell vnswell
Throughe teres/whiche gan vp to well
And pytoussly he cryed/vpon Cresayde
And to hymselfe/thus he spake and sayde

Where is myne owne lady/lese and dere
Where is her whyte breste/where is it where
Where ben her armes/and her eyn clere
That yester nyght/this tyme with me were
Now maye I wepe/alone many a tere
And graspe aboute/I maye but in this place
Haue a pylow/I fynde non to embrace

How shall I do/whan shall she come agayne
I not alas/why lete I her go
As wolde god I hadde tho ben slayne
O herte myne Cresyde/and swete so
O lady myne/that I loue and no mo
To whome for euermore/myne herte I bowe
Se how I dye/ye wyll not me rescowe

Who seeth you/now my ryght lode sterre
Who syt ryght nowe/or stande in your presence
Who can comforte/naw your hertes werre
Now am I go/who gructh you audyence
Who speketh for me in my absence
Alas no wyght/and that is all my care
For well I wote/as cuyll as ye fare

How shall I thus/ten dayes endure
Whan I the fyfte nyght/haue all this tene

of Troilus.

How shall ye do/so rowfull creature
For tender nesse/how shall ye eke sustayne
Suche wo for me/how pytous pale and grene
Shall be your freshe womanly face
For longynge/or ye tourne in to this place

And whan he fell/in ony slombrynge
Anone begynne/he shoulde to grone
And dreine/of ryght dre full thynges
That nyght/as mete that he were alone
In place horryble/makynge aye his mone
Or meten/that he was amonges all
His enemyes/and in her hondes fall

And therewith all his body shoulde sterde
And with the styzte/all todeynly awake
And suche a crampe/fell aboute his herte
That of the fere/his body shoulde quake
And therewith all/he shoulde a nopsse make
And seme as though/he shoulde fall depe
Frome hys alofte/and than he wolde wepe

And rewe on hym selfe/so pytously
That woude was/to here his fantasy
Another tyme/he shoulde myghtely
Comforte hym selfe/and saye it was foly
So causeles/suche dredes for to dye
And after begynne his asper sorowes newe
That euery man/myght on his sorowe rewe

Who couthe tell arpyght/or fully dyscryue
His wo/his playnt/his langour/and his pyne
Not all the men/that haue or ben alyue
Theu redet mayste/full well thys selfe dyspyne

Troilus.

T.iiii.

The fyfte boke

That suche a wo / my wytte can not defyne
On ydle / shoulde I wyte it with ynke
Whan that my wytte / is wery it to thynke

On heuen the sterres were ysene
All thoughe full pale / waren was the mone
And whyten han the orysount shene
All estwarde / as it is wonte to done
And Phobus / wist his rasy arte soone
Gan after that / dresse hym vp to fare
Whan Troylus / hath sente after Pandare

This Pandare / that of all daye byforn
Nemyght haue come / Troylus to se
And thoughe on his heed / he hadde it sworne
For with kynge Pryamus / all daye was he
So that it laye not / in his lyberte
Nowhere to go / but on the morowe he wente
To Troylus / whan that he for hym sent

For in his herte / he couthe well dyuyne
That Troylus all nyght / for sorowe woke
And that he wolde tell hym of his pyne
This knewe he ryght well / without boke
For whiche to his chambze / the ryght waye he toke
And Troylus tho / sothly he grette
And on the bedde / full soone he gan hym sette

My Pandare / quod Troylus the sorowe
Whiche that I dye / and maye not longe endure
I trowe I shall not / lyue tyll to morowe
For whiche I wolde / alwayes in aduenture
To the deuyls / of my sepulture
The fourme / and of my uicoble thou dyspone

of Troylus.

Ryght as the semeth/best is for to done

But of the fury//and flawmes funerall

In whiche my body/brenne shall to gleder

And of the seest/and places palestrall

At my bygylls/I praye take good hede

That thye be well/and offre Mars my stede

My swerde/myne helme/and lefe broder dere

My shelde to Pallas/gyue that shyneth clere

The poudre in whiche/myne herte bent shall cozne

That praye I the thou take/and it conserue

In a vessell/that men clyppen an vyne

Of golde/to my lady that I serue

For loue of whome/thus pytously I sterue

So gyue it her/and do me this pleasauce

To praye her to kepe/it for a remembraunce

For well I fele/by my maladye

And by my dreames/nou and your ago

All certaynly/that I must nedes dye

The Owle eke/whiche that hyght Escapho

Hathe after me shyght/all these nyghtes two

And god Mercurye/nou of me wofull wretche

The soule guyde/and whan ye lyst it fetche

Pandare answerde/and sayde O Troylus

My dere frende/as I haue tolde the yore

That it is foly/for to sorowe thus

And causeles/for whiche I can no more

But who so wyll/not trowen rede ne loze

I can not se/in hym no remedye

But let hym worche/with his fantasye

But Troylus/I praye the tell me nou

The fyfte boke

If thou wote oꝝ this ony wyght
Hath louyd paramour as wele as thou
Ye god wote / & from many a worthy knyght
Hath his lady ben a fourth nyght
And he not yet made haluende the fare
What nedes the to maken all this care

Syth day by day thou mayst thy selfe se
That from his loue / oꝝ elles from his wyfe
A man must twyne of necessitye
ye thoughe he loue her / as his owne lyfe
And thoughe bytweene you were neuer no stryfe
foꝝ wele thou knowest my lefe broder dere
That alwaye frendes may not ben yfere

How done these folke that seen theyꝝ loues wedded
By frendes myght / as is betyd full ofte
And seen them in theyꝝ spoules bed ybedded
God wote they take it wysely fayre and softe
Withoute wordes oꝝ blowynge out alofte
And foꝝ they comie a tyme of sorowe endure
As tyme them hurte / tyme wyll them recure

So shalte thou endure and lete slyde
The tyme / and founde to be glad and lyght
Ten dayes is not so longe to abyde
And syth she to come hath behyght
She nyll her heest bryke foꝝ no wyght
foꝝ drede not but she wyll fynde a waye
To come agayne my lyfe dare I laye

Thy sweuenes eke / & all suche fantasye
Dryue out and lete them go to myschaunce
foꝝ thoughe they procede of thy melancolye

of Troilus.

That doeth the fele/in slepe all this penaunce
Strawe for all thy sweuenes/sygnifyaunce
God helpe me so/I compte them not at a beane
There knowes none aryght/what dreames meane

For prestes of the temple tellen this
That dreames/ben the reuelacions
Of goddes/and aswell they tell ywys
That they ben infernall illusyons
And leches sayen that of conplexions
Proceden they of fastynge/or gloteny
Who wote in sothe/what they sygnefye

Eke other sayen/that throughe impressyons
As yf a wyght/hath faste a thyng in mynde
That therof/come suche vysyons
And other sayen/as they in bokes fynde
That after tymes of the yere by kynde
Men dreame/and that the effecte gothe by the mone
But loue no dreame/syth it is not to done

Well worthe of dreames/all these olde wyues
And trulpy augury of these fooles
For fere/wherof men wene to lese theyr lyues
As rauenes qualme/and shyrykyng of these owles
To trowen on it/false and foule is
Alas alas/that she so noble a creature
As is a man/shoulde drede suche ordure

For whiche/with all myne herte,I the beseeche
Unto thy selfe/all this thou forgyue
And ryse now vp/without more speche
And let vs caste/how forthemaye best dryue
This tyme/and eke/how freshly me maye lyue

The fyfte boke

Whan that she cometh/that shall be ryght soone
God helpe me so/this thynke me best to doone

Ryse let vs speke/of lusty lyfe in Troye
That we haue ladde/and forthe this tyme dyue
And eke of tyme compnge/as of Joye
That bynge shall our blyssie/nou so blyue
And langour of these/twyes dayes syue
We shall therwith/so forgete our oppresse
That well vnneth/it shall do vs diresse

This towne is full of lordes all aboute
And crewes lasteth/all this meane whyle
Go we playe vs/in some lusty route
To Sarpedon/not heng but a myle
And thus thou shalte/the tyme well begyle
And dyue it forthe/vnto thy blyssfull morowe
That thou her se/that is cause of thy sorowe

Now ryse my dere broder Troylus
For certayn/none honour is to the
To wepe/and in thy bedde to rowten thus
For treuly/of one thynge truste thou me
Yf thou thus lygge/a daye two/or thre
The folke wyll saye/that thou for cowardyse
Thou fencst the seke/and darste not aryse

This Troylus answerde/O broder dere
This knowen folke/that hane suffred payne
That thoughe he wepe/and make sorowfull chere
That feleth harme/and smerte on euery bayne
No wondre is/thoughe that I euer playne
Or alwaye wepe/I am nothyng to blame
Syth I haue loste/the cause of all my game

of Troilus.

But syth offyne force/ I must aryse
I shall aryse/as soone as euer I maye
And god to whome/mynne herte I sacryfise
To sende vs hastely/nowe the tenth daye
For was there neuer fowle/so fayne of Maye
As I shall be/whan she cometh in Troye
That cause is of my tourment/and my Joye

But whyder is thy rede/quod Troilus
That we playe vs maye/best in this towne
My counsayll is by god/quod Pandarus
To ryde/and playe vs with Sarpedon
So longe of this/they speken vp and downe
Tyll Troilus/at the laste gan assent
To ryse/and forth to Sarpedon they wente

This Sarpedon/as he that honorable
Was euer his lyfe/and full of hys largesse
With all that myght/serued be at table
That deynthe was/all coste in grete rychesse
It fedde them daye by daye/that suche noblesse
As sayden bothe/the more and eke the lesse
Was neuer seen/or wyse at any feest

Now in this worlde/there nys none instrument
Delyte of songe/or touche of corde
As fer/as any wyghte hath euer went
That tongue tell/or herte maye recorde
That at the feste/it nas herde a corde
Of ladyes eke/so sayre a compaignye
On daunces as tho/was none seen with eye

But what auayleth this to Troilus
That for his sorowe/no thyng of it rought

The fyfte boke

For euer in one/his herte pyteous
Full besylly/Cresyde his lady sought
On her was euer/all that his herte thoughte
Now this now that/so fast ymagynynge
That glade ywys/can hym no festenyng

These ladyes/that at the feste ben
Syth that he sawe/his lady was awape
It was his sorowe/vpon them to sene
O for to here instrumentes playe
For she that of his herte bare the keye
Was absent/so this was his fantasye
That no wyght shoulde make melodye

For there nas houre/in the daye nor nyght
Whan he was there/that no man myght hym here
That he ne sayde/o blyssfull lady byght
How haue ye fare/syth that ye were here
Welcome ywys/myne owne lady dere
But welawaye/all this nas but a mase
Fortune his houe/entendeth bet to glase

The lettres eke/that she of olde tyme
Hadde hym sent/he wolde anone rede
And ofte betwyxe/noone and pryme
Besyguryng her shappe/and her womanhede
Within his herte/and euery worde and dede
That passed was/and thus he droue to an ende
The fourte daye/with Pandare his frende

And sayde/leue brother Pandarus
Entende it thou/that we shall here byleue
Tyll Sarpedon/for the wyll conueye us
Yet were it sayzer/that we toke our leue

of Troilus.

For goddes loue/let vs soone at eue
Our leue take/and home let vs tozne
For truly I nyl not thus sojourne

Pandarc answerde/be we comen hyder
To fetch the fyre/and tourne home agayne
God helpe me so/I can not tell whyder
We myght gone/ys I shall sothly sayne
There ony wyght/is of vs more feyne
Than Sarpedon/and ys he heng hys
Thus sodeynly/I holde it vylonye

Syth that we sayde/we wolde bleue
With hym a weke/and now thus sodeynly
The fourte daye toke/of hym our leue
He wolde wondre/on it treuly
Let vs forthe holde/oure purpose firmly
And syth that ye behygth hym for to abyde
Holde forwarde now/and after let vs ryde

This Pandarus/with all payne and wo
Made hym to dwell/and at the wekes ende
Of Sarpedon/they toke theyr leue thou
And on theyr waye/they spedde them to wende
Quod Troilus/now lord me grace sende
That I maye fynde/at myne home comynge
Cresyde ycome/and therwith he gan synge

Ye hasyll woode/quod this Pandare
And to hymselfe/full softly he sayde
God wote refrayde/maye thy hote fare
O Calcas sende to Troilus Crefayde
Neuerthelesse/he iaped thus and playde
And swore ywys/his herte hym thus behygth

The fyfte boke

She wolde come/as soone as she myght
Whan they vnto the paleys were ycomen
Of Troilus/they downe of hors alpyght
And to the chambze the waye haue the nomen
And in to tyme/that it gan to nyght
They spake all of Cresyde/the bryght
And after this/whan them bothe lest
They spedde them/from souper vnto reste

On morowe/as soone as daye bygan to clere
This Troilus/gan of his slepe soone to abyde
And to Pandare/his owne broder dere
For loue of god/full pytously he sayde
As go we se/the paleys of Cresayde
For syth we yet/maye haue nomore seeft
So let vs se her paleys/at the leest

And ther with all/his meyne for to blende
A cause he founde/in towne for to go
And to Cresydes hous/they gan to wende
But lord/this sely Troilus was wo
He thought his sorowfull herte/byste in two
For whan he sawe/her dozes spared all
Well nyghe for sorowe/adowne he gan to fall

Therwith whan he was ware/and gan beholde
How shet was euery wyndowe/of the place
As froste hym thought/his hert gan to colde
For whiche hym thought/with deedly pale face
Without worde/forthe by he gan to pace
And as god wolde/he gan so faste to ryde
That no myght/of his countenaunce espyde
Ethan sayde he thus/o palayge desolate

of Troylus.

O of honour of gladnesse/whylom beste ydyght
O palays emptye/and dysconsolate
O thou launterne/of whiche quenched is is the lyght
O palays whylome daye/that now arte nyghte
Well ought thou to fall downe/and I to dye
Syth she is wente/that was wonte vs to guye

O palays whylome/crowne of houses all
Enlumyned with sonne/of all blysse
O ryng frome whiche/the Ruby is yfall
O cause of wo/that cause hast be of lyffe
Yet syth I maye not bet/fayne wolde I kysse
Thy colde doze/yl I durste for this route
And fare well Myne/of whiche the corpe is out

Therwith he caste/on Pandarus his eye
With chauntynge face/and pytous to beholde
And whan he myght his tyme ryght espye
Aye as he rode/to Pandarus he tolde
His newe sorowe/and eke his ioyes olde
So pytously/and with so deed an hewe
That euery wyght/myght on his sorow rewe

Frome thens forthe/he rydeth vp and downe
And euery thyng/came hym to remembraunce
As he rode/by the places in the towne
In Whiche he had/had his pleasaunce
Lo yonder sawe I laste/my lady daunce
And in that temple/with even clere
He caught fyrste/my ryght lady dere

And yonder haue I herde/full lustely
My dere herte laughe/and yonder playe
Sawe I her ones/eke full blyssfully

Troylus.

U. i.

The faste boke

And to me ones//ponder gan ye saye
Now good swete loue me well I praye
And ponde soo goodly/gan she me behold
That to the dethe/mynne herte is to her holde

And at the corner/in the ponde house
Herde I myne/all theyr leuest lady dere
So womanly/with voyce melodyous
Synge so well/so goodly and so clere
That in my soule/me thynketh I here
That blyssfull sowne/and in that yonder place
My lady fyrste/me toke vnto her grace

Than thoughte he thus/o blyssfull lorde Cuppyde
Whan I the processe/haue in memorye
How thou me haste/werryed on euery syde
When myght a boke/make of it lyke a storpe
What nede is the/to seke of me victorie
Syth I am thynne/and hooly at thy wyll
What Joye hast thou/thyne owne folke to spyll

Well hast thou lorde/broke on me thynne yre
Thou myghtfull god/and dredefull for to greue
Now mercy lorde/thou knowes well I desyre
This grace moost/of all lustes leue
And lyue and dye/I wyll in that byleue
For whiche I ne axe/in guerdon but a boone
That thou me sende/Crescyde agayne soone

Dystreynne her herte/as fast to retourne
As thou doest myne/to longe her to se
Than wote I well/that she wyll not sojourne
Now blyssfull lorde/so cruell thou ne be
Vnto the blode of Troye/I praye vnto the

of Troilus.

As Ioue was/bnto the blode of Thebane
For whiche the folke of Thebes/caught theyr bane

And after this/he to the gates went
There as Cresyde/rode a full good paas
And vp and downe/there made he many a went
And to hymselfe/full ofte he sayde alas
Frome hens rode/my blysse and my solace
And wolde blyssfull god/row for his Joye
I myght her seen/agayne come to Troye

And to the ponder hyll/he gan her gypde
Alas/and there I toke of her my leue
And yonde I sawe her/bnto her fader ryde
For sorowe of whiche/myne herte wyll to cleue
And hyder home I come/whan it was eue
And here I dwell/outcaste frome all Joye
And shall tyll I maye/se her este in Troye

And of hym selfe/ymagyned he full ofte
To be defeted/pale and were lesse
Than he was'wonte/and that men sayden softe
What maye it be/who gan the sothe gesse
Why Troilus/hathe all this heuynesse
And all this nas/but his melancoly
That he hadde of hymselfe/suche fantasye

An other tyme/ymagyne he wolde
That euery wyght/that wente by the waye
Hadde of hym routhe/and they sayen shoulde
I am ryght soz/Troilus wyll deye
And thus he droue forth/a daye or tweye
As ye haue herde/suche lyfe he gan lede
As he that stode/byt wene hope and drede

Troilus.

U.ii.

The fyfte boke

For whiche hym lyked / in his songes shewe
The encheason of his wo / as he best myght
And made a songe / of wordes but a fewe
Somwhat / his wofull herte for to lych
And whan he was / frome euery mannes syght
With soft boys / he of his lady dere
That absent was / gan synge as ye shall here

O sterre of whiche / I haue lost the lyght
With herte sore / ought I to bewaile
That euer derke in tourment / nyght by nyght
Towarde my dethe / with wynde I stere and sayle
For whiche the tenth nyght / ys that I fayle
The Bydemant of thy beames / byght and oure
My shyppe / and me Carpbodys will deuoure

This songe / whan he hadde songen soone
He fell agayne / in to his syghes olde
And euery nyght / as he was wonte to done
He stode / the byght mone to beholde
And all sorowe / he to the mone tolde
And sayde ywys / whan thou arte horned newe
I shall be glade / ys all the worlde be trewe

I sawe thyne hornes eke / olde by the morowe
Whan heus rode / my ryght lady dere
That cause is of my tourment / and my sorowe
For whiche byght Lucyna / the clere
For loue of god / renne faste aboute thy spere
For whan thy hornes / newe gan sprynge
Than shall she come / that maye my blyssc bynge

The dape is more / and lenger euery nyght
Than they be wonte to be / hym thought tho

of Troilus.

And that the sonne/went his cours bryght
By lenger waye/than he is wouite to do
And sayde ywys/me dredeth euermore
The sonnes sone/Whyton to be a lyue
And that his cart/amys he dothe dryue

Upon the walles/fast he wolde walke
And on the Grekes/faste he wolde see
And to hymselfe/ryght thus he wolde talke
Loo yondre is/mynne owne lady free
Or elles yondre/there the tentes be
And thens cometh this ayre/that is so swote
For in my soule/I fele it dothe me bote

And hardely this wynde/more and more
Thus itounde mele/encreaced in my face
As of my lady dere/syghes soze
I proue it this/for in none other space
Of all this towne/saue onely in this place
Fele I no wynde/that sowneth so lyke payne
It sayeth alas/why twynned be we twayne

This longe tyme/he dryueth forth the ryght thus
Tyll fully passed/was the nynthe nyght
And aye besyde hym/was this Pandarus
That besyly/dyde his full myght
Hym to comforte/and make his herte lyght
Gyuyng hym hope/alwaye the tenth morowe
That she shall come/and stynt all this sorowe

Upon that other syde/was this Cresayde
With women fewe/amonge the Grekes stronge
For whiche full ofte/alas alas she sayde
That I was bozne/well maye myne herte longe

Troilus.

U.iii.

The fyfte boke

After my dethe/for now lyue I to longe
Alas/and I maye it not amende
For now it is wers/than euer yet I wende

My fader nyl/for nothynge do me grace
To go agayne/for nouhgt I gan I queme
And yf so be/that I my terme pace
My Troylus/shall now in his herte deme
That I am false/and so it maye well seme
Thus shall I haue/vnthanke on euery syde
That I was borne/so welawaye the tyde

And yf I me put in icopardye
To stele awaye to nyght/and it byfall
That I be caught/I shall beholde a spyre
Or elles/so this drede I moost of all
Yf in the handes of some wretche I fall
I am but losse/all be myne herte trewe
Now myghty god thou on my sorow rewe

Full pale it was/her bygght face
Her lymmes lene/as she that all the daye
Stode whan she durste/and loked on the place
There she was borne/and there she dwelled aye
And all the nyght/weppynge alas she laye
And thus dyspeyred/out of all cure
She ladde her lyfe/this wofull creature

Full ofte a daye/she syghed for dystresse
And in herselfe/she wente aye portrayenge
Of Troylus/the grete worthynesse
And all his goodly wordes recordynge
Syth fyfte the daye/theyr loue bygan to sprynge
And thus she set/her wofull herte a fyre

of Troylus.

Throughe remembraunce/of that she gan desyre

In all this worlde/there nys so cruell herte

That her hadde herde/complayne in that sorowe

That nolde haue wepte/for paynes smerte

So tenderly/she wepte bothe eue and morowe

Her neded no teres for to borowe

And this was yet/the worst of all her payne

Ther was no wyght/to whom she myght complayne

For rewfully/she loked vpon Troye

Byhelde the toures hye and eke the hallys

Alas quod she/the pleasaunce and the Joye

The whiche all newe/toined in to gall is

Haue I hadde ofte/within yonder wallys

O Troylus what doest thou/now she layde

Lozde whether/thou thynke vppon Cresayde

Alas I ne hadde trowed/vpon youre loze

And wende with you/as me rede or this

Than hadde I ynow not syghed/halfe so sore

Who myght haue sayde/that I hadde done amys

To stele awaye/with suche one as he is

But all to late/cometh the lectuarpe

Whan men the corpes/vnto the graue carye

To late is now/to speke of that matere

Prudence alas/one of thyne even thre

Welacked alwaye/or that I came here

Of tyme passed/I wyll remembre me

And present tyme/well couthe I se

But sature tyme/or I was in the snare

Couthe I not se/that causeth all my care

Neuerthelesse/betyde what betyde

The fyfte boke

I shall to morowe at nyght/by est or west
Out of this hostell/on some maner syde
And go with Troilus/where so hym leste
This purpose wyll I holde/and this is best
No force of wycke tonges/Jangelorpe
For ever in loue/haue wretches enuie

For who so wyll/of euery worde take hede
Or reule hymselfe/by euery wyghtes wyte
He shall be neuer/theyue out of drede
For that some men/blamen euer yet
No other men/yet commend it
And as for me/all suche baryaunce
Felycite/clyppe I suffysaunce

For whiche/without ony wordes mo
To Troilas wyll I/as for conclusyon
But god it wote/or fully nyghtes two
She was full fer/from that entencion
For bothe Troilus/and Troie towne
Shall knotles/throughe her herte syde
For she wyll/an other purpose abyde

This Dyomedes/of whome I tell you can
Goth now within hymselfe/aye arguyng
With all slepyghte/and all that euer he can
How he maye best/with shorrest taryenge
Into his nette/Cresydes herte byng
To this entent/he couthe neuer fyne
To fyssh her/he layde out hooke and lyne

Neuertheles/well in his herte he thought
That she was not/without a loue in Troie
For he neuer syth/he her thens brought

of Troilus.

He ought her se/laughe/ne make Ioye
He nyſte how beſte/her herte to acoye
But for to aſſaye/he ſayde not ne greueth
For he that nought ne aſſayeth/nought ne cheueth

Yet ſayde he hymſelfe/bpon a nyght
Now I am not a ſoole/that knowe well how
Her wo for loue/is of an other wyght
And hereupon/to go aſſaye nowe
I maye well knowe/it wyll not be my pꝛowe
For wyſe folke/in bokes it expꝛeſſe
When ſhoulde not wowe/a wyght in heuynesse

But who ſo myght wyne/ſuche a floure
From hym/for whome ſhe moꝛneth nyght and daye
He myght ſaye/he were a conquerour
And ryght anone/as he that bolde was aye
Thought in his herte/hap how I hap maye
All ſhoulde I dye/I wyll her herte ſeche
I ſhall nomoꝛe leſe/but my ſpeeche

This Dyomede/as bokes vs declare
Was in his nede/pꝛeſte and coꝛageous
With ſterne boyſ/and myghty lymmes ſquare
Hardy/ryght ſtronge/and chꝛualrous
Of dedes lyke/his ſader Tydeus
And ſome men ſayen/he was of tongue large
And heyꝛ he was/of Calydoyne and Arge

Creſyde medyoꝛe/was of ſtature
Therto of ſhap/of face/and eke of chere
There myght be/no ſayꝛer creature
And ofte tyme/this was her manere
To go ytreſſed/with her heyꝛes clere

Troilus.

¶.i.

The fyfte boke

Downe by her coler/at her backe behynde
Whiche with a threde of golde/she wolde bynde

And saue her browes/iointed in fere
There was no lacke/in ought I can espyen
But for to speke/of her eyen clere
Treuly they wyten/all that her syen
That paradys/stode formed in her eyen
And with her ryche beate euermore
Stroue loue in her aye/whiche was more

She sobre was/symple/and wyse with all
The best nurtured/eke that myght be
And goodly of her speche/in generall
Charitable/estately/lusty/and fre
Ne neuermore lacked her pyte
Tendre herted/sydyng of courage
But treuly/I can not tell her age

And Troylus well waxyen was in hepyght
And complete fourmed by proporcyon
So well that kynde/not amende myght
Yonge/freshe/stronge/and hardy as A powne
Trewe as stele/in eche condycyone
One of the beste/moste lounge creature
That is or shall/whyle the worlde maye dure

And certeynly in storye/as it is founde
That Troylus was neuer vnto no wyght
As in his tyme/in no degre seconde
In darynge do/that longeth to a knyght
All myght a gyaunt/passen hym of myght
His force aye with the fyfte/and with the best
Stode peregall/to do what hym lyst

of Troylus.

But for to tell/forthe of Dyomedes
It fell after/that on the tenth daye
Syth that I Cresyde/out of the cyte yede
This Dyomedes as freshe/as braunche in Maye
Come to the tent/there as Calcas laye
And fayned hym with Calcas to haue done
But what he ment/I shall you tell soone

Cresyde/at shorte wordes for to tell
Welcomed hym/and dyd hym by her set
And he was the ynow to make duell
And after this/without longe let
Suppes and wyne/men forthe them fet
And forthe they speke/of this and that yfere
As frendes do/of whiche some ye shall here

He gan fyrste fall/of the werre in speche
Betwyxe them/and the folke of Troie towne
And of the assyege/he gan her byseche
To tell hym/what was her oppnyon
fro that demaunde/he so descendeth do done
To asken her/yf that she straunge thought
The Grekes guyle/and werkes that they wrought

And why her fader/taryed here so longe
To wedden her/vnto some worthy knyght
Cresyde that was in her paynes stronge
For loue of Troylus/her owne dere knyght
As forthe as she/cunynge hadde or myght
Answerde hym tho/but all of his entent
It semed not/she wiste what he ment

Neuerthelesse/this ylike Dyomedes
Gan in hymselfe assure/aund thus he sayde

Troylus.

F.ii.

The fyfte boke

Yf I aryght/haue take of you hede
He thynketh thus/olady myne Ctesayde
Syth that I fyrste/honde on poure byrdell layde
Whan ye out came of Troye/by the morowe
Ne couthe I neuer se you/but in sorowe

I can not well saye/what maye the cause be
But it for loue/of some Troyan it were
The whiche ryght sore/wolde athynke me
That for ony wyght/that dwelleth there
Shoulden spyll/a quarter of a tere
Oz pytously/poure selfe so begyle
For dredeles/it is not worthe the whyle

The folke of Troye/as who saythe all and tome
In prysowne be/as youre selfe se
For thens shall none/on lyue come
For all the golde/bytwene sonne and se
Trusteth ryght well/and vnderstonde me
There shall not one to mercy/go alyue
All were he lorde/of worldes twyes fyue

Suche wretche on them/for fetchynge of Helayne
There shall be take/oz that we hens wende
That Maunes/whiche goddes ben of payne
Shoulde be agaynst/how Grekes shoulde the shende
And men shoulde drede/vnto the worldes ende
Frome hense forth/to raueshe ony quene
So cruell shall our wretche/on them be sene

And but yf Calcas/lede vs with Ambages
That is to saye/with double wordes lye
Suche as men call/a worde with two bysages
Ye shall well knowe/that I nought ne lye

of Troilus.

And all this thyng/ryght soone with your eye
And that none ye wyll not trowe how soone
Now take you hede/for it is to done

What wene you/your wyse fader wolde
Haue gyue you/for Anthenor anone
Yf ye newyste/that the cyte shoulde
Destroyed be/why naye so most I gone
He knoweth full well/there shall escape none
That Troyan is/and for the grette fere
He durste not/that ye dwelled longer there

What wolde ye moze/louesome lady dere
Let Troy and Troians/from youre herte pace
Dyue out your bytter hope/and make good chere
And gette agayne/the beaute of your face
That ye with salte teres so deface
For Troye is brought in suche icopardy
That it to saue/is nowhere remedye

And thynke you well/ye shall in Grekes fynde
Amoze parfytte loue/or it be nyght
Than ony Troyan is/and moze kynde
And bet to serue you/wyll do his myght
And yf ye vouche saue/my lady bryght
I wyll be he/to serue you myselue
Ye leuer than be kyng/of Grekes twelue

And with that worde/he gan to were rede
And in his speche/a lytell wyght he quoke
And caste asyde a lytell/with his heed
And stynt awhyle/and after warde he woke
And soberlyche/on her threwe his loke
And sayde I am/all be it to you no Joye

Troilus.

X.iii.

The fyfte boke

As gentyll a man/as ouy myght in Troye
For yf my fader Tydeus he sayde
Lyued hadde/ I hadde belonge o: this
Of Calcydony and Arge/a kynge Cresayde
And so I hope/ I shall be yet ywys
But he was slayne/alas the more harme is
Unhappely at Thebes/all to rathe
Polemynes/and many a man to scathe

But herte myne/syth I am your man
And ye the fyrste/of whome I seche grace
And serue you/as hertefully as I can
And euer shall/whyle I to lyue haue space
So o: that I departe/out of this place
That ye me graunt/that I maye to morowe
At better leyser/tell you my sorowe

What shoulde I tell his wordes/that he sayde
He spake ynoughe/for one daye at the meest
It proueth well he spake/so that Cresayde
Graunted hym a morowe at his request
To haue a speche/with her at the leste
So that he nolde speke/of suche a matere
And thus she sayde/to hym as ye maye here

As she that hadde/her herte in Troylus
So that there maye/none it arate
And straungely she spake/and sayde thus
O Dyomedes/ I loue that ylike place
That I was borne in/and Ioue for his grace
Delyuer it soone/of all that do it care
God for thy myght/so lene it well to fare
That Grekes wolde in Troye/they: wrothe wyke

of Troilus.

Yf that they myght/I knowe it well pwyss
But it shall not fallen/as ye speke
And god to forne/and further ouer this
I wote my fader/wyse and redy is
And that he hath me bought/as ye me tolde
So dere I am/the more to hym beholde

These Grekes ben/of hys condempnacion
I wote it well/but certayne men shall well fynde
As worthy folke/within Troie towne
As cunnyng/as parfyte/and as kynde
As bytwene/Orcades/and ynde
And that ye couthe/well your lady serue
I trowe it well/he thanke for to deserue

But as to speke of loue/pwyss she sayde
I hadde a lorde/to whome I wedded was
The whiche myne herte hadde/till that he deyde
And other loue/as helpe me now Pallas
There in my herte/nyg no: neuer was
And that ye be of noble/and hys kynrede
I haue it herde well/tell out of drede

And that dothe me/to haue so grete a wonder
That ye wyll scozne any woman so
Eke god wote loue/and I ben fer in sonder
I am dysposed her/so mote I go
Unto my dethe/to playne and make wo
What shall I do after/gan I not saye
But treuly as yet/me lyst not to playe

Myne herte is now/in trybulacyon
And ye in armes/besy daye by daye
Here after whan ye/wonnen haue the towne

Troilus.

X.iiii.

The fyfte boke

Parauenture than so it hap maye
That whan I se that neuer yet I saye
Than wyll I werke that I neuer wrought
This worde to you / ynoughe suffysen ought

To morowe wyll I speke / with you sayne
So that ye touche not of this matere
And whan you lyst / you maye come here agayne
And or you go / thus moche I saye you here
As helpe me Dallas / with her heres clere
Yf that I shoulde / on ony Greke haue routh
It shoulde be your selfe by my trouthe

I saye not therfore / that I wyll you loue
Ne I saye not naye / but in conclusyon
I meane well by god / that sytte aboue
And there with all / she cast her even downe
And gan to syghe / and sayde O Troye towne
Yet bydde I god / in quyet and in reste
I maye the se / or do myne herte beste

But in effecte / as shortly for to saye
This Dyomedes / all freshe newe agayne
Gan prece in / fast her mercy praye
And after this / the sothe for to sayne
Her gloue he toke / of whiche he was full sayne
And fynally / whan it was waken eue
And all was well / he rose and toke his leue

The bryght Venus / solowed / and aye taught
The waye there brode / Phebus adowne lyght
And Cythera the chare hors / ouer raught
To whyrle out of the lyowne / yf she myght
And spynfer his candell / shewed bryght

of Troilus.

Whan Cresyde/bnto her rest went
In whiche her faders/sayre byght tent
Retournynge in her soule bp and dowe
The wordes/of this sodayne Dyomedes
His grete estate/and perell of the towne
And that she was alone/and hadde nede
Of frendes/and thus bygan to brede
The cause why/the sothe for to tell
That she toke purpos/fully to dwell

The morow came/and ghostly for to speke
This Dyomedes is come to Cresyde
And shortly/lest that yenny tale breke
So well he for hym selfe/spake and sayde
That all his syghes/lore adowne he layde
And fynally/the sothe for to sayne
He leste of the grete/of all his payne

And after this/the story telleth vs
That she hym gaue/the sayre baye stede
The whiche she ones/hadde of Troilus
And eke a broche/that was lytell nede
That Troilus was/she gaue this Dyomedes
In dede the bet/frome sorowe hym to releue
She made hym were/a pensell of her sleue

I fynde eke/in the story elles where
Whan throughe the body/hurte was Dyomedes
Of Troilus/who wepte she many a tere
Whan that she sawe his wyde woundes blede
And that she toke/to kepe hym good hede
And for to hele hym/of his sorowes smerte
Men sayen(I not) she gaue hym her herte

The fyfte boke

But treuly the story telleth vs
There made neuer woman more wo
Than she/whan she falsed Troylus
She sayde alas/for now is cleue ago
My name of trouthe/in loue for euer mo
For I haue falsed/one the gentyllest
That euer was/and eke the worthiest

Alas of me/bnto the worldes ende
Shall neyther of me/be wyte ne songe
No good worde/for this boke wyll me shende
Yrolled shall it be/on many a tonge
Throughout the worlde/my bell shall be ronge
And women wyll me hate/most of all
Alas that suche a caas shoulde me byfall

They wyll saye in a moche/as in me is
I haue hym done dyshonour/welawaye
Alli be I not the fyrste/that dyde amys
What helpeth that/to do my blame awaye
But syth I se/there nys no better waye
And that to late/it is now for to rewe
To Dyomedes algate/I wyll be trewe

But Troylus/syth I no better maye
And syth that thus/departen you and I
I praye god/gyue you a ryght good daye
As for the gentlest knyght treuly
That euer I sawe/to serue faythfully
And best can aye/his lady honour kepe
And with that worde/she braste anone to wepe

And certes you haten/shall I neuer
And frendes loue/that shall ye haue of me

of Troylus.

And my good worde/all myght I lyuen euer
And treuly/I wolde ryght soz be
To se you/in ony aduersyte
And gylteles/I wote well I you now leue
But all shall passe/and thus I take my leue

But treuly how longe it was bytwene
That she forsoke hym/for this Dyomedee
There is none other auctour/telleth I wene
Take euery man/nou to his bokes hede
He shall no terme fynde/out of orde
For though he that he bygan/to loue her soone
O he her wanne/pet was there moze to done

Ne me lyst not/this cely woman chyde
Forther than the story wyll deuyse
Her name alas/is pupylshed so wyde
That for her gylte/it ought pnowe suffyse
And yf I myght excuse her in ony wyse
For she so soz was/for her vnturthe
Ywys I wolde excuse her/pet for routh

This Troylus/as I before haue tolde
Thus dyueth forthe/as well as he myght
But ofte was his herte/hote and colde
And namely/that ylike nynthe nyght
Whiche on the morowe/she hadde hym behyght
To come agayne/god wote full lytell reste
Hadde he that myght/nothyng to slepe hym leste

The laurer crowned Phebus/with his herte
Came in his cours/ape vpwarde as he went
To warnen of the est/the waves were
And Cyrces doughter/sange with good entent

The fyfte boke

Whan Troilus/his Pandare after sent
And on the walles of the towne they playde
To loke yf they/can ought se of Cresayde

Tyll it was noone/they stode for to se
Who that there came/and every maner wyght
That came frome fer/they sayde it was she
And that waye couthe knowen them a ryght
Now was his herte heuy/now was it lyght
And thus beiaped/they stonde to stare
Aboute noughte/Troilus and Pandare

To Pandarus/this Troilus tho sayde
For ought I wote/byfore noone spkerly
In to this towne/not cometh here Cresayde
She hath ynoughe/ado there hardely
To wyne frome her fader/so trowe I
Her olde fader wolde/yet make her dyne
Or that she go/god gyue his herte pyne

Pandare answerde/it maye well be certayne
And for thy let vs dyne/I the beseeche
And after noone/than mayste thou come agayne
And home they gone/without more speche
And come agayne/and longe maye they seeche
Or that they fynde/that they after gape
Fortune them bothe/thynketh for to iape

Quod Troilus/I se well ynowe that she
Is taryed/with her olde fader so
That or she come/it wyll nygh euen be
Come forth/I wyll vnto the gate go
These porters ben vncunnyng/euermo
And I wyll do them/holde open the gate

of Troilus.

As nought ne were/all though he came late
The daye gothe faste/and after that came eue
And yet came not/to Troilus Cressayde
He loketh forth by hedge/by tre and by greue
And ferre his heed/on the wall he layde
And at the laste/he tourned hym and sayde
By god I knowe her meynynge/now Pandare
Almost ywys/all newe was my care

Now doubteles/this lady can her good
I wote she cometh/rydynge pryvely
I commende her wysdome by my hood
She wyll not make people nyccely
Cauren on her whan she cometh/but softly
By nyght in to towne/she thynketh ryde
And der broder/thynke not longe to abyde

We haue not elles to done ywys
And Pandarus/now shalte thou trowe me
Haue here my trouthe/I se yonde where she is
Heue by thyne eyn/man mayst thou not se
Pandare answerde/naye so mote I the
All wronge by god/nomore wyle that thou arte
That I se yonde afer/nyg but a carte

Alas thou sayest full trewe quod Troilus
But hardely/it is not all for nought
That in myne herte/that I reioyse thus
It is agaynste some good/I haue a thought
Not I not not how/but syth that I was wrought
He felte I suche a comforte/sothe to saye
She cometh to nyght/myselfe dare I laye
Pandare answerde/it maye be well ynoughe

The fyfte boke

And helde with hym/ of all that euer he sayde
But in his herte he thought/ and fast loughe
And to hymselfe/ full soberly he sayde
Frome hasylwoode/ there Ilyo Robyn playde
Shall come all that/ thou doest abyde here
Ye fare well/ all the snowe of serne yere

The warden of the gates/ gan to call
The folke/ whiche without the gates were
And badde them dyspue in/ theyr beestes all
Or all that nyght/ they muste abyde there
And set within nyght/ with many a tere
This Troilus/ gan homewarde for to ryde
For well he sawe/ it helped not abyde

Neuerthelesse/ he gladed hym in this
He thoughte anys/ he hadde compted his daye
And sayde I vnderstonde haue all anys
For that nyght/ I laste Cresyde saye
She sayde I shall be here/ yf that I maye
Or that the mone/ o dere herte swete
The Lyowne/ passe out of this Arrete

For whiche she maye/ yet holde her heste
And on the morowe/ vnto the gate he went
And vp and downe/ by west/ and eke by Cesse
Upon the walles/ made he many a went
But all for nought/ his hope alwaye hym blent
For whiche at nyght/ in sorowe and syghes soe
He wente hym home/ without ony more

His hope all clene/ out of his herte fledde
He ne hath wheron/ no lenger now to honge
But for the payne/ hym thought his herte bledde

of Troilus.

So were his throwes / sharpe and wonder stronge
For whan he sawe / she abode so longe
He nyght what he ymagyne / therof myght
Syth that she hath broke / that she hym behyght

The thyrde / the fourthe / the fyfthe / the sexte daye
After the dayes ten / of whiche I tolde
Bytwene hope and drede / his herte laye
Yet somwhat trustynge / on her hestes olde
But whan he sawe / she nolde her terme holde
He gan now se none other remedye
But for to shape hym soone for to dye

Therwith the wycked spyryte / god vs blesse
Whiche that men clyppe / wode Jelosye
Gan in hym crepe / in all this heuynesse
For whiche bycause / he wolde soone dye
Hence etene dranke / for his inelancolye
And eke frome every company / he fledde
This was the lyfe / that all this tyme he ledde

He so defected was / that no maner man
Hym knowe myght / vnneth where he went
So was he lene / and therto pale and wan
And feble that he walked by potent
And with his yre / thus hymselfe he shent
And who so asked hym / wherof he smerte
He sayde his harme / was all aboote his herte

Priamus full ofte / and eke his moder dere
His bretheren / and his sustren gan hym frayne
Why he so sorowfull was / in all his chere
And what thyng was / the cause of his payne
But all for nought / he nolde his cause playne

The fyfte boke

But sayde/he felte a greuous maladye
Aboute his herte/and fayne wolde he dye

So on a daye/he layde hym downe to slepe
And so byfell/that in his slepe he thought
That he walked/in a forest to wepe
For loue of her/that his payne wrought
And vp and downe/as he the forest sought
Hym thought he sawe/a boore with Tuskes grete
That slepte agayne/the bryght sonnes hete

And by this boore/fast in armes folde
Laye kysynge aye/his lady bryght Cresyde
For sorow of whiche/whan he gan byholde
Loude he cryed/on Pandarus and sayde
For sorowe of whiche/almost there he dyede
O Pandarus/nou knowe I croppe and rote
I am but deed/there nys none other boote

My lady bryght Cresyde/hathe me betrayed
In whome I trusted moost of ony wyght
She elles where/hathe now her herte apayed
The blyssfull goddes/throughe theyre grete myght
Haue in my dreame/shewed me full ryght
Thus in my dreame/Cresyde haue I beholde
And all this thyng/to Pandarus he tolde

O my Cresyde/alas what subtylte
What newe luste/what beaute/what scyence
Hath thus withdrowe/your herte and loue from me
This is the cause/of youre longe absence
Hathe frome me raste/alas your aduertence
O trust/o faythe/o depe assuraunce
Who hath me me raste Cresyde/all my pleasaunce

of Troylus.

Alas why lete I you/ frome hens go
For whiche well nygh/ out of my wyte I brayde
Whos hall now trowe on ony wothes mo
God wote I wende/ lady bygyht Cressayde
That euery worde/ was gospel that ye sayde
But who maye bet begyle/ yf hym lyst
Than he/ on whome men wene best to trust

What shall I do/ my Pandarus alas
I fele now so sharpe/ and a newe payne
Syth that there lyeth/ no remedy as in this caas
That bet it were/ I with my hondes tweyne
Myselfe see/ than thus alwaye to playne
For throughe the dethe/ my wo shoulde haue an ende
There euery daye/ with lyfe my selfe I shende

Pandare answerde/ and sayde alas the while
That I was borne/ haue I not sayde of this
That dreames maye many a man begyle
And why for folke/ expowen them amys
How durste thou saye/ that fals thy lady is
For ony dreames/ ryght for thyne owne drede
Let be thy thought/ thou canst no dreames rede

Parauenture there thou dremest/ of this loore
It maye so be/ that it maye sygnifye
Her fader eke/ whiche olde is and hooze
Ageyne the sonne lyeth/ in poynt to dye
And she for sorowe/ gynneth for to wepe and crye
And there he lyeth/ kyssed hym on the grounde
Thus shouldest thou/ thy dreames ryght expounde

How myght I than done/ quod troylus
To knowe of this/ were it neuer so lyte

Troylus.

v.i.

The fyfte boke

But sayde/he felte a greuous maladye
Aboute his herte/and fayne wolde he dye

So on a daye/he layde hym downe to slepe
And so byfell/that in his slepe he thought
That he walked/in a focest to wepe
For loue of her/that his payne wrought
And vp and downe/as he the focest sought
Hym thought he sawe/a boore with Tuskes grete
That slepte agayne/the bygght sonnes hete

And by this boore/fast in armes folde
Laye kysynge aye/his lady bygght Cresyde
For sorow of whiche/whan he gan byholde
Loude he cryed/on Pandarus and sayde
For sorowe of whiche/almost there he dyde
O Pandarus/nov knowe I croppe and rote
I am but deed/there nys none other boote

My lady bygght Cresyde/hathe me betrayed
In whome I trusted/moost of ony wyght
She elles where/hathe now her herte apayed
The blyssfull goddes/throughe theyr grete myght
Haue in my dreame/shewed me full ryght
Thus in my dreame/Cresyde haue I beholde
And all this thyng/to Pandarus he tolde

O my Cresyde/alas what subtylte
What newe luste/what beaute/what scyence
Hath thus withdrowe/your herte and loue from me
This is the cause/of youre longe absence
Hathe frome me raste/alas your aduertence
O trust/o faythe/o depe assuraunce
Who hache me me raste Cresyde/all my pleasaunce

of Troylus.

Alas why lete I you/ frome hens go
For whiche well nygh/ out of my wyte I brayde
Whos hall now trowe on ony wothes mo
God wote I wende/ lady bygyht Cressayde
That euery worde/ was gospel that ye sayde
But who maye bet begyle/ yf hym lyst
Than he/ on whome men wene best to trust

What shall I do/ my Pandarus alas
I fele now so sharpe/ and a newe payne
Syth that there lyeth/ no remedy as in this caas
That bet it were/ I with my hondes twayne
Myselfe see/ than thus alwaye to playne
For throughe the dethe/ my wo shoulde haue an ende
There euery daye/ with lyfe my selfe I shende

Pandare answerde/ and sayde alas the whyle
That I was borne/ haue I not sayde or this
That dreemes maye many a man begyle
And why for folke/ expowen them amys
How durste thou saye/ that fals thy lady is
For ony dreemes/ ryght for thyne owne drede
Let be thy thought/ thou canst no dreemes rede

Parauenture there thou dreamest/ of this loore
It maye so be/ that it maye sygnifye
Her fader eke/ whiche olde is and hooze
Ageyne the sonne lyeth/ in poynt to dye
And she for sorowe/ gynneth for to wepe and crye
And there he lyeth/ kyssed hym on the grounde
Thus shouldest thou/ thy dreames ryght expounde

How myght I than done/ quod troylus
To knowe of this/ were it neuer so lyte

Troylus.

v.i.

The fyfte boke

Now sayste thou wysely/qued tho Pandarus
My rede is this/syth thou canste well endyte
That hastely a lettre/thou to her wyte
Throughe whiche/thou shalte byngen it aboute
To knowe a sothe/there thou arte in doubte

And se now why/for I dare well say en
That yf so is/she butrewe be
I can not trowe/she wyll wyte agayne
And yf she wyte/thou shalte soone se
Is whether she hathe/ony lyberte
To come agayne/or elles in some clause
Yf she be let/she wyll assygue a cause

Thou hast not wyte to her/syth she went
Re she to the/and thus I durste laye
There maye suche cause/be in her entent
That hardely/thou wylte thyselfe saye
That her abode/the beste is for you twye
Now wyte her than/and thou shalte se soone
A sothe of all/there is nomore to done

Accorded ben they/to this conclusyon
And that anone/these ylike lordes two
And hastely syt Troylus/adowne
And rolleth in his herte/to and fro
How he maye best/descriuen her his wo
And to Cressyde/his owne lady dere
He wrote thus/and sayde as ye shall here

Ryght fresshe floure/whose I haue ben and shall
Withouten parte of/elles were seruyse
With herte/body/lyfe/lust/thought and all
I wofull wyght/in euery maner wyse

of Troilus.

That tongue can tell/or herte maye deuise
As ofte as matere/occupyeth place
We recommaunde I/vnto your noble grace

Lyketh you to wete swete herte
As ye well knowe/how longe tyme agone
That ye me leste/in asper paynes smerte
Whan that ye went/of whiche yet bote none
Haue I none hadde/but euer worse bygone
Frome daye to daye am I/and so must dwell
Whyle it you lest/lo ye of wele and wo my well

For whiche with you/with dredefull herte trewe
I wyte as he/that sorowe dyspueth to wyte
My wo/that euery houre encreaseth newe
Complanyng as I dare/or can endyte
And that defaced is/ye maye well wyte
The teres/whiche that frome myne eyen reyne
They wolde speke/ys they couthe complayne

You fynde/by seche I with your eyen clere
To loke on this defowled/and unfolde
And ouer all this/ye my lady dere
Wyll vouchesaufe/this lettre to beholde
And by the cause eke/of my cares colde
That sleeth my wyt/ysought amys me sterte
Forgyue it me/myne owne swete herte

ysony seruaunt durste/or ought of ryght
Vpon his lady/pytously compleyne
Than wene I/that I ought be that wyght
Consyderynge this/that ye these monthes twayne
Haue taryed there/ye sayde sothe to sayne
But dayes ten/ye holde in host sojourne

Troilus.

p.ii.

The fyfte boke

But in two monethes / yet ye not retorne

But for asmoche / as I must nedes lyke
All that you lyketh / I dare playne nomore
But humbly / with sorowfull syghes lyke
Now wyte I myne vnresty sorowes soze
Frome daye to daye / despygne euermore
To knowe fully / of your wyll were
How ye haue ferde and do / whyle ye be there

Whose welfare and hele / god eke encrease
In honour suche / as vpwarde in degre
It growe alwaye / so that it neuer cease
Lyke as youre selfe best can / my lady see
Deuyle I praye to god / so more it be
And graunte that ye soone vpon me rewe
As wysly as in all / I am your trewe

And yf you lyke / to knowe of the fare
Of me whose wo / there maye no wyght descryue
I can no more / but cheste of euery care
At wytyng of this letter / I was alpyue
All redy out / my wofull ghost to dyue
Whiche I delaye / and holde hym yet in honde
Vpon the syght / of matere of your sonde

Myne eyen two / with which in bayne I se
Of wofull teres salte / ben waxen welles
My songe in playnte / of myne aduersyte
My good in harne / myne ease waxen hell is
My Joye in wo / I can yu saye not elles
So tourned is / for which my lyfe I wary
Euery Joye is tourned to me contrary
¶ Whiche with your comyge / home agayne to Troye

of Troylus.

Ye maye redresse/and moze a thousande sythe
Than euer I hadde/encreasynge in me Joye
For was there neuer herte/yt so blythe
To haue his lyfe/as I shoulde as swythe
As I you se/and though he no maner routh
Can meue yt/thynke vpon your trouthe

And yf so moche my dethe/I haue deserued
Or yf you lyst/no moze vpon me se
In guerdon yt of all/I haue you serued
Byseche I you/my hertes lady free
That here vpon/you wyll wyte me
For loue of god/my ryght lode sterre
Or dethe/let make an ende of all my werre

Yf there cause ought/that dothe you for to dwell
That with your letter/ye me recomforte
For though he to me/your absence be an hell
With pacyence/I wyll my wo suppozte
And with your lettre/of hope I wyll dyspozte
Now wyrteth swete/and let me thus not playne
With hope/or dethe deliuer me frome payne

Y wys myne owne dere herte trewe
I wote than/whan ye nexte vpon me se
So losse haue I myne helthe/and eke myne hewe
Cresyde shall not conne/knowe me
Y wys myne hertes daye/my lady fre
So thrusteth aye/myne herte to byholpe
Your beaute/that my lyfe binnethe I holde

I saye nomoze/all haue I for to saye
To you well moze/than I tell maye
But whether ye done/me lyue or dye

Troylus.

P.iii.

The fyfte boke

Yet praye I god/so gyue you ryght good daye
And fare ye well/ryght fayre freshe maye
As ye that lyfe or dethe/maye me commende
And to your trouthē/I me recomme[n]de

With helthe suche/that but yf ye gyue me
The same helthe/I shall neuer helthe haue
In you lyeth/whan you lyke it so shall be
The daye on whiche/me clothen shall my graue
In you my lyfe/poure myght is it to saue
Me frome dyscase/of all paynes smerte
And fare now well/myne owne swete herte

This lettre sothe/was sent vnto Cresayde
Of whiche her answere/in effecte was this
Full pytously she wrote/agayne and sayde
That as soone/as euer she myght y wys
She wolde come/and mende that was amys
And fynally wrote/and sayde hym than
She wolde come/but she wylte neuer whan

But in her lettre/she made suche feestes
That wondre was/and iwoze she loued hym best
Of whiche he sonde/but bottumles byhestes
But Troylus thou mayste now est and west
Dyde in any lyfe/yf that the lest
Thus goth y worlde/god shelde vs frome mysehaunce
And euery wyght/that meaneth trouthē auaunce

Encreasen gan the wo/frome daye to nyght
Of Troylus/for taryenge of Cresayde
And lassen gan his hope/and eke his myght
For whiche all downe/vpon his bedde he layde
He ne ete/ne dranke/ne slepe/ne worde sayde

of Troylus.

Ymagynynge aye that she was unkynde
For whiche well nyghe he waxed out of mynde

This dreame of whiche I tolde haue here byforne
Hauene neuer come out of his remembraunce
He thought as well he hadde his lady loꝛne
And that Jouys of his puruepaunce
Hym shewed had in slepe the sygnyfyaunce
Of her vntrouthe and dysauenture
And that this was shewed hym in fygure

For whiche he for Syble his suster sent
That called was Cassandra eke all aboute
And all his dreame he tolde her or he wente
And her bysought assopen hym the doubte
Of this stronge boze with tuskes stoute
And fynally within a lytell stounde
Cassandra ryght thus his dreame expounde

She gan fyrst smyle and sayde broder dere
Yf thou a sothe of this desyrest to knowe
Thou muste a fewe of olde storyes to here
To purpos how that fortune ouerthrowe
Hath lordes hye whiche within a throwe
This boze shalt thou knowe well and of what kynde
He comen is as men in bookes fynde

Dyane whiche that wrothe was and in yre
For Grekes nolde do her sacryfise
He encens on her aulter set on fyre
She that for Grekes gan her despyse
Wroke her in a wondre cruell wyse
For whiche a boze as grete as ore in stall
She made hym ete vp her coꝛne and bynes all

The fyfte booke

To see this boze/was all the countre reysed
Amonges whiche/there came this boze to se
A mayde one of this worlde/best ppyesed
And Meleager/lorde of that countre
He loued so/this freshe mayde fre
That with his manhode/or he wolde stent
This boze he slewe/and her the heed he sent

Of whiche/as olde bokes tellen vs
There roos a contek/and a grete enuie
And of this lorde/descended Tydeus
By lyne/or elles olde bokes lye
But how this Meleager/gan for to dye
Throughe his moder/wyll I you not tell
For all to longe it were/for to well

She tolde eke/how Tydeus she sent
Unto the stronge Cyte of Thebes
To clayme kyngedome/of the cyte and went
For his felawe/Dane Polymytes
Of whiche his owne broder Echyocles
Full wrongfully/of Thebes helde the strengthe
This tolde she by processe/and by lengthe

She tolde eke/how he monydes asterte
Whan Tydeus sloughe/fyfty knyghtes stoute
She tolde/all the profytes by herte
And how that seuen kynges/with theyr route
Bysegged there the cyte all aboute
And of the holy serpent/and the well
And of the suryes all/gan she hym tell

Associat profugum/Tideus primo Polimidem
Tidea legatum/docet insideasq; secundis

Certius Hermodien canit et bates latitantes
 Nois furie Leuine / quinto narratur et angues
 Quartus habet reges / incuntes prelia septem
 Archynon bustum / sexto ludis leguntur
 Dat Graios Thebes / batem septimus bimbis
 Octauo cecidit / Tidenis spes vicia pelagis
 Ipomedon nono / moztur cum Parthonopro
 Fulmine percusso / dectimo Canopus superatur
 Undecimo sese / petunt per buina scates
 Arguam flentem / narrat duodenis et ignem.

Of Archenores burp enge and the playes
 And how Amphiporax / hll throughe the grounde
 How Tydeus was slayne lord of Argeys
 And how Ipomedon / in a pteell flounde
 Was dreynt and deed / parthonope of wounde
 And how of Canopus the proude
 With thondre was slayne / that cryed lowde

She gan hym eke tell / how that cyther broder
 Ethpocles / and Polempte also
 At a scarmyshed / eche of them them slewe other
 And of Argue / her wepyng and her wo
 And how the towne was bzent / she tolde eke tho
 And so descended downe frome gastes olde
 To Dyomedes / thus he spake and tolde

This ylike boze / bytokeneth Dyomedes
 Tydeus sonne / that downe descended is
 fro Meleager / that made the boze to blede
 And thy lady / where that she be ywys
 This Dyomedes her herte hathe / and she his
 Wepe yf thou wylte oyleue / for out of doubt

The fyfte booke

This Dyonede is in/and thou arte out
Thou sayste not sothe/thou false forceres
With all thy fals ghost of prophete
Thou wenest to be/a grete dypneres
Now seest thou not/this toole of fantasie
Dayneth her/on lades for to lye
A waye quod he there/ Jours gawe the sorowe
Thou walte be fals/paraenture yet to morowe

As well myghtest thou/lye vpon Alcest
That was of creatures/but yet men lye
That euer was/the kyndest and the best
For whan her husbnde/was in leoparde
To dye hymselfe/but yf she wolde dye
She chaas for hym to dye/and go to hell
And starke anone/as vs the booke tell

Cassandre gothe/as he with cruell herte
For that his wo/for angre of her speche
And frome his bedde/all sodaynly he sterre
As thoughe all hole/hym hadde made a leche
And daye by daye/he gan enquire and seehe
A sothe of this/with all his besy cure
And thus he dypueth forthe his aduenture

Fortune/whiche hathe the permutacyon
Of thynges hadde/as it is here comytted
By puruepaunce/and dysposycyone
Of hym Jove/as Beygnes shall be fytte
Frome folke in folke/or whan they shall be smytte
Can pull awaye/the fethers bryght of Trophe
Frome daye to daye/till they be bare of Joye
Amonge all this/the fyne of the parodye

of Troilus.

Of Hector gan approche wondre blyue
The faate wolde/his soule shoulde vnbode
And shapen hadde/a meane out to dreyue
Agaynste whiche faat/hym helpeth not to streue
But on a daye to fyght/gan he wende
At whiche alas/he caught his last ende
For waiche me thynketh/that euery maner wyght
That haunterh armes/ought to be waple
The deth of hym/that was so noble a knyght
For as he droue a kyng/ by the auayntayle
Unware of this/Achylles troughe the mayle
And throughte the body/gan hym for to ryue
And thus þe worthy knyght/was brought frome lyue
For whome/as olde bokes tellen vs
Was made suche wo/that tongue maye it not tell
And specially/the sorowe of Troilus
That nere hym was/of worthynesse well
And in this wo/gan Troilus to dwell
That for that sorowe/and loue of his brest
Full ofte a daye/he hade his herte brest
Neuertheles/though he gan hym dyspayre
He dredde aye his lady/was vntrewe
Yet aye on her his herte gan repayre
And as louers done/he sought aye newe
To gette agayne/Cresyde bryght of hewe
And in his herte he wente aye excusynge
That Calcas caused/all her taryenge
And of tyme/he was in purpose grete
Hymselfe lyke a pylgryme/to dysguise
To seen her/but he couthe not countrefete
To be vnknowe/of folke that were wyse

Troilus.

3.ii.

The letter booke

He fynde excuse toght that myght suffre
Yf he among goddes trotes knowne were
For whiche he wrope full ofte many a tere

To her he wrote yet all newe
Full piteously he lete not for flouthe
Bysechynge her that syth he was trewe
That she wolde come agayne and holde her trouthe
For whiche Cressyde upon a daye for trouthe
I take it for touchynge all this matere
Wrote hym agayne and sayde as ye maye here

Cuppydes sone / example of goodly herd
Of wordes of knyghthode /ours of gentynesse
How myght a wyght / uncurment and undrede
And helthles sende you / as yet gladnesse
I herceles / I sygh in grete dystresse
Syth ye with me / no I with you maye dele
You maye I sende / neyther herte ne hele

Your lettres full / the papper all be playnted
Conceyued harte / mine hertes pyte
I haue ~~the~~ seen / with teares all be paynted
Yourre lettre / and how ye requyre me
To come agayne / whiche yet maye not be
But why lest / that this lettre founde were
No mencyowne make I now / for fere

Greuous to me / god wote your breeste
Yourre haste / and that the goddes ordynauce
It semeth you not / ye take it for the beste
For other thynges / mys in your remembraunce
As thynketh me / but onely your pleasaunce
But be not wrothe / and that I you beseeche

of Troylus.

For that I tary/it is for wycked speche

For I haue herde well more than I wende
Touchynge vs two/how thynge haue ystonde
Whiche I shall with dysmulynge amende
And be not wrothe/I haue eke vnderstonde
How ye ne do/but holde me in honde
But now no fors/I can not in you gesse
But all trouthe euer/and all gentylnesse

Come I wyll/but yet in suche dysioynte
I stonde as now/but what houre or what daye
That this shall be/can I not apoynt
But in effecte/I praye you as I maye
Of your good worde/and of your frendshyppe
For treuly/whyle my lyfe maye dure
As for a frende/ye maye in me assure

yet I praye you/on euyl ye ne take
That it is shorte/whiche I to you wyte
I dare not there I am/well lettres make
Ne neuer yet couthe I/well endyde
Eke grete effecte/men wyte in place lyte
The entent is all/and not the lettres space
And fareth now well/god haue you in his grace

Troilus this lettre/thought all straunge
Whan he it sawe/and sorowfully he syght
Hym thought it/a kalendes of chaunge
But synally/ye shall ne trowen myght
That she ne wolde/holde hym that she hyght
For with full euyl wyll/lyst hym to leue
That loueth well in suche caas/though he hym greue
Neuertheles/men sayen that at the laste

Troilus.

3.iii.

The fyfte boke

For ony thyge/uen shoulde the sothe see
And suche a caas betyd/and that as fast
That Troylus well vnderstode/that she
Was not so kynde/as her ought to be
And synally/he wote now out of doubte
That all is loste/that he hath ben aboute

Stode on a daye/in his melancolpe
This Troylus/and in suspexyone
Of her/for whome he wende for to dye
And so byfall/that throughe Troye towne
As was the gysle/boze was by and downe
A maner cote armure/as saythe the stoye
Byfore Deyphebus/in sygne of vyctoye

The whiche Cote/as sayth Lollyus
Deyphebe hadde rent/frome Dyomedes
The same daye/and whan this Troylus
It sawe/he gan to take of it hede
Aysynge on the lengt he/and of the brede
And all the werke/and as he gan byholde
Full sodeynly/his herte gan to colde

As he that on the coler/founde within
A broche that he gaue/Cresyde on the morowe
That she from Troye/must nedes twynne
In remembraunce of hym/and of his sorow
And she hym layde/her saythe agayne to bozowe
To kepe it/but now full well he wylt
His lady was/no lenger for to tryst

He gothe hym home/and than full soone he sende
For Pandarus/and all this newe chaunce
And of his broche/he tolde hym worde and ende

of Troylus.

Complaynyng of her hertes baryaunce
His longe loue/his trouthe and his penaunce
And after dethe/without wordes more
Full fast he cryed/his rest hym to restore

Then spake he thus/olady bygght Cressyde
Where is your faythe/where is your byhest
Where is your loue/where your trouthe he sayde
O Dyomedes/haue ye now all this feest
Alas I wolde haue trowed at the leste
That syth ye nolde/trowe to me stonde
That thus ye nolde/haue holde me in honde

Who shhall now trowe/ony othes mo
Alas I wolde neuer/haue wende oz this
That ye Cressyde/couthe haue chaunged so
Not but I hadde a gylte/oz done amys
So cruell wende I/not your hert prys
To sle me thus/alas your name of trouthe
Is now fordone/and that is all my routhe

Was there none other broche/ye lyst to lete
To gyue to your newe loue/quod he
But thylke broche/that I with teres wete
You gaue/as for a remembraunce of me
None other cause/alas ne hadden ye
But for despyte/and eke for that ye ment
All vtterly/to shewe your entent

Throughe whiche I se/clene out of your mynde
Ye haue me cast/and I ne can ne maye
For all this worlde/within myne herte fynde
To vnloue you/a quarter of a daye
Incursed tyme/I bozne was wclawaye

Troilus.

3.iii.

The fyfte boke

That ye that do me/all this wo endure
Yet loue I best/of ony creature

Now god quod he/ yet sende me that grace
That I maye mete/ with this Dymede
And treuly/ yf I haue myght and space
Yet shall I make/ I hope his sydes blede
O god quod he/ that oughtest taken hede
To further trouthe/ and wronges to punyce
Whp nyll thou do/ a vengeauuce of this vyce

O Pandare/ that in dremes for to tryste
He blamed hast/ and ofte me vpbreyde
Now mayst thou se thyselfe/ yf that thou lyste
How true is now/ thy nece bryght Cresayde
In sondry fourmes/ god it wote he sayde
The goddes shewe/ bothe ioye and tene
In slepe/ and be my dreame it is sene

And certepnly/ without moze speche
Frome hens forth/ as ferforth as I maye
Myne orone dethe/ in armes wyll I seche
I retche not how soone/ be the daye
But tteply Cresyde/ swete maye
Whom I haue ape/ with all my myght yserued
That ye thus do/ I haue it not deserued

This Pandarus/ that all these thynges herde
And wyste well/ he sayde a sothe of this
He not a worde/ agayne to hym answerde
For soye of his frendes/ sorowe he is
And shamed/ for his nece hadde done amys
And stode astonyed/ of these causes twey
And styll as ston/ a worde couthe he not saye

of Troilus.

But at the laste/thus he spake and sayde
My broder dere/ I maye do the nomore
What shoulde I saye/ I hate ywys Cresayde
And god wote/ I wyll hate her euermore
And that thou me besoutest done of yore
Haupnge vnto myne honour/ nor to my reste
Byght no rewarde/ I dyde all that ye leste

Yf I dydde ought/that myght lyken the
It is me lese/and of this treason nowe
God wote that it/a sorowe is vnto me
And dredeles/for hertes ease of you
Byght sayne wolde I it amende/wyste I howe
And fro this worlde/almyghty god I praye
Delyuer her soone/ I can no more saye

Grete was the sorowe/and the playnte of Troilus
But fourthe his course/of fortune gan to holde
Cresyde loueth so/the sone of Tydeus
And Troilus must wepe in cares colde
Suche is the worlde/who so gan beholde
In eche estate/is lytell hertes rest
God let vs take it/all for the beste

In many cruell batayll/out of drede
Of Troilus/this pike noble kyght
As men maye/in these olde bokes rede
Was seen his knyghthod./and his grete myght
And dredeles/his yre daye and nyght
Full cruelly/the Grekes aye abought
And alwaye most/this Dyomedes he sought
And oite tyme/I fynde that they mette
With bloody strokes/and with wordes grete

The fyfte boke

Assapenge/how theyꝝ speres were pꝛwhette
And god wote/with many a cruell hete
Can Troilus/vpon his helme to bete
Neuertheles/fortune it not ne wolde
Of other hande/that eyther dye shoulde

And yf I hadde taken/foꝛ to wyte
The armes/of this ylike worthy man
Than wolde I/of his batayles endyte
But foꝛ that I/to wyte fyꝛste bygan
Of his loue/I haue sayde as I can
His worthy dedes/who so lyst them here
Rede Dares/he can tell them all in fere

Bysechyng eueꝛ lady/bryght of hewe
And eueꝛ gentylwoman/what she be
That all be/that Cressyde was vntrewe
That foꝛ that gylte/ye be not wrothe with me
Ye maye her gylte/in other bokeꝝ se
And gladlyer I wolde wyte/yf pou lest
Penolopes trouthe/and good Alceste

Ne I saye not this/as onely foꝛ these men
But most foꝛ women/that betrayed be
Throughe fals folke/god gyue them sorowe amen
That with theyꝝ grete wordes/and subtylte
Bytrayeth you/and this now meueþ me
To speke/and in effecte all you I praye
Beeth ware of men/and herken what I saye.

Go lytell boke/go lytell Tregedye
That god thy maker/yet oꝛ that I dye
So sende me myght/to mo make some comedye
But lytell boke/make thou none enuye

of Troilus.

But subiecte bethou/vnto all poesy
And kylle the steppes/where as thou seest space
Of Virgyle/Duyde/Homer/Lucan/and Stace

And for there is/so grete dyuersyte
In englyshe/and in wytyng of our tongue
So pray to god/that none mys wyte the
Ne the mysmetre/for defaute of tongue
And redde where so thou be/or elles souge
That thou be vnderstonde/god I beseeche
But yet to purpose/of my rather speche

The wrath/as a began you for to saye
Of Troilus/how the Grekes bought dere
For thousandes/of his handes dyde he dye
As he that was/without ony pere
Sawe Hector/in his tyme as I can here
But welaway/laue only goddes wyll
Dyspytously hym slewe/the fyrse Achyll

And whan that he was slayne/in this manere
His lyght ghost/full blyssfully is went
Unto the holowes/of the eyght spere
In his place letyng eche element
And there he sawe/with full aduysement
How he was slayne/alas all to rathe
The folke of Troye/to moche harme and skathe

And downe frome thens/fyrste he gan aduyse
This lytell spot of erthe/that with the se
Embraced is/and fully gan despyse
This wretched worlde/and helde it vayne
To respyce/of that playne felycyte
That is in heuen aboue/and at the laste

The fyfte boke

There he was slayne/his lokynge downe he cast
And in hymselfe/he lough ryght at the wo
On them that wepen/for his dethe so faste
And dampnen all our werkes/that folowen so
The blynde luste/whiche that maye not laste
An shoulde all our hertes/to heuen caste
Now forthe he wente/shortly for to tell
There as mercury/sorted hym to dwell

Suche fyne hathe lo/this Troplus for loue
Suche fyne his loue/suche fyne his noblesse
Suche fyne hathe his estate ryall aboue
Suche fyne hath fals worldes brytylnesse
Suche fyne hathe/all his grete worthynesse
And thus bygan his lounge of Cresyde
As I haue tolde/and in this wyse he dyde

O ponge freshe folkes/he or she
In whiche that loue/by groweth with your age
Repayreth home/frome worldly vanyte
And of your herte/by casteth the bysage
To thylke lorde/that after his ymage
You made/and thynketh all is but a fayre
This worlde that passeth soone/as floures fayre

And loueth hym/whiche that ryght for loue
Upon a crosse/our foules for to bepe
Fyrste starf and roose/and syth in heuen aboue
For he wylfalle/no wyght dare I saye
That wylf his herte/all hopy on hym laye
And soothe/the best is to loue/and moost meke
What nedeth feyned loue/here for to seke
No here of Daynems/cursed olde rytes

No here what all they goodes maye auayle
 No here these wordes wished apperperes
 No here the syne/and guerdon for it auayle
 Of Ioue Appolla/of Mars suche rascayle
 No here the founte/of olde clerkes speche
 In poctrye/ps pethery/bokes fache

O morall Gower/this boke I dyrecte
 To the/and to the philosophycall Astrode
 To bouchesaufe/there nede is to correcte
 And of youre benygnytes/and reles good
 And to that sothfast/chyrtle that sturte on rode
 With all myne herte/ol merry I praye
 And to the lorde/ryght thus I speke and saye

Thou one and two/and thye eterne aloue
 That reyggest aye/in thye to and one
 Incircumscripce/and all maye be circumscripce
 Als frome bysyble/and inuysyble soone
 Defender/and to thy mercy euerp bone
 So make us Ihesu/for thy mercy deigne
 For loue of mayden/and moder thye benygne

¶ Finis.

The auctour.



And here an ende of Troilus heuynelle
As touchþge Cresyde to hþ rþght vnþþde
Fally forþworth / deslourþg his worthyness
For his treue loue / she hath hþ made biþde
Of feminine gendre / þ woman most vnþþde
Dyomedes on her whole / she hath set on hþe
The faythe of a woman / by her now maye you se
Was not Arystotle / for all his clergye
Wysgill the cunnyng / deceyued also
By women inestynable / for to here of se
Sampson the stronge / with many a. q. mo
Brought in to ruyne / by woman mannes so
There is no woman / I thynke heuen under
That can be trewe / and that is wondre
O parfyte Troilus / good god be thy guyde
The moste treuest louer / that euer lady hadde
Now arte thou forsake / of Cresyde at this tye
Neuer to retourne / who shall make the gladd
He that for vs dyed / and soules from hell ladde
And boone of the byrgyne / to heuen thy soule bynge
And all that ben present / at theyr latre endynge.

A

B

C

D.

Thus endeth the treatyse of Troilus the heuyn
By Gessfrage Chaucer compyled and done
He prayenge the reders / this mater not deny
Newly corrected / in the cyte of London
In flete strete / at the lygne of the sonne
Imprynted by me / Wynkyn de worde
The. M. CCCC. and. xviij. yere of our lord.







